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ESQUIRE COLLECTION

## The Esquire Collection

Choosing for the serious man, an essential in the man of the Esquire Collection. The cover, a classic, a classic-four sport jacket (ESQ 1000) by Country Brothers, a striped cotton dress shirt (ESQ 1000) by Enzo, and a silk necktie by Borsari. The Collection bears following page 100

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**TOSHIBA**

**FOOTNOTES**

The 30-60-90 triangle is shown with angles of 30, 60, and 90 degrees.

**TOSHIBA**

Spring 2009, 15

[illegible]

## LESSONS FOR OUR NEXT WAR

**Table 7** *Continued*

they are not sufficiently informed. But once reminded of Vietnam, I believe, they would respond as true to make a difference. With that in mind, we offer this month two articles about Latin America and one about Asia, with room to come in the future. For this issue, we sent columnist Adam Smith to the Army War College to find out what the military professionals were teaching about Vietnam and Latin America. Smith's discovery was an article in "War Too Good to El Salvador" (page 18). We were unprepared and questioning. In addition, we asked poet Carolyn Forché to examine some of the roots of recent violence from and about Latin America and, indeed, Latin America, page 220. Washington-based publishing editor Christopher Buckley, having recently left a stint as speechwriter to Vice-President George Bush, writes on the current feelings he and his peers who did not go to Vietnam have toward Vietnam ("Wast Land," page 66).

Also in this issue is a comprehensive survey of those persons who comprise the stable leadership at Washington, D.C., regardless of whether the Democrats or the Republicans are in power. "Washington's Stable Leadership," by Robert D. Wood, Jr., is an excellent and interesting account of people whose opinions on issues can count with lawmakers. On a lighter note, don't fail to read "A Broadway Bomb," by Jane Galtie page 56, a first-hand account of an actress's participation in a case of Broadway's greatest mystery—the disappearance of a young actress name Foppskake, it is opening night. You will also find a visit with Denz Shula, Miami Dolphins head coach ("Denz Shula's Perspective," page 80, by Peter Deiter, and an inspiring article by Christian Williams on learning to play a musical instrument in which "Kiss Me and the Gods," page 82, by John J. O'Neil, is a story of a man who claims we are going to die the same, but never get around to it.

We hope you enjoy the issue.

—Phyllis Moffitt



## THE SOUND AND THE FURY

NOW THAT you've analyzed Latinos in your recent article "The Latinization of America," you may have a better idea of

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BY ADAM SMITH

# WILL YOU GO TO EL SALVADOR?

Is Central America the last barricade of freedom, or is it another Vietnam?

"I GET a lot of our readers—or their kids—and up in Central America," said our editor recently. "It's like that, but," I said.

I MADE one of the great mistakes of my professional career after a trip to Vietnam in 1963. I had been in Vietnam before, briefly, in the mid-1950s, when we sent our first formal military advisers there after the French had been defeated. As part of an Army unit supposedly dealing with "unconventional warfare," I had read about the unsuccessful French campaign. In 1963, when I went again to Vietnam, we still had only nominal presence there, but we did have Special Forces units out training local militia, and a budding bureaucracy in Saigon.

One day I flew in a tiny Army spotter plane from Nha Trang to an isolated outpost called Gio Vuc. Below us were hundreds of miles of rice paddy rolling gently. "Charley sees that," said my Army pilot, "so let's hope this kid stays up." Charley had sworn the jungle when the French were there, too. I asked the pilot to circle over Maing Vang Pass, where the French had been ambushed. The spotter plane dropped me off at a primitive airstrip in Gio Vuc, and I had dinner with the twelve-man Special Forces A team in that isolated spot. That night I woke up to some shouting and a weapons-punching-swinging as the shells from automatic weapons stitched through the tent. The holes were only a foot over my head. We piled outside and our mortarman put them down—*clunk! clunk! clunk! clunk!*—revealing a couple of guys in what seemed like black pajamas, trying to sleep in the tent. The A team backed away and the black pajamas dropped off the trees like bugs. The whole action took less than five minutes. "Just a probe," said my captain. "Why do you look surprised?" I looked surprised because my forehead muscles had gone into spasms with my eyebrows up. I was twelve



hours before my eyebrows came down. The next day the spotter plane came with mail and supplies and I left with it. The ride back to Nha Trang seemed even longer, and as I looked at the skyway green below it was hard to see how anything could move through it. "I hope the First Cav stays put," I said to the pilot. The First Cavalry, stationed then at Korea, was America's tanks. "The day we bring in the First Cav, we lose. Wrong war," First Cav says. I hitched around the country in other aircraft. When I got back, I wrote a piece called "Why the United States Army Should Not Get Involved in Vietnam." Briefly, it said Vietnam was not our kind of place. The U.S. Army liked things, things with engines and gasoline switches and mechanical parts, things that could use soldiers' lives. We had an Army superbly equipped to fight on the Northern Plains of Germany. But in Vietnam there was no automobile, there were no clear lines, and the enemy wore sneakers. These were

several armies in Vietnam, some out for power and profit rather than ideology. We knew almost nothing about the country. We did not have a single soldier in the United States Army who could speak Vietnamese. A French military critic, after Dien Bien Phu, had written an analysis of their defeat, but we had not translated it—nor have we yet. The Vietnam conflict was "unconventional," and we had few skills in unconventional warfare, and no clear goals.

My article did not meet with a warm response from my editors. I changed the title, used some paragraphs in another article in this magazine, and lost the thrust. That was a great mistake. I should have trusted my perception, had more confidence, and plucked the whole thing again and again. It might have done some good, because the general ignorance was so profound.

The theory deterring American action in Vietnam was disastrous. If we did not

stand up to Communist aggression, one by one all the countries of Southeast Asia would fall and we would end up fighting in Colombia and Korea. The Vietnam domino did fall, of course, but other dominoes—Thailand and Malaysia and Singapore—were healthy and stable.

You would think that the domino theory would have been dispelled, but it is back again. Now we say it is in Central America. If El Salvador falls, then so will Panama and Costa Rica and Honduras and Guatemala, and then the biggest domino of all—Mexico. My friend Carlos Fuentes, the Mexican novelist, says that every time a prominent member of the administration in Washington refers to Mexico as "the Atlantic divide," a prominent member of the administration in Mexico City must step in his tracks, alter a rebuttal, and consolidate the nationalist indignation of the Mexican government. "Not only is Fuentes a leading literary figure, he was Mexico's ambassador to France, and he said lectures on

Illustration by Mike Scott

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# WHEN WE TALK ABOUT COMMOES OR MAKE SIMPLISTIC ASSUMPTIONS ABOUT THE WHITE HATS AND THE BLACK HATS, WE FALL BACK INTO THE SAME KIND OF IGNORANCE THAT PREVAILED IN THE EARLY SIXTIES ABOUT VIETNAM.

foreign affairs. He says we do not understand the context of cultural change in Latin America. "Our democracy," he says, "we learn with your democracy." But Latin America derives from Spain and Portugal, from the Conquistadorism. We did not acquire freedom of speech, freedom of belief, freedom of enterprise as our birthright, as you did. We had to fight desperately for them, and we are still fighting. So you do not feel the full measure of American democracy in Latin America. But that does not mean we are Marxists." This year the presidents of Mexico and Brazil met to discuss the problems of Central America, and so did the democratic neighbors of Central America—Nicaragua, Colombia, and Mexico. If Nicaragua fear a "Gomara path," says Pazienza, it is not from the south but from the north. For example, although not many American lawmakers, the United States has avoided Nicaragua twice.

But though we do not understand the cultural context or the moral role of the terrain, that does not mean we can ignore the white hats. Nor does it mean that the Sandinistas in Nicaragua do not get arms from Sweden, or that the Cuban special forces doing the training are not highly skilled and professional. But El Salvador is not Vietnam. When we talk about doing more or make simplistic assumptions about the white hats and the black hats, then we fall back into the same kind of ignorance that prevailed in the early Sixties about Vietnam.

One major difference between Vietnam and El Salvador is that this time the United States Army doesn't want to go. It will go if it wants, if course, but it has Vietnam men in mind from the rest of us, who merely draw analogies.

Recently I went to the second National Security Seminar of the Army War College at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. For one week, the last time at the War College, just, the Army studies a number of civilian guests and blends them into senior groups with the military. The War College is where the Army sends its promising officers for advanced coursework. This year's class of 243 were all lieutenant colonels and colonels on "fast track," most of them had commanded a battalion, most had graduate degrees, and nearly all had been in Vietnam. The class also included sixteen foreign military officers; as my own seminar group was an extremely unbalanced British group, who had recently been the commander of the British forces in Northern Ireland.

Like most fast-track groups, the War College colonels are professional and eager-

getic. They are problem solvers, normally they do not band. But no matter what I tried to impress with their sensitivity on a single subject, Vietnam. It is hard, in villages and situations, even when the discussion is about something else. The officers are sensitive—even surprised—about "the media," which helped to "lose" Vietnam. "I remember," said a colonel in my seminar, "when in 1975, being sent a lot of my good men get torn up, and being told to charge out of my uniform in the airport because the civilians might harm me otherwise."

So it was with some interest that I went one evening to an "elective" course, in which a young major reported on a trip to El Salvador. The strategic view, and the young major, was that NATO was being overhauled in Central America, that the sea-lanes were threatened by Cuba and Nicaragua. But in El Salvador itself, the strategic view linked with the problems of everyday life.

"There is an oligarchy of some twenty families," said the young major somewhat breathlessly, "most of whom have left for Miami. The army is the protector of the oligarchy. The officer corps is an old-boy network, with no accountability. If you're a good leader, you lose your job. The army doesn't really want to fight, so it sends word to the guerrillas when it's coming it's a nine-to-five army. It has poor leadership, so NGOs, and it's hard to know who commands it. There are also private right-wing death squads, made up of ex-military and criminals, like Murder, Inc., who are hired to take people out. Judges are threatened by both left and right."

"This is very apt and not the U.S. Army's," he went on. "And if you get my situation, which I stress is not the Army's, I would say this. Don't increase the number of U.S. advisers or personnel. Americans are too visible, and they give the enemy something to shoot at and use for the most about. If you want to train the locals, bring the cadres here and then send them back to train the others."

The discussion that followed I would describe as very lively. A couple of colonels stressed stopping the Communists before they were further, one said that if we had "taken out" Castro early on, before he got started, we would not have Cuba as a problem. A Venezuelan colonel sitting right next to me growled, "Salvador is a Latin American problem," he said. "We are all concerned. We—U.S. Marines—were training the government forces in Salvador and we got too much publicity. The problem in Salvador is that it takes time to build up the society, to establish trust; it is a

terrible democracy, it will take time, it needs your political and moral support. But military intervention? No! Latin America is very sensitive about the U.S. saying anything after the Panama war. You do not want to send Salvador to lose Latin America."

Our first lecture at the War College was the Army's chief of staff, a four-star general, Edward Meyer. General Meyer was responding, at least in his comments. "The last bloody war in modern war," he said, "the most likely is an uncoordinated surface." General Meyer stepped down as chief of staff only ten days after this speech, and he repeated these sentiments to reporters. Sometimes the differing views of our leaders are the most interesting. Washington chose to devote his final speech to a warning against entangling alliances, and Eisenhower addressed his to the dangers of the military industrial complex.

General Meyer would like, he had thought about Vietnam. "Having been in a guerrilla war, I realized that unless you have the commitment of the people, of the indigenous forces, you're not going to solve a guerrilla war. If I thought the Eighty-second Airborne going there [El Salvador] would be a solution to the problem, I would probably recommend that right now. I don't think it would be. The United States can't deliver an insurgency when the nation itself isn't committed."

And since El Salvador's commitment is not fully evident, said General Meyer, we should not send troops. Further, you can't have "soldiers on the end of the string without having the support of the American people." And you do have that support—there is no consensus. "We need to pull together the economic and political arms of the government so that we're applying coherent programs in Central America." An overall approach would be to win Nicaragua from Havana and Moscow, to assist Honduras, Costa Rica, and Panama in warding off leftist incursions, and to help El Salvador through political, military, and economic aid. "Compared to putting in American soldiers," said the chief of staff, "security assistance is cheap."

I have not been to Central America, and I certainly haven't been about it then I did about Vietnam twenty years ago. We certainly have some soldiers who speak Spanish then we had linguists in Vietnamese, but I am not sure how clear we are on our goals. There is a threat, and there is a solution. We—U.S. Marines—were training the government forces in Salvador and we got too much publicity. The problem in Salvador is that it takes time to build up the society, to establish trust; it is a

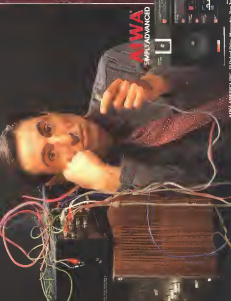
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## AMERICAN BEAT

BY BOB GREENE

# GERALD FORD UNDER GLASS

Ten thousand pieces of history for people on their way somewhere else

I LOCKED in Gerald Ford's charming, gavel-and-look-as, which were protected inside a glass case.

On this blustery Wednesday I was one of 507 visitors to the Gerald Ford Presidential Museum, located on the banks of the Grand River in Grand Rapids, Michigan. On some days there are more visitors than this; on some less.

The museum is a stately modern, three-sided, forty-thousand-square-foot structure that was built with private funds and is maintained at U.S. government expense. There are other museums in the world that feature more extensive collections of artwork, photography, or historical artifacts, but this is the only place made whose walls you will find in excess of ten thousand individual pieces of Gerald Ford memorabilia.

THE CURATOR of the Gerald Ford Presidential Museum is Phil Jones, forty-two. His office is on the second floor of the museum, just off a private elevator, standing on the carpet by his door is a small stone statue of Gerald Ford, made of Pennsylvania rock. The statue has been placed so that Ford appears to be waving a black suit.

"Our goal here is to commemorate the life and career of Gerald Ford and the period of American life in which he lived and operated," Jones said.

He said that the museum itself is always on the lookout for potential new Gerald Ford exhibits.

"Let me give you a recent example," he said. "Back when he was a congressman, Mr. Ford provided over the 1960 Republican campaign. He used two gavelts at that convention—one to open it, one to close it."

"Now, we had the gavel he used to close the convention. The one he used to open the convention, we did not. But we're looking it, and now we have both gavelts at the museum."

I asked him how he could be sure the

gavel was genuine.

"I'm afraid I don't understand," Jones said.

I asked if there wasn't a chance that was not the authentic gavel that Ford had used to open the convention.

"Oh, no, we're sure," Jones said. "This is the one."

I asked if people from across the country planned their vacations around coming to Grand Rapids and touring the Gerald Ford museum.

"I don't honestly believe that we're many people's final destination," Jones said. "I have no doubts about that."

"People tend to come here if they're on their way to somewhere else. A lot of people come through western Michigan in the course of a year, and once they hear that we're here, they come on over. We get a lot of bus tours."

I asked him if it was a worrying job thinking full-time about the political career of Gerald Ford.



"I love this job," he said. "It's a great job. I was curator for ten years at the Eisenhower museum in Abilene, Kansas, and I didn't get Eisenhowered out. So I'm certainly not Jerry Forded out."

THE EXHIBIT hall, arranged over two levels of the Gerald Ford museum, is a sprawling, well-lit space. Its purpose of life in the White House is somewhat limited, because Ford served only two years and was never elected to the Presidency by the general population. But what it lacks in scope, it makes up for in detail; it is perhaps the only location in North America, for example, where you can get a minute-by-minute account of the Missouri crisis. ("On May 18, 1975, Gerald Ford's customary workday began with a job," a wall plaque reads.)

The exhibit hall is divided into subject areas, each featuring a particular mood. In "The Navy Years," for example, Ford's actual sea warfare can be viewed, as well as his look-alike. In most display cases there are relevant quotations from Ford, covering that time in his life. In "The Navy Years" display case, Ford is quoted as recalling: "My wartime experiences had given me an entirely new perspective. The U.S., I now convinced, could no longer stick its head in the sand like an ostrich."

For those who do wish merely to read Ford's words, however, his tape-recorded voice can be heard all over the exhibit hall. There are various videotape and film presentations, each of these also centering on specific moments from Ford's life ("Congressional Leadership," "A New Vice President," "The Campaign"). Sometimes, as you walk from display case to display case, you are beset by a confusing and overlapping cacophony of Ford voices.

All is not politics at the museum, though; one display case features dramatic drawings were by Betty Ford, with a plaque noting that Mrs. Ford had been awarded an



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decorative citation from the Parsons School of Design for her "high standard of taste and excellence." But most exhibits are more somber: at "The Parlor of Nausea" area, there is a letter that had been sent to Ford by Walter Hoving, chairman of Tilly & Co., "Dear Mr. President: You did the right thing. Let the tycoon howl!"

I WAS passing an exhibit titled "Romance and Marriage." The plaque informed me that in 1974, the year after Ford had been elected, Gerald and Betty Ford had a Christmas stocking filled with gifts, including a pair of knitted argyle socks and a pipe lighter engraved "To the light of My Life."

Standing next to me was Anna DeGraaf, eighty-one, of Denver; she told me that she was in Grand Rapids starting her grandson, Ken Terpstra, who was with her at the museum.

"President Ford was always a favorite of mine," Mrs. DeGraaf said. "So this is something I was anxious to see. Of course, I doubt if I would have made a special trip."

Ken Terpstra said, "I live in Grand Rapids, and said Grandma came to visit, but had never even come over to the museum. Isn't that something?"

"Well, I'm glad you're with me now," Mrs. DeGraaf said to him. "This is a good opportunity."

The other tourists with whom I spoke were in a similarly apologetic mood. "I'm a retired scheduler from Indianapolis, and he had learned of the Gerald Ford museum only when he had gone to his local state club to pick up a tag for his vacation."

"At the Triple-A they give you a magazine, and there was a story about the museum," he said. "He been a member of the auto club for twenty-two years, and I've learned that you can get some pretty good deals through that magazine."

"My wife and I looked at the map, and we noticed that this was right on the highway. So we decided, 'Why not?' We stayed over an extra night, we're in a motel out on Route 121."

"I'm a lifelong Republican; Ford was a New Dealer, and I was in Air Force unit, so in of the same generation, so this seemed like a nice place for us to spend a day."

Over by the red, white, and blue "Jerry Ford for Congress" Quonset hut, Kenan Allen and Ben Janney, of Jasper, Indiana, said that they had come to the museum as part of a tour.

"This was a package deal," Mrs. Allen said. "The museum was on the itinerary for the tour, so here we are."

"Yesterday we went to the tulip farms

and the wooden shoe factory over in Holland," Miss Janney said. "The shoe factory was okay, but the tulip farms was spectacular."

"Next we're going to the 'Yin-Yin' hotel," but I don't know what that is," Mrs. Allen said.

THE CENTERPIECE of the museum is a full-scale reproduction of the Oval Office. The office is decorated exactly as it was during the Ford years in the White House: the furniture is precisely in place, and there are more plaques explaining various tidbits and tidbits. (The plaque for the replica of the antique Presidential desk reads, "In August, 1974, embedded microfilm were removed on Ford's instructions.")

Although visitors are kept off the carpeting by ropes, you can stand and look at the Oval Office for as long as you want, complete recordings of Ford play intricately as you watch the room. There is a pen-and-pencil set with both inscribed in the middle; there is a set of papers that were actually smoked by Ford; there is the ship's wheel from the S.S. Mayaguez; there is the AMVETS Golden Helmet Award.

AT THE gift shop of the Ford museum, an array of souvenirs is offered for sale to visitors.

"Our little seventy-five-cent Gerald Ford commemorative coins are probably our most popular item," said Jack Lowmy, a cashier at the shop. "But we just started getting Gerald Ford pennies in stock, they're only thirty-five cents, and we can't get enough of them. People seem to want anything that says 'Gerald Ford' on it."

Lately, the variety of items available for purchase is impressive. There is a Gerald Ford museum booklet (\$5), a Gerald Ford commemorative envelope (\$3), a Gerald Ford medal (\$12), Gerald Ford campaign buttons (\$5 cents to \$2), a Gerald Ford portrait folder (\$3), Gerald Ford photos (\$2 to \$10), a postcard featuring a color photograph of Gerald Ford's golden retriever, Liberty, posing on the White House lawn (\$5 cents), a cookbook containing recipes submitted by Betty Ford (\$9-95), matchbooks embossed with the Presidential seal (one for \$10), a Gerald Ford glass mug (\$4), a Gerald Ford napkin (\$2), and a Gerald Ford crystal candy dish (\$35).

"People really want to buy," Mrs. Lowmy said. "It's not uncommon for one person to spend forty, fifty, or sixty dollars. That happens at least a couple of times a week."

I TOOK a break from my list, and went back to my hotel for lunch. Sitting in my room, I decided to call Gerald Ford at his home in Rancho Mirage, California. He was not in when I phoned. But later he returned my call.

"I am very, very proud of the job that was done in the presentation of my life," Ford said. I asked him what pleased him most about the museum.

"I would have to say the full reproduction of the Oval Office. I've seen 'We made a decision to make it full size. At the Time Museum, the Oval Office is only three-quarter size. At the Johnson museum, the Oval Office is only seven-eighths size. But when you walk into the Oval Office at our museum, it's the exact same size of the Oval Office where I worked. My attitude was: If you're going to do it, do it right."

A legible voice came onto the line: "Hello?"

"I'm on this line," Ford said.

"Hello?" the voice said. "Hello?"

"I said, I'm on this line," Ford said, and there was a clicking.

"That was Betty," Ford said.

I asked Ford how often he got to visit the museum.

"We get back to western Michigan several times a year," he said. "We were just there, as a matter of fact, for the Tulip Time Parade. I've never gone in for being around about things, but when I look there, the museum is just going."

"Naturally I'm proud. I feel damn lucky for myself to have a museum like that. But more than for myself, it's an illustration of what can happen to a person in this country. It can happen to anybody."

I WALKED back over to the Gerald Ford museum. Lines of schoolchildren were waiting to go through the front door.

Off on the far side of the museum, unmarked by signs or signs, were two covert crypts built into a grassy slope. These crypts, I had been told, will be the final resting places for Gerald and Betty Ford; they have informed the museum staff that they wish to be buried right here, in Grand Rapids, on the museum grounds.

I stood next to the crypts and looked around. Off to one side was the museum building, rising into the gray, cloudy afternoon. Directly in front was the Grand River, rolling gently by. And off to the other side was Sullivan's Breckwold Furniture store, and beyond that Interstate Highway 96, heading over eastward, toward Lansing.

JACK CORRELL is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.



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## HOW TO THINK ABOUT THE RICH

The resentments we feel toward the rich come into play especially when some-



**HOW WE HANDLE MONEY AND THE DISTINCTIONS WE BASE UPON IT  
NAME AS MUCH A TEST OF CHARACTER AS HOW WE FACE DEATH, AND  
I COULDN'T BE SURE I WOULD PASS THE TEST UNTIL I FACED IT.**

one we know comes into a large sum of money. This happens occasionally in my circle of writer friends: women are basically entrepreneurs and sometimes they do seem big. An acquaintance of mine once had half a billion or so in a blockbuster nonfiction book that was going to answer all our questions about life, and he was an embarrassed by his good fortune that for a month he couldn't tell his friends. It can be enough of a trauma, especially if you're a writer, particularly when you've all been struggling more or less on the same level, buying one another beers and confagando another spaghetti dinners. All at once it's champagne and formal of mail, and a different arena enters into the relationship. These left behind tend to get jealous. Why him? Why not me? I'm as smart as he is—no, smarter. They see him drive up in his new Mercedes, and it crosses their minds to be the driver. What they're struggling with is the fact that someone they thought of as an equal has become a person of evidence of superiority. It's not the race, and that makes them feel like losers.

The winner, of course, knows that his friends feel this way, and he may become resentful or uneasy in turn. At the same time, he's busy catching up to people. He buys a house in the suburbs commensurate with his income and joins the Mercedes crowd, and naturally he sees less of his old friends, surrounded as he is by new ones, and when he does see them he's careful to avoid the subject of money. He doesn't want to come after them, but that wouldn't be gracious, even though he feels in his heart that he's really in better than his former comrades and fully deserved to win as big as he did. By not talking about his success and not coming after them, he gives one very familiar twisted destroying these friendships, they all shared everything in the past, but now a whole section of life has been closed. All this is made still more complicated and difficult when the money is unexpected, that is, when it's inherited. There, the elaborate forms of social differentiation we know as class tend to come into play, and the question of who is better than whom becomes very touchily asked.

Just how touchily became clear to me a few years ago when I went to a friend's wedding near Boston where a young woman who was heir to an enormous industrial fortune married a college dropout who was making a living as a musician, he came from an old-fashioned Boston family with old money and courtesy by the score. The wedding—which took place in a family's hall, at one of those rural retreats for the rich that see as peak only the con-

gressants know they must—was as tense as any wedding I've ever been to. The two families descended on the place like two storm armies, each determined to impose the other's way of manners of Italian delicacy one night and Scottish salmon-flavored just for the occasion—the next. The groom felt little but contempt for his new relatives; his father-in-law, it turned out, disdained to dance and owned a number of rare, extremely expensive wines, which he almost never played. The bride was so nervous about the way her mother condescended to the Italian relatives that she broke out in hives. The Italian for their part kept to themselves; there were enough of them that they said easy to do. Not until everyone got thoroughly drunk did anyone have a good time.

We don't, in any opinion, handle differences of class very well in this country. This being a democracy, these differences of class are not supposed to exist—but they do, and everyone knows they do, and resist in that a degree of classlessness appears over the most outrageous snobberies and discriminations. The situation makes us all uneasy. I have known my number of people who have tried to build an uneasy distinction for themselves based on the most tenuous of attainments. I was at a bar with a friend of mine not too long ago when another friend walked in, sat down at a table nearby, and after a few minutes called me over and insisted I sit down. This she whispered to my ear. "Why do you assume you with her? She's not our class, you know." I was amazed. She was herself the daughter of a woman who had the knack of entering up—and had done so more than once—and at a man who was the daughter of a man of money earned in business. Her only claim to status was that she'd gone to one of the night schools, I think Rosemary Hall. And she had money, which she used in the stock market. My other friend, she was waiting for me at the bar, had indeed gone to public school and in college is huge, but she had written three noteworthy books and was a leader in the antinuclear movement.

This wasn't the only incident by my means. I had a girlfriend once who came from an old southern family whose fortune had long since vanished but whose sense of their own importance hadn't. We split up after a while, and she found a new boyfriend with the knack of holding on to money a lot better than I do, but we remained friends as well as friends—and I started going out with a woman from my wife's family, a working-class background in Detroit. It was as if I had betrayed her; she called and asked me how I could go out

with a woman from that background and couldn't see that she wouldn't fit in with my friends and hadn't I noticed that she dressed too well, colorfully. We haven't spoken since. I've known too many like her, people who have built their whole lives on associations with the rich, their whole sense of distinction on a friendship or an acquaintance with a Rockefeller or a Morgan, or a few years spent at Blackstock or Saks. We don't, or we haven't, in the United States as the Cosmos Club, it is enough to lead one to despair over what Dr. Johnson called the vanity of human wishes. It's not just money we want, it's the status that goes with money. We want to send our kids to Princeton or Harvard. We don't live in the Midwest. And when we've got that, we want 25 percent more.

I had lunch once at the Cosmos Club, it's in Washington and it's exclusive. During coffee the bearded coachman I've ever seen cruised up the wall behind me. So much for exclusiveness, I thought. One reason I'm relatively immune to all the pretensions is that I long ago decided I was never going to be rich myself, that that wasn't my destiny. And I could detect no sign of regret. But of course I could be wrong. I could write my own blockbuster solving all our problems and find myself with half a million to spend, and I sometimes wonder how I'd do. Would I become uncharacteristically secretive about money, the way some of my friends do when they get a new job or make a killing on the market? Would I try a Mercedes or a Jaguar, or maybe try to distinguish myself with, say, a restored Ford? Could I separate my old love for books and learning from my enthusiasm for the latest electronic toys? How we handle money and the distinctions we base upon it are as much a part of character as how we love death, and I couldn't be sure I would pass the test until I faced it. So I won't make large claims for myself on this score.

But I am by instinct a democrat. Self-respect should not depend on the size of one's bank account, nor respect for others on the size of theirs. I can acknowledge distinctions of class, which are real, which get into manners and attitudes and styles of life, as long as they have nothing to do with whom I choose as a drinking partner. I prefer to drink with my equals or my betters—that is, people I can respect for what they have done, how they have borne up under the misadventure common to all humanity, and not for the good fortune that has happened to fall to their lot.

ANANTONY GRANTZ is a New York writer living in New York.

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## THE BODY THRILLS TO BE TOUCHED, AS IF COMPLETELY UNAFFILIATED WITH THE MIND, IT WILL ACCEPT A SKILLED MASSEUR'S HANDS AND BEGIN TO HEAL ITSELF.

might be small tears in the muscle tissue that heal, usually within a day or two, but that restrict the muscle's movements and reduce pain. The most popular notion is that tissue, such as lactate, accumulates in the bloodstream, triggering the pain receptors and inhibiting movement.

In each of the three scenarios, the resolution is the same. All the muscle needs to regain its elasticity is a regulated flow of blood and oxygen, which will either help speed repair of a microtear, loosen the lactate, or wash away the acids. Massage believes in the last and points to all-league Boston Patriot running back Jim Nance as living proof of his hypothesis. Nance, now retired, would have his finger thrust in the finger of a Sunday game—he won't be in the game. Massage was by the fourth quarter, Megher says. Nance's muscles were still receiving a perfectly adequate supply of oxygen and he was just as strong as at the start. "Since his body was relaxed, he had a little extra going for him."

MASSAGE IS an eclectic art, and there are as many variations as there are skilled practitioners. Megher's brand of massage differs from others in its emphasis on manipulating the body before an event, but his techniques borrow heavily from the traditional schools of Swedish and deep-tissue massage.

In his book *Sportsmedicine* (Doubleday, 2000), co-written by Dr. Douglas, Megher describes twelve basic body movements and consequent stress points common to most sports, and he outlines the six standard hand techniques of Swedish massage: direct pressure, applied by pointed fingers aimed at the stress points of the muscle; cross-fiber friction, a rubbing motion that works against the grain of the muscle, compression, in which the flat of the hand depresses the muscle; petrissage, the chop-chop method that resembles gentle beating, effleurage, which is the smooth stroking of the muscle; kneading, a pinching of the muscle between the thumb and forefinger. These are the hand movements that are most common in Western massage; the Oriental massages of Shiatsu and acupressure concentrate on balancing the body's electrical energy along preordained pathways and are used more often for healing than for training.

Classical bodies have been written on the art of sensual massage, from an 18th-century rite, and only a handful, with Megher's most prominent, that depict massage as a valuable training component for an athlete. One common thread,

though, is all the bodies is a very basic principle of massage: the body thrills to be touched. Ancient civilizations recognized the placing of one's hands on another's body as both a transference of energy and a sign of an inviolable trust. The body, in it completely unaffiliated with the mind, will many times accept a skilled masseur's hands and begin to heal itself.

ON THE day of my ride I pointed toward a suit of physical education under a heavy blue sky. By the six-mile mark I was near what cyclists call "crankin,'" similar in effect to a runner "hitting the wall," where the body's aerobic capacity begins to diminish rapidly. I had succeeded in subduing my thigh and calf muscles from the browed-hill climbs, as well as developing an annoyingly aching tension in my left shoulder.

After a quick shower I submitted to Laura Devesa Parilla's handling. She began with effleurage: long sweeping strokes along the shoulders of muscle that prelude the spine. She segued into deep compressive movements, using the heel of her hand on my back's larger muscle groups, the latissimus dorsi, which extend from several inches under the arms to the middle of the back, the trapezius, and down to the base of the spine. The purpose of keeping my body stable on the dropped handlebars of the bicycle had been transmitted to my back, and both my arm muscles and my shoulder muscles had been absorbing much of the road shock.

Without prompting or direction, Devesa Parilla located the sore spot on my neck and base into it with her full weight. At first this seemed to me the equivalent of a dental filling: a painful to let her down on a patch of titanium led to help bump down a new silver filling. The pain increased with her pressure, but my body seemed to release all the tension and the pain disappeared.

Devesa Parilla found every aching muscle of my top of hamstring (lower back), and, with a relaxation of cross-fiber friction (which helps to long back breakers of motion to the connected spot), direct pressure using other her fingers at a balled-up fist, petrissage tapping, and a violent motion pinching muscles in the lower, she managed to disperse every wiggling of pain. She spent considerable time kneading my quadriceps (on the front of my thighs) and pectoralis (coll muscles), the major agonistic muscles used in cycling. I felt wonderful that evening, completely wrung out. My muscles appeared to have made a complete recovery. There was no longer,

tightness, and my legs didn't do their lumbly aerobic pump down stairs. The next morning I gave myself a quick self-massage to help loosen my muscles and then biked a fast forty miles, with absolutely no trace of the customary soreness. Despite my skepticism about the spiritual properties of massage, a workout at the hands of Laura Devesa Parilla was physical proof. There was no dropping the ride!

Devesa Parilla's massage had actually blended the three main theories of body work—Swedish, deep-tissue, and Oriental Shiatsu/acupressure—each of which operates as a distinct level. Swedish massage works on both the blood vessels and the muscle groups closest to the surface of the skin, shaking the body with the warmth of increased blood circulation. Paul Gordon, a Kaler at the Boston-area Sports Medicine Resource, refers to this as the "feel good" massage, an effective tool as a warm-up or massage, especially as the level of an athlete's massage like your training partner!

Deep-tissue work, which requires some study, more effectively breaks the Swedish away by going one layer deeper than Swedish massage and concentrating on the fascia, the thin, fibrous layer that surrounds the hardened connective tissue to its most normal state. The Eastern practices at Shiatsu and acupressure, which are based on a theory of electric pathways that transmit thoughts and organs, are generally best left to experts or well-grounded laymen, since this type of physical intervention borders on therapy and could be misused.

The athlete, then, faces three options in getting a massage: incorporating Swedish techniques into a self-massage that concentrates on the benefits of gentle stress (especially accessible to cyclists and runners since the legs can be stroked without unduly contorting the body and creating additional stress, according to instructional books such as Megher's and Gorm's); or the Shiatsu or the Shiatsu (the Shiatsu, with a partner, to help troubleshoot common problems and get a deep-tissue workout; and paying for an occasional professional massage, the benefits of which can last a week.

Whether directed at the athletic potential to take—using massage as a stretching substitute, a relax-and-recover technique, or as therapy for traumatic injury—it can't hurt. Ultimately, it all boils down to one thing: massage feels good. And it prevents making up on Monday morning in pain. It's worth a try.

JOYCE ADKINS/STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE

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# Man At His Best

AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

## SMART MONEY Looking at Screens, Retrospectively



ILLUSTRATION: ANDREW SMITH

**Y**ou realize, of course, that TV will be celebrating its one-hundredth anniversary next year," says Arnold Chace, guardian of the greatest tone-of-old-TV-in-the-country No. we hadn't realized. But the notion of the box nearly as old as the Brooklyn Bridge conjures up winners of the nightly delights that might have been. Fippo knocking Dempsey through the ring and into the living rooms of America; the catcher crushing live on the six o'clock news. Was there life on the telly before Uncle Miltie is dug? Was there something we had missed?

Not quite, according to Chace. Apparently, it was the earliest TV that surfaced back in 1884, not the substance that you see. Paul Nipkow punched a spiral of pulses in a metal disk, placed the disk in front of a photoelectric cell, and spun it. What he created was the scan, the movement of light across the surface that is essentially TV. But Nipkow had no way of broadcasting a signal to his audience. So he sat down to await the invention of radio.

In the 1890s, with the assistance of Marconi, Nipkow's disk was the cornerstone of a flurry of experiments in mechanical TV. It is here, with these juddering contraptions, that a growing handful of collectors begin their odyssey: pursuit of the greatest icon of our age, the television.

### ELECTRONIC FLOTSAM

When you consider that few vintarians have been the target of more abuse than the television (not box, booth tube, vast wasteland, "Don't sit too close, you'll fry your brain"), you realize what fun collecting old TVs can be. After all, what

other bit of twentieth-century dangle has had the audacity to play itself down in our living rooms, dignified as an educated lawyer, and anxious, "Here's our host for the evening, Monty Hall."

But collectors see only the gals behind the mahogany veneer and prism-rare machinery—the electronic vanguard that induced a nation. Chace, for example, has assembled what amounts to a blow-by-blow account of the development of the television, from the spinning-disk TVs to the 1930 Jenkins, the first commercially available component TV. A Catholic brother with the tongue of Pat O'Brien collects only tubes. A West Coast fanatic is into antennas. Says Chace, "I realized I didn't do it, who else would?"

Apparently, quite a few, lured by the possibility of turning up an oddity of a one-of-a-kind item that will prove to Sony that nothing is new under the sun. Consider, for example, the world's first known pay TV, a home-made coin-operated device that depicted the gladiatorial arena in color, thus, probably via Prohibition speakeasy, the amazing thirty-inch DuMont Royal Sovereign from 1953 that costumed a royal look of your punched disk, or Al Capone's one-inch mechanical TV, made by the Chicago-based Western Campany, which he bought a cable to keep abreast of the cops both in the Windy City.

To put a price tag on any of these technological dinosaurs is nearly impossible. Pioneer TVs are so scarce and collectors so sophisticated that price is a matter of cloud-moon negotiations. What would you pay for one of the thirties TRK-12s that stood in RCA's parlors at the 1939 New York World's Fair? Chace tracked the Loche version that stood in

the lobby to Israel, negotiated for a year, and settled on five figures.

### VINTAGE TUBES

Those TRKs, however, mark the beginning of an epoch. On April 30, 1939, NBC broadcast Franklin Roosevelt opening the World's Fair, and from that day forward TV has been with us as a daily epistle. For the occasion, RCA put out four new models. But being the first in your block took on new meaning with these pioneer machines. Since two sets in close proximity had a tendency to jam each other, it was really a question of being the only one on your block.

The RCAs, whose cabinets were designed by John Van Dusen as a minimalist deco spread, would be a good place to begin a collection—if you could dig one up. Most available are the power sets. Look for the first four models, from the late 1940s, the Sentinel and the Pilot, which can be found in working condition, for about \$300. Even more desirable are projection TVs, like the 1946 Nocturne, with a screen on one side and a gun in the rear for projecting *Kahlúa Free & Other* on a convenient wall.

Which brings us to the pet rock revolution. In 1951 CBS put its famous color wheel set on sale. It was packed from the market seven weeks later—and with good reason. Program broadcast in CBS's fledgling color system transmitted the pictures on an ordinary black-and-white TV. The sets were ordered recalled and destroyed. Yet at least two have survived, finding one of these would be a prize indeed.

The news today are the shortcomings. TVs of the 1950s "Whatever Louis space" is the way they put it at Fox Chase, the EBPs lives in Los Angeles. Spacey at the Products,







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IT'S WORTH IT.



## Man At His Best

with their five (and sometimes six) buttons—a conventional garment in this age of casual dressing.

But you can still wear them—vests, vests. A formal waistcoat still outshines a summerboard. Andro one is going to object to three-piece suits now and then, or a reasonable vest under a sport jacket. But wear a bright one or otherwise-kind vest and you will be marked as a jester. Worse, teller that subject of all vestments—the three-piece summer suit—and you will be thought a fool.

The term "vestment" is, of course, more aptly descriptive today than "vest." In fact, although British couturiers still call it a vest, more post to and

for a vest is a London store's shop, you'd get an understated in England, underwears were at first called "underwears," which was shortened to "vest" when the vest first became a waistcoat.

Vests, or waistcoats, may come back into favor again, but it probably won't be soon. In the meantime, the prevailing attitude is ironically expressed by a recent Brooks Brothers catalog in which a vest is photographed with all the buttons buttoned, even the bottom one. The mistake was discovered in plenty of time to correct it before the brochure went to press, but the extreme inching, I am told, decided the belt with it.

—John Bernadi

## THE DRINKING MAN The Last Detail



Drinking has a lot to say when it comes to our drinking habits. A good number of our drink selections are made, after all, on the basis of their chronological relationship to it. The pleasure of cocktails in the late afternoon, for example, is conveyed by the anticipation of a meal. We're after appetite awakens then, plate together, a fact that explains the aquatic traditions of the martini and the whiskey sour. A proper before-dinner cocktail is an energy revver, a delightful tease, and, like the tangy, should be eventually abandoned in favor of the subtle.

We drink Scotch before dinner, too, but its place there is not necessarily rooted. All whiskeys are mouth awakeners, certainly, but Scotch is the most directly powerful of all the grain whiskeys. It is characteristically smoky (the molten grain from which Scotch is distilled is laid-dried over a peat fire—it's the peat smoke that so influences the taste), and that creates a headiness that it is difficult not to be diverted by. Good Scotch is a complicated and demanding beverage. It asks you to savor it, insists on your attention. The unadorned Scotch we're not still the being stage others.

They want to settle the issue. Hence the scholastic Postgraduate Scotch.

In the arena, Scotch competes, of course, with Cognac, the traditional crown of a fine evening. Cognac's quality—its intrinsic smoothness of flavor, its assurance in the throat (you might swear you feel it glowing as it goes down), its eternally pleasing texture (a swallow is like a swallow of oil)—are not matched precisely by those of Scotch, but they are consistently echoed.

The longer-aged Scotch—those that are ten and twelve years old—both bleached and unbleached, offer the aesthetically nurtured complexity of wine that comes from skilled distilling and vigilant aging. The grain whiskey has a characteristic ragged edge that, though muted in the finer blends and the single malts, never fully vanishes. As a result, after-dinner Scotch possesses the best undercurrent of potency that Cognac (which is distilled not from grain, of course, but from grapes) lacks one.

Twelve-year-old Dewar's Accessor, for example, heats the mouth with its intensity, much like Cognac, but its fierceness has a discernible added blast. It's usually about the audience from it comes as its aggression cools.

Johnnie Walker Black Label,

also twelve years old, is notably milder on the tip of the tongue. It's a decade dry whisky Scotch, there's a touch of pleasant, sour pungency to it.

The single malts are, of course, a breed unto themselves. Like vintage wines, they are strong and strongly individual and they demand a cultivated palate. Some—the heavily smoked Scotchies from the Isle of Islay, for example—may be judged too brassy to be satisfying after-dinner fare.

The cross lineage of the single malts—the Glenlivet, Glenfiddich, and Glenmorangie, from the northern distilling regions on the Scottish mainland—are all potent. Glenmorangie's is a base that's especially apt in a finale. It's the mildest of these great three, and yet there's an amiable tang to it, a near sweetness that concludes a meal with a kind of thoughtful generosity.

Any after-dinner drink, whether it's a misty or chocolate or fruity concoction that will replace dessert, a misty aquavit that breaks the palate like a morsel of peppermint ice, or a pungent, full-bodied Cognac that elegantly follows the fruit and cheese, represents an effort at elegance. It is the last detail, the final ingredient that will close the circuit of an evening. Which is further argument to end with Scotch, where we begin. —Bruce Weber

## THE RIGHT STUFF Bang, Bang! Splat, Splat!

If you remember fondly the days of capture-the-flag or twenty summer evenings and wish you were still young enough, then you might want to check out *The Official Survival Game Manual*, by Lionel Abel, with a preface by Charles Gaines. *The Survival Game*, partly Gaines's creation, combines the best lessons of war (chop darts and counterintelligence) with the best old children's games, the man in something white can—and

by the thousands do—enjoy. What the game comes down to, essentially, is several players running through the woods in camouflage clothes, trying to reach checkpoints without being shot by the battalions of pink-jacketed patrollers that everyone carries. The wear goggles to protect your eyes. There are no body counts, and, except for a few scratches, the greatest wounds are to pride. It's 64-65 from Fackett Books. With photographs. ●



"Come to think of it, I'll have a Heineken."



## SPECIAL PLACES

### Road Work



**A**fter a particularly stressful series of meetings, I was sure I'd have less than a minute to make a beeline for my hotel bar and belaud myself with drink if only they could apply on the spot what they know to be true back home—namely, that the best way to exorcise tension is through a good workout. More and more hotels, sympathetic to this predicament, have begun incorporating ever more expensive health facilities. The following hotel health clubs are state of the art and two more

VISTA INTERNATIONAL,  
NEW YORK

The two-year-old Vista International, the epicenter of New York's growing business scene, is the first hotel built in the Wall Street area in well over a century. Its facade is sleek and futuristic as those of its World Trade Center neighbors. Naturally, with such a prime location, the Vista caters to business travelers, and offers a day of heavy transactions—half of them head straight up to the Vista's top floor Executive Business Center to make

Like the rest of the hotel, the health club is ultra-high-tech. On the first floor of the balneal facility there's a swimming pool, a sauna and steam rooms, and two racquetball courts, as the second level there's a banked and cushioned track. You may have to

pass a stress test and a cardiovascular evaluation (\$150) or provide comparable reports from your local gym before using the Nautilus machinery, but the rest of the club is open to guests without restrictions.

Perhaps the best feature of the Vista's health club, though, is the heart-stopping view. From the twenty-second-floor jogging track you can look down on New York Harbor and much of the downtown area. Address: 3 World Trade Center, New York, New York 10048. Tel. 212-608-9200.

THE RITZ-CARLTON,  
CHICAGO

When *Champion's* chic \$25-a-night East Town Club opened up a few years ago, much of the town's last grande began using the health club as an after-hours hangout. Now the trend has caught on at the top of the Ritz-Carlton, a posh hotel located on flower-soft, though dusty, soil at the seventy-four story Water Tower; the club's skylit pool and lounge has become the watering place for the hotel's multitudes of traveling executives.

trousers ascend to the eleventh-floor Ritz-Carlton Spa, change into their workout tags, and head for the Universal machines or for the pool, where swimmers can watch the clouds float across the Water Tower. The Spa also has a sauna, steam and rain-

rooms and a whirlpool bath. By arrangement with five nearby private health clubs, guests at the Ritz can, for a small fee, use the clubs' recurrent courts and jogging tracks.

Unlike its Roman parent, the Mtr Carbon is big and holds quite a few conventions. Like the original, it has a highly acclaimed restaurant, several other local eateries, and the very exclusive Carbon Club—which has been known to treat a few stars for members. Address: 160 East Pearson Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Tel.: 312-356-3000.

THE LOEWS ANATOLE,  
DALLAS

There's nothing understated about the Anzole. But then, it is in Dallas and anything else would seem inappropriate. The name-hatched room Anzole has two massive stiletto mirrors, one of which is draped with handkerchiefs long before imported from Sri Lanka. Guests stroll along mezzanine balconies beneath London-style streetlights and whimsical queen pagodas. Just like the streets of Dallas, the Anzole is packed with bustling executives, many of whom are doing business at the famed Applegate Mart across the street.

The resort has every imaginable convenience, but it at times is very expensive: the hotel's health club is a *quasi* retreat. The facility includes a glass-roofed swimming pool with an adjacent whirlpool, two aquatic ball courts, two outdoor tennis courts, an exercise room, and a sauna and steam room.

Like so many things in Dallas, the Astoria is planning to expand. By next year more tennis and racquetball courts will be added, as well as squash courts and an outdoor swimming pool. Address: 284 Stemmons Freeway, Dallas, Texas 75202. Tel.: 354-264-1200.

THE HOUSTONIAN,  
HOUSTON

Most hotels add health clubs as a sort of afterthought, a gesture of goodwill to the travelers who frequent them. At

the Houstonians, though, everything revolves around events, and the hotel is an added convenience for those who might want to stop and rest. Located on twenty-two acres so densely wooded you'd never know you were minutes from downtown, the Houstonians, a complex of hotels, clubs, and a spa, is the brainchild of an entrepreneur who wanted to create the ultimate playground for Houston's business elite.

Guests at the main three-bedroom room level have full access to all the Flamingo's on-site amenities, including a one-mile cushioned outdoor track outlined with three-lights for night running, a heated and cushioned indoor track with computerized pace lights underneath to set individual running speeds, two outdoor swimming pools, lighted outdoor tennis courts, racquetball courts, a gym with volleyball and basketball courts, an exercise room with exercise machines and weights, apparel, steam bath, sauna and whirlpools. Address: 131 North Pine Oak Lane, Houston, Texas 77058. Tel. (713) 660-3330.

THE BALTIMORE HOTEL,  
LOS ANGELES

The Biltmore is a vestige of the old Los Angeles in its downtown area, coexisting with change that in the 1930s, the Biltmore is a second mix of turn-of-the-century Italian elegance and Hollywood extravagance (the Academy Award ceremonies were held here in the 1930s and 1940s). Recently the hotel was given a face lift and the famed Biltmore Health Club (once a private men's club) was restored to its pristine charm and named to its hotel guests.

The pool and lounge area of this club was designed to imitate that of an ancient Roman bathhouse, with ceramic tiles and classical pillars. Old-fashioned reclining deck chairs surround the pool; overcast towels and terry cloth togas are deposited to guests who use the club. There is also a modern exercise room, a jacuzzi, and a shower room and sauna.

By reciprocal agreement

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(D) **Fight Vest**, Realistic military specification nylon flight vest, lining, maroon orange nylon. Rayon/cotton cupped pocket. Kwik-torn in nylon acrylic blend for durability.

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## Man At His Best

guests can use the courts at the Los Angeles Racquet Club, a block and a half away. The health club does not have indoor swimming facilities, but the hotel is located on Interstate 10, a standard parking

Square—one of the last remaining plots of healthy ground in the downtown area. Address: 535 South Olive Street, Los Angeles, California 90063. Tel.: 213-624-3011.

—Robert Greene

## PRACTICAL MATTERS

### Watchwords for Cable Watchers



Like many things worth acquiring, a subscription to cable television service tends to complicate one's life. There's a price to pay for the convenience of watching an interference-free picture and having access to a slew of channels, and it's more than just the cable operator's fee. To wit, cable service brings a clumsy converter box. Not only does this device, and its accompanying nest of cable and wires, boggle your media room's aesthetic appeal, it also renders a television's remote-control key pad virtually useless. And since you have to use the converter's dial or buttons to select channels, to disseminate the cable hookup, enter the "cable-ready" television. Its resident, then, is a bit confusing. The name may be paid for the "cable-ready" videorecorder the recorder. Precisely how cable-ready is this equipment?

A few facts. Unlike a regular TV set, on which you can tune only to broadcast stations, a cable-ready TV is designed to receive basic, unscrambled ca-

ble channels as well. In addition, it usually eliminates the need for an external cable converter box—and its rental charge—while at the same time guaranteeing the key pad a remote-control capability. (You still need connecting cables, of course, and you still must pay the monthly fee to bring the signal into your home.)

The number of channels a cable-ready TV is equipped to receive varies among manufacturers, but be aware that most models are built to receive the more channels than are available in most locations. Consider: Although cable services typically provide only thirty to thirty-five channels, some TVs are made to receive as many as 120 channels—that's eighty-two VHF and UHF broadcast stations and fifty-seven basic cable channels. Don't be lulled, before you buy, determine the total number of channels available in your area, planning, of course, for anticipated cable expansions.

When it comes to bringing in premium channels (such as Home Box Office), for which

cable companies charge extra, most want a cable-ready TV to receive them. This is because a pay channel's signal is transmitted in modified, or scrambled, form. You can't view the picture unless a "decoder," usually combined with a converter to one box, is attached to the TV—the same hookup you'd need with a regular set.

And since the decoder box replaces your TV's tuner, the key pad's remote function is lost. You'll have to connect an external switching device in order to change channels with the hand unit, but you'll still need the decoder to receive the premium channel. However, Sony, for one, builds a special switch into its cable-ready TVs so the you can use remote control for changing from a broadcast station or basic cable channel to a single premium channel.

### CABLE CAVET

Be prepared to discover, as we can attest, that most of these VCRs cannot simply be hooked up and immediately programmed for taping. Before that, you—or a technician—must set up the deck to receive the fluctuations in system channels, both broadcast and cable, that are inevitably available with these models. Setting up involves fine-tuning each channel you select by turning tiny wheels located behind a rear door on the deck. So, generally, even if you have a VCR with a handset or more channels, you'll receive a relatively small number of them at any one time without additional charging or set-up.

### TIME TO TAPE

Now, suppose you want to videotape basic cable shows when you're out or while you're watching another station. With a regular VCR, you'll need a converter to send the signal to the recorder's tuner. And because all channels must be selected using the converter, a VCR that's designed to be set up ahead for taping a series of shows on different channels can be programmed to record only the one channel to which the converter is tuned.

In contrast, a cable-ready VCR does away with the add-on box for taping broadcast programs and basic cable shows, and you can use the deck's tuner and push-buttons to program an inbuilt tuner to different channels. Further, you'll be able to watch one show and simultaneously record another on a different channel. An additional advantage is that when you use a cable-ready VCR with a single TV set, it's unnecessary to attach a converter box to watch "real-time" basic cable shows. The drawback here is that you can't watch one channel while recording another.

Remember, though, that if you want to tape a premium

channel, your cable-ready VCR still has to be hooked up to a decoder box. So if you're subscribing to one or more pay channels, the deck will have no more special capability than a standard VCR. With either type of recorder, for example, taping a premium channel while watching a basic cable channel means attaching a small game called a splitter. And, as with a conventional VCR, the deck can be set in advance to tape a single pay channel, but you can't program a string of shows where one is a premium channel.

### CABLE CAVET

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Some of the newest cable-ready VCRs eliminate this tedious fiddling via a "frequency synthesizer" tuning system. RCA's Converter Aid, priced at \$130, is an electronic set-up device that, when plugged into a pay-TV cable, simply by pushing in a two-digit number designating the channel you'll like to record.

Home cable links will use four frequency numbers to program each channel. Within a few years, for instance, some TV sets are expected to have a rear outlet for plugging a small, inexpensive "black box," replacing today's external decoder. This will permit full use of the remote control for all channels, including the premium ones. For your over-the-air arrangement, and because many systems exist using cable systems around the country, be sure and consult a knowledgeable local TV dealer. —Jane Wollman



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# WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW A Practical Art



A friend called, the way friends will, and said that he was drinking around the country for a little. Fred Rood could be come up and see us.

Well, sure. That would be fine. Unhappy guests are both the best and the worst kind.

He was on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, he went on. One day's drive from our door. He could depart in the morning and was there anything he could bring.

How about a couple of handfuls of oysters, I said, "in the shell."

"Done and done." And maybe a couple of oyster-burnt toes, since the local hardware store was not likely to carry them.

We invited a crowd and it arrived just after the oysters. We were ready with horseshoe and lemon wedges and tobacco. We had chafin' a case of middlebrow chafin' and a case of Mahan Golden. The oysters smelled that wonderful way they do when they are fresh, which was a combination of salt and meat and weed and something else that, and yes, especially here (two hundred miles from the coast). All that

remained was to open those oysters and parake. I passed around the oyster-burnt toes and that it was time for him to open for his supper. I got two others, one man and one woman. The rest of my guests were happy to let me open for them. Which was inhuman. I filed the work. I opened all night. One for me and one for the rest of the party.

## THE INDISPENSABLE TOOL

One of the things that can be said for most, useful—not just for oysters—in this year must use hand tools in the preparation. No one has figured out a way to open an oyster, clean a crab, or fillet a fish with a Cuisinart. If you want to show off in the kitchen, using tools with some flair is one good way of doing it. Furthermore, while you can usually buy your seafood completely prepared at the market or the dock, fresh oysters by the pint don't taste so good as the ones you buy still in the shell and fresh from the beds, to clean and open yourself. So there are several good reasons for knowing how to use the tools. But what tools?

If you want to open oysters,

you'll need an oyster bar. You might call it a pry or a knife, where you live. There are several styles, but the essentials are the same from model to model: handle and blade. The handle should be comfortable in your grip. I like some shaped like a child's top, since I can get more leverage by putting force at the far end. The blade should be steel, tempered to give. It should be raised six inches long, beveled on the edges, and rounded, not pointed, at the end. You don't want the thing to cut. Your oyster bar should look like something a correct has shaped for an escape, something that is three quarters of the way in being a scale. Under no circumstances should you try to sharpen it. Since you will inevitably stick yourself with the thing, sharpening it will only make it cut you deeper.

What you do with the bar is pry open the oyster. Have others open up and down the Atlantic and along the Gulf Coast from the Old Shell Row Bar in Key West to Pelee's in New Orleans, and I have watched some of the finest professionals in the business open oysters. I have, myself, achieved a few seasons of satisfaction. From my observations and experience I have concluded that there are two schools of thought on oyster opening: go in from the hinge or go in from the lip.

The hinge is the furthest part of the oyster and the lip is the narrowest. If the lip is even slightly pitted, the blade will go in effortlessly. The hinge must always be forced. But if the lip is cracked, or if it is a bit where you go in from the lip. You will cut a lot of oyster shell, which probably contains calcium, among other things, but does not taste very good. You almost never break a shell cleanly from the hinge. Sometimes, though, the lip is very tight and you either break it going in or apply too much pressure so that the blade tempests out of the lip—the way a screwdriver slips out of the screw head—and goes straight into your thumb. I begin to realize that you'll want some

heavy gloves if you get into this business.

Now, it helps to have raised the oysters and gone over them a time or two with a scrub brush—especially if they are truly fresh and still covered with barnacles mud, seaweed, and that indefinable slime that gives oysters their character. Washed and scrubbed, they won't be as likely to slip out of your hand, but don't bathe them in fresh water, since this will dilute the wonderful salty taste.

## A SIMPLE PLEASURE

Start out by holding the oyster against a solid tabletop or cutting board. Push the blade and apply force gradually. When you feel the shell part, back off a little. You can feel the adductor muscles with the dull blade before you serve. This makes it easy to get the oyster out of the shell with a fork or to pour it out straight into your mouth if you prefer to be pious about it.

Raise the blade between oysters. Try to keep your hands and the surface you are working on absolutely dry. This will lessen the chances of a painful slip. As you get better you can cradle the oyster in one hand and work the knife with the other. This method resembles kitchen anatomy more than sheet-metal work, but it is a little more dangerous.

If you are opening for a party, as I was the night my bread came so late Maryland, you can be at a dinner or cocktail hours. There is rhythm to the work, and after a while it becomes pleasant and relaxing. The mind tends to wander. Mine never goes very far from the subject, if oysters but does wander in some harmless, inconsequence speculation. Was, I wonder, was the first human to eat an oyster? How hungry did he have to be even to try it? How did he open that first one? What good did he think when he discovered that the thing actually tasted good? How long did it take him to make the first oyster bar, and what did he make it out of—stone or iron or bronze? Finally, and most interesting, did he get in from the hinge or from the lip?

—Thomas J. Jackson

9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC method. M&M, 10 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



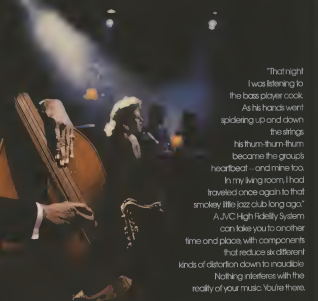
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I was listening to  
the bass player cook.  
As his hands went  
spidering up and down  
the strings  
his thum-thum-thum  
became the group's  
heartbeat — and mine too.  
In my living room, I had  
traveled once again to that  
smokey little jazz club long ago."  
A JVC High Fidelity System  
can take you to another  
time and place, with components  
that reduce six different  
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DOCUMENTARY

Esquire

# Permanent Washington

It's a city  where people come and go. Only a few have staying power

by RONALD BROWNSTEIN and NINA EASTON

In the last days of World War II, Paul Nitze spent his afternoons in a castle in northern Germany, with Albert Speer, the Nazi minister of armaments. Day after day, Speer sat across a table from Nitze, John Kenneth Galbraith, and George Ball of the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey, answering questions about the effect of Allied bombing on the German war machine. At the end of one session, Speer produced a dozen volumes filled with photos of cities reduced to ruins, plans for the western Soviet Union. "I give you this," Speer said, "because sooner or later, you're going to have to fight the Communists."

George Ball went on to become, Under Secretary of State, the leading critic of the Vietnam War in both the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, and U.S. ambassador to the United Nations. John Kenneth Galbraith went on to become John Kennedy Galbraith. And Paul Nitze berated Albert Speer a generation and became the most enduring, most influential hard-line nuclear strategist in Washington.

Since World War II only three Presidents have not called on Paul Nitze to fill high national security posts. Secretary of the Navy, a deputy secretary of defense, he was a protégé of Dean Acheson's in civil or General MacArthur's and an architect of the Marshall Plan. He was also the principal author of the principal document

Reviews the news on a staff correspondent for National Journal and News, Esquire, a senior Air Command Course instructor, and co-author of Strategic Policy Unit. Prototype of the President's Top One Hundred Officials.



establishing America's Cold War policies the legendary NSC-68. And he is considered by many to be the intellectual father of the idea that nuclear weapons can be used to fight a warable war.

Nites, adviser, and prince: Nites is the embodiment of the patrician school of diplomacy. He is also the embodiment of Permanent Washington, the backdrop that underlies the shifting sands of Presidential administrations. "I go back a long way," Nites says in a tone that congressmen disdain.

In a city where any event that predates the previous quadrennial election is considered a geopolitical time, observers say that Nites provides the steady, unshakable continuity. They are fixtures in the capital—as he is reckoned with by any new arrival, including Presidents, who, no matter how popular, will always find it easier to work with Permanent Washington than to fight it. On the long road between smiling, declaring, and implementing policy, all the checkpoints are controlled by Permanent Washington. A shrewd President tries to co-opt it by providing its members with top government posts and sending its members on matters of state through back doors, advisory committees, and White House advisers. Running an administration within the ducts of these entrenched powers requires special skills unlike those taught by the grand old school of politics. JFK, indeed, Permanent Washington, JFK cried out. Richard Nixon despised it, and Jimmy Carter tried to ignore it—a mistake from which he never quite recovered. Ronald Reagan, at the moment, is at peace with it.

As Presidential successors hurry in and out of Washington the highest of the permanent powers, like Nites, flow in and out of government. When outside the government, they live as nobles, touring to parties along K Street and Connecticut Avenue, in lobbyist, consultant, and think-tank "fixes." And as they move out, another set of lobbyists, consultants and allies moves in.

The role on K Street is the essence of Washington'sebb and flow. But these congressmen do not merit. But these congressmen are looking back to power. With their debut in 1970 the Republicans returned to think tanks such as the American Enterprise Institute and the Center for Strategic and International Studies at Georgetown University. The more determined among them, including the current President, founded the hawkish Committee on the Present Danger. They raised, and spent millions of dollars promoting vice and candidates four years later. Once Republicans set the agenda for the national election.

Show it in the Democratic and suddenly new Democratic think tanks in all shades of thought, have appeared. The Democracy Project and the National Policy Exchange are busily churning out policy

papers on the left, the Center for National Policy and the Roosevelt Center for American Policy Studies are, more slowly regrouping at the middle. And the Democratic Democrats are coming nearer. Ted Kennedy's President's Democratic Majority and Pamela Harrison's Democrats for the '90s dispersed efforts to congressional candidates in 1980.

Slowly, the storm pushed by these organizations will enter the political arena. Official Washington is conservative, not so much in ideology as in pace. It is slow to accept ideas that run counter to prevailing winds, whether they come from the left or the right. To get a hearing on any new idea—be it a bilateral nuclear freeze or a fat tax—a stamp of approval from the **Temple Scribes**, those think tankers and writers and call directors who help set the capital's agenda, is de rigueur.

These "trend setters" are the distinct component of Permanent Washington. Figures like Nites are the most visible of scribes: the lowly **Infrastructure**, those government figures who, through an intimate knowledge of a specific issue in Nites's case, nuclear doctrine, wield tremendous influence over national policy. Below Nites are the more hidden power points in the infrastructure: the US 11s in the bureaucracy, the key legislative aides in Capitol Hill. In the evening these congressional figures may light rush-hour traffic in roads to curbing development, such names like Newsgroup Front and Skyline City while the Nijases and Grahams and Aliases sip cocktails in Georgetown, but their importance in the unceasing struggle over policy cannot be dismissed.

Power, not money. Since 1945, as observed in Washington's definition of success in that the town is unusual. But money, they say, is the mother of risk of politics, spent wisely it can buy the ingredients of power: the access of a big name lobbyist, the bank loans that can push an idea, the ears of legislators who can vote. Therefore, **Financiers**, those PAC men and other bondholders who comprise the third component of Permanent Washington, are always near the heart.

But the most powerful members of Permanent Washington are the **Courtiers**—the lawyers, lobbyists and consultants who serve the powerful and, sometimes, the not-so-powerful. Ideas like the nuclear freeze or the area building are matters for true believers like Nites. The courtiers let everyone has a price. With enough money you can buy the advice of a former Secretary of State or let the name of a former Vice-President open closed doors.

Every few thousands of lawyer-lobbyists in Washington find employment as members of the Nites set. And each year another set of former offshooters, academics, and bright young men and women flock to Washington to begin the long climb into the permanent city.

## Courtiers



### \*TOMMY BOGGS

Seems, forty-two, has both a long Democratic lineage and a long list of Republican clients. His late father, Hale Boggs, was a Louisiana congressman, after his death, Tommy's mother, Lady, took over the family seat. Boggs is the bone of the federal agencies, he's the hand gun compasses a supply to about down every federal regulation. Tommy, at the end of the Carter administration, he managed a coalition of business groups that convinced Congress to reauthorize the Federal Trade Commission under the banner of **Save the Free Market Economy**. Later he failed that Senate to confirm.

### \*JOSEPH CALHOUN



Calhoun, fifty-two, is a liberal, a career economist—formerly Director, Department of Commerce, economic policy adviser for Johnson, HEW Secretary for Jimmy Carter and high-powered Washington lobbyist. His close ties to the Kennedy clan always made him a dubious figure in the Carter White House. Last year he reluctantly accepted the job of investigating cocaine and sex scandals in Capitol Hill. Calhoun's investigation resulted in an unusual outcome: the help against new representatives for having had sex with teenage pages.

### \*CLARK CLIFFORD



A farm boy who got his start with Harry Truman. Clifford, seventy-two, smoothed off all the rough edges long ago. With a Shakespearean voice and an august presence, Clifford is the boss of the master-outside—advisor to Presidents and congressional allies. When companies or individuals fall into trouble, they pay Clifford's huge legal fees to have the man, who has stood next to Presidents since the late 1940s, stand next to them.

### \*LYND CUTLER



Cutler, who now earns about \$400,000 annually, rubbed in the Washington powder. The activist lawyer who appears in the press as an advocate of liberal causes but who spends most of his time, outside the public view, advocating the interests of major corporations. Cutler, sixty-five, has long been a counsel in the drug industry, an



THE PILLARS OF PERMANENT WASHINGTON: THOSE MEN AND WOMEN, DEMOCRATS AND REPUBLICANS ALIKE, WHO HAVE LEARNED TO WEATHER THE STORMS OF ELECTORAL POLITICS, PRESERVING THEIR POWER, INFLUENCE AND PRESTIGE IN A CITY WHERE MOST OF THE POPULATION LIVES WITH A PACKED SUITCASE UNDER THE BED.



ting with nervous executives when they are called before Congress to answer questions about company actions. He served as President Carter's legal counsel when Carter belatedly reached out to Peruvian Washington toward the end of his term. As is true of most staffers, Clinton's secret ambition is to be Secretary of State.



#### ★THOMAS DINE

A man whose opinion about the President's proposed Middle East peace plan is that it's a fairy story in *The New York Times* is therefore known to me. A former Public Works volunteer, aide to Chester Buzley, and staffer for liberal senators like Frank Chabot, Dine lefts here, is now the executive director of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, one of the most aggressive lobbies in Washington. Dine's job has become more difficult as the Arab world has developed powerful U.S. allies. In the battle to stop the sale of sensitive arms to Arab states, Dine has stood up to a dozen senators in a day but, in a rare overabundance, not enough. Congress gave Israel \$2.6 billion more in military grants in 1984 than it requested.



#### ★EVELYN DUJOVNE

A Washington institution. Dujovne lobbies on a broad range of labor and liberal causes. The executive vice-president and general director of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union has been providing the tails of Con grants for nearly five years.



#### ★FRED DUTTON

Dutton, 46, has impressive liberal credentials: he was in recent succession of jobs for J. Edgar Hoover and for Robert Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. He cofounded the JPK Liberate and Dobby is kept distinctly behind a door. Dutton is now the registered \$200,000-a-year campaign agent for the Saudi Arabian government. The foreigner, however, and there has been enormous effective when Dutton's connections in the lobby have been needed to local. Dutton works a defense of his pro-Saudi connections even if the issue is never raised. "There's not much in Israeli rights, but Arabs have got rights too."



#### ★STUART ELZENSTAM

Currently a Washington lawyer for an Atlanta firm, Elzenstam, 40, was one of the few who emerged from the Carter White House



#### ★ROBERT GRAY

After serving as chiefman of staff for the Reagan administration, 46-year-old Gray set up his own public relations firm, catering to his own 15-year PR career at Hall and Knowlton and lobbying his former contacts with those of notable John Buzley and former Top Defense Intelligence Agency contacts as Executive Director of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee's secretary.



#### ★VERNON JORDAN

Jordan, 48, was an early wounded by a would be assassin who shot him in the back in May of 1980 but by the end of the year Jordan was working again. In 1981 he left his post as president of the National Urban League to join Robert Strauss as law firm director, with his brother's skills made at recent posts, but he remains powerful because of his Washington contacts and those in the business community, the latter derived from his roots on each corporation, his role as Executive Director of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. He is the perfect attorney for companies looking to cover their flanks on the left.



#### ★LAME KIRKLAND

Ex-leader AFL-CIO president in 1975, Kirkland, 47, was one of the most powerful men in the labor movement, a major political force and an unrelenting foe of Reaganomics, which he once called "the most vicious economic policy since the 1930s." Kirkland was a founding member of the Jewish Labor Committee on the President's Council, whose lobbying provided the foundation for one pillar of Reagan's pro-market economic policy in the new year. Now Kirkland is pushing hard for greater labor representation on the President's Council and is supporting the struggles of Poland's Solidarity, while in 1981 he was successful in his plan to join the AFL-CIO endorse a Democratic Presidential candidate before the primary season. He is expected to be a major force in the party's campaign.



#### ★HENRY KISSINGER

There are those who say receiving no need to know

about Henry Kissinger is captured in a plausibility that shows him knowing the political advantage of his position. Kissinger's success in the Reagan administration is a testament to his skill in the Reagan administration, Kissinger knows how to find power and he will always be in its orbit. He was just appointed by Reagan to head up a bipartisan Presidential commission on Central America that has been agreed to study the "under lying problems" of the region.



#### ★SKOLNIKOWITZ

Lancaster, 47, is a lawyer in Rochester, New York, when a local entrepreneur came to him for legal help with his company. The company became Xerox, Lancaster became chairman, and the local lawyer became a national figure. Lancaster is now a partner in a law firm in Washington, D.C., where he is a partner in the law firm of the Secretary of State.



#### ★ROBERT MCNAMARA

McNamara, 60, is a former U.S. Secretary of Defense, who is not content to play tennis and sit on prestigious boards. He is trying to work his way back into the limelight after long years of disappointment from conservatives on his nuclear policies and from liberals on Vietnam. He can be perceived forever in the public mind as the spokesman of the war like—those young defense enthusiasts who argued with idealism and pure theory sought to impose order on the chaos of the Vietnam and South Vietnamese and the people of Vietnam. The search for order led to a sustained self-perpetuating military on command, both costs were supposed to gauge the Vietnam War, and the level of destruction power necessary to deter the Soviet Union from nuclear war. Kissinger's policy was to keep the war going, but McNamara's more pragmatic approach of U.S. clear lines sparked the current Soviet buildup, others believe his flawed logic on deterrence kept us from responding as the Soviets built. Now he is prominently argu-

ing that NATO should declare that it will not use nuclear weapons first in a European conflict.



#### ★HARRY MCPHERSON

McPherson is a smooth team player who learned the ropes at Washington at Lyndon Johnson's side in the Senate and the White House. McPherson, 49-year-old, served in the Defense and State departments in the early 1960s before going Johnson in a special assistant in 1965, remaining until Johnson left office. McPherson then became a lobbyist, also working on public and economic issues in a cultural garden as vice-chairman and, later, general counsel of the Kennedy Center. McPherson was introduced to a national audience when the Democratic party chose him, over contenders Murray Black and Alan Alda, to endorse their pick in the 1968 election.



#### ★CLARENCE MITCHELL JR.

For nearly 20 years the NAACP's chief lobbyist in Washington, Mitchell, 57-year-old, is now chairman of the board of the organization's Leadership Conference on Civil Rights. He is the son of a family that has been called the "black Kennedys," with a brother in Congress and children active in Maryland politics. Mitchell was involved in the passage of all major civil rights legislation and has been called the "black senator" for his relentless lobbying.



#### ★RALPH NADER

Nader, 47-year-old, evokes passionate visceral reaction, people love him or hate him. He is a lawyer, a consumer, a reformer, a crusader. For twenty years Nader has been trying to get the government to regulate products and services, to control the environment, to control the economy, to control the government. He has been responsible for a host of products, environmental, and consumer issues. He has been responsible for a host of products, environmental, and consumer issues. He has been responsible for a host of products, environmental, and consumer issues.



#### ★GRAYFORD NELSON

Nelson, 48-year-old, was an eighteen-year-old Marine veteran from Wisconsin when he was narrowly defeated in the 1960 Reagan

bid. As governor of Wisconsin in the late 1960s and early 1970s, Nelson, a farmer and an avid historian, was a strong environmentalist, a reputation he earned in the Senate. Now he is chair of the Wilderness Society, which has been the most persistent of James Watt's critics, and whose criticisms have been given added weight by Nelson's considerable prestige.



#### ★JOSEPH RABIN JR.

Still fairly after all these years, Rabin, a longtime civil rights activist and lawyer, is one of the leading liberal figures in the capital. He's a hell of a lot of fun, the seventy-two-year-old says to explain his nearly five decades in the political trenches. He was a founder in 1965 of Americans for Democratic Action, a liberal, moderate, anti-Communist group which he remains vice-president today. He is also general counsel of the NAACP's Leadership Conference. On the 1984 Democratic Convention, he says "I'm for John Q. Deoduck in the hope that it will get Edward Kennedy or Mitt Udell."



#### ★BRENT SCOWCROFT

Unlike old soldiers, old national security advisers never even take away Scowcroft, 48-year-old, a former lieutenant general, was Kissinger's deputy during the last Nixon years and then became President Ford's national security adviser after Ford removed Kissinger from the job as a nod to the Republican right. Scowcroft is now a senior advisor to Kissinger's own international consulting firm and rapidly coming a reputation as a masterful negotiator through his chairmanship of the latest Presidential commission studying the MX missile. Scowcroft is widely respected as one of the top men in the state-department community to provide a "consensus" package that revived the MX, which was written off as dead long ago.



#### ★JOHN SEARS

Sears, 43-year-old, was the advance man and a top strategist for Richard Nixon's 1968 campaign, but after only a short time in the White House he was left out of favor with the palace guard and was ousted. In 1970 Sears was the political general behind Reagan's challenge to Ford, but early in Reagan's 1980 campaign he was forced out again when he tried to pry the candidate away from his California roots. Sears had been working the bank, representing such firms as South Africa and Japanese auto manufacturers, but he would surely like to return to politics. His next sponsor could be Howard Baker, whom he's known for almost two-

ty years. "It'll be interesting to see if he gets in on his plans," Sears says.



#### ★CHRISTINE STEVENS

An annual lobbyist (she frequently visits out of a 160-year-old house this comes from a Georgetown black with unusual social contacts, Stevens, 35-year-old, is the leading social-political voice in the capital. Her power derives partly from the fact that most legislators simply don't have enough time to understand the issue. Stevens' connections are in the political world, from social Washington, through her husband, Roger Stevens of the Kennedy Center, has another set of valuable data in the entertainment world, such as Michael Bayh, whom she once "convinced to do a Seve" the Walker advertisement.



#### ★ROBERT STRAUSS

A left-mouthed, good if not a little bit of a humorist, Strauss, 45-year-old, is always on the phone, a perpetual teller who spreads advice inside gossip, campaign strategies, story ideas, and a stable of anecdotes about himself with equal dexterity to clients and reporters alike. Strauss has been a chairman of the Democratic National Committee, the U.S. special representative for trade negotiations, election campaign chairman for Jimmy Carter, and a well-compensated lobbyist in a firm that has been called "a living museum" to the past. He is a very ambitious man, Strauss would love to be the first Jewish Vice-President or a top Cabinet officer but was unable to do a role as a Democratic show boss in 1984.



#### ★WILLIAM TIMMONS

A self-styled Timmonian, Timmons, 43-year-old, is a close to special trends representative. William Timmons, whose congressional campaign helped Timmons run Nixon's congressional loss, trying to ward off amendment, then worked for Ford before opening a lobbying business with Tom Kenney, another highly rated country. In 1980 Timmons provided the firm for the "political director" for part of the campaign, which made his services even more attractive to such heavyweight clients as the American Petroleum Institute, Chrysler, and Northrup.



#### ★CHARLES WALKER

Walker, 45-year-old, a former deputy treasury secretary, ran his own lobbying business, as well as the American Group for Capital Reform.



# A moment with a Mustang GT.

Mustang GT approaches. Strong. Downshifts to 3rd gear. Driver brakes (releases power from discs, rear drums). Five lower lights ouptop V-8 on third gear.



Downshift to second in the short drive. Driver straightens car quickly with rack and pinion steering. Suspension with high rate springs and shocks and the Kinmac 160V tires outloads from hard left turn and sets up for the hand grip.



Hard right turn loads suspension to the left. Large 300 cubic foot and rear seat air bags keep Mustang flat on the turn. Driving set provides good lateral support for driver in command position. Driver senses left Accelerate Upshift.



A winding road (around) A moment with a Mustang GT.



Have you driven a Ford... lately?



tion, and shares the governing toed of the executive committee of the Committee on the Present Danger. In 1981 Walker was instrumental in getting together the coalition of business lobbyists that pushed a plan through Congress that tax analysts say will virtually eliminate the corporate income tax by greatly accelerating the rate at which business can depreciate new investments. Eugene Walker's efforts, Congress took back a lot of money in 1982.



## ★ PAUL WARNEKE

A former top Defense Department official, who has joined a reputation as Washington's pre-eminent "dove." Warnke's intimate knowledge of nuclear doctrine makes him a formidable opponent for Reagan's men. As Carter's SALT II negotiator, Warnke, forty-three, was the object of brutal attacks from Paul Nitze and the Committee on the Present Danger, now Warnke, with his calm manner and eloquent speech, is going his opponents a better target at their own expense. Warnke divides his time between his representation of corporate clients and outbursts against the administration's nuclear arm buildup. He chairs Peace PNC, which backs House candidates who support a bilateral nuclear freeze, and is a regular guest on national talk shows.



## ★ ANNE WEILER

Wesler, fifty-three, is a former liberal but pragmatic political operative with liberal credentials who has managed to work for both Jimmy Carter and Joan McCarty (she was an associate publisher of Rolling Stone). Once a suburban Gateshead housewife, she barged her way into politics by challenging the state party chairman's slate of delegates to the 1968 convention, winning one fourth for her candidate, Eugene McCarthy. During the Carter administration, Wesler was the White House liaison to special interest groups. Now, she is a lobbyist with a growing list of clients, including the Bushman bond Nancy Reynolds.



## ★ J. D. WILLIAMS

A Democratic lobbyist with close ties to the oil industry, Williams, forty-five, is hard to find holes in the tax laws, not to moral them. In 1982, however, Williams was retained by General Electric in order to convince Congress to repeal the controversial tax benefit provision passed a year earlier, a provision GE, among other companies, had used to avoid paying taxes at 1981. But those paper-lining transactions were hurting GE's existing machinery-leasing business, so Williams went to battle.

against Charles Walker and the other staunch defenders of the law—and when Congress repealed leasing after 1983.

## Trend Setters



## ★ DAVID ASHMORE

Founder in 1982 of the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Georgetown University, Ashmore, fifty-seven, is an intellectual odd of government, that is it. Georgetown produces right-of-center studies on international affairs and harbors such big names as Henry Kissinger, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and James Schlesinger. Ashmore spent three years in the Nixon administration as the State Department's chief congressional lobbyist. Ashmore played an important role in the Carter-Reagan transition selection of officials at the State and Defense departments and the CIA. In March Reagan nominated him to be the U.S. representative to the NATO council.



## ★ SUSAN MARY ALSOP

A direct descendant of founding editorials, Alsop, thirty-nine, is a prominent social figure in Georgetown. Properly married to columnist Joseph Alsop, she began writing career after they split up decades ago. She has written three books, most recently a history of the first Americans in Paris. Her first husband, Ted Alsop, was a labor day American in Paris, at the U.S. Embassy, where she met such Reagan leaders as Churchill and the CIA Man.



## ★ WILLIAM BURDICK JR.

Already, forty-five, is president of the American Enterprise for Public Policy, a conservative think tank founded by Lewis Brown of the John Mahoney education campaign in 1982. Burdick founded the Institute in 1975 from his father, William Burdick, who built it into a conservative bastion of opposition to government regulation. Under William Junior, a former press aide to Milton Eisenhower and chief of public liaison for President Ford, the Institute grew rapidly in the Carter years. But the AEP gave so many of its best and brightest to the Reagan administration that the business contribution that fueled its rapid growth are slowing down.



## ★ BENJAMIN BRADLEE

Bradlee, sixty-two, The Washington Post's execu-

tive editor, comes from a proper Boston background but projects a contentious atmosphere, which has troubled domestic reporters. Bradlee, who has made the Post newspaper a hotbed of controversy, is a prominent figure in town. Bradlee was very close to JFK, his Georgetown neighbor in the pre-presidential days, and this arrived him well in Reagan's Washington base as chief. He helped arrange Nixon's visit to Phil Graham and was later hired by his widow, Katherine Graham, for the Post after her death at the F Street Club, where Bradlee said.



## ★ "MUFFIE" & HENRY BRANDON

Muffie, forty-eight, and her husband, Henry, sixty-two, who was chief American correspondent for the London Sunday Times for thirty-three years, both left the Times in 1974. Muffie, forty-eight, and her husband, Henry, sixty-two, who was chief American correspondent for the London Sunday Times for thirty-three years, both left the Times in 1974. Muffie, forty-eight, and her husband, Henry, sixty-two, who was chief American correspondent for the London Sunday Times for thirty-three years, both left the Times in 1974.



## ★ DAVID BRODER

Other reporters were out superlatives talking about The Washington Post's David Broder, fifty-three, who has few challenges in the most influential political journalist in the country. Before coming to the Post, Broder had a brief, unhappy tenure as The New York Times's national political correspondent, but he left because his analysis pieces were left out of the Friday front in favor of news items that may be the price of political talk at New York cocktail parties' but weren't how elections really work, as he noted in his resignation letter. Broder is distinguished by his refusal to be an ardent quarterback, he still drags his body to any political gathering above the county level.



## ★ J. CARTER BROWN

Director of the National Gallery of Art and chairman of the Contemporary Fine Arts, Brown, fifty-eight, sets the city's artistic priorities with his spectacular shows. He comes from old money, but he works hard and has accom-



plished a great deal for the National Gallery (his most lasting accomplishment is the East Building, designed by L. M. Freedman, with Paul Mellon, Lucien, Andrew, John, and William Mellon, and the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, all of whom paid for the original gallery building).

#### ★ ELIZABETH DREW

Drew's date is "ecceologie de detail." As Washington reporter for *The New Yorker*, Drew, forty-one, has a chance to increase that skill through her many contacts with politicians and policy makers. Her recent work on the influence of political action committees was among her most influential. Drew graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Wellesley in 1967 only to land in a secretary. Later she worked her way up the ladder at Congressional Quarterly before joining *The New Yorker* and then *The New Yorker*. She also serves as a lobbyist on tobacco's staff at AgriLink & Company. She received a very prize advance for her new book, *Politics and Money*.

★ ROWLAND EVANS & ROBERT NOVA

The twenty years since syndicated columnist Evans and Robert Nova, who operate as the conservative "inside story" journalists.

Conflicts on national security policy are fought through their columns by Evans and Nova, who operate as the conservative "inside story" journalists. Evans, seventy-two, who specializes in foreign affairs, holds exclusive dinner parties at his Georgetown home—he once asked a top Carter aide being considered for the honor of extending the war whether he was "pro-statehood." The Evans-Nova duo produced an untitled book that grabbed onto the Reagan Revolution but truly these bastions of conservatism seem to be having their doubts.

#### ★ LESLIE GELB

Gelb, forty-two, symbolizes a new breed of policy expert to not just write about a nation's policy through his articles. A protégé of Paul Warrick's, Gelb was director of the Pentagon Papers project when he worked at the Defense Department in the 1960s. He later became national security reporter for *The New York Times*. It is his role as editor of *The New York Times* that has earned him the title of "the most influential man in the State Department." Gelb was replaced at the State Department by Richard

Barb, who had been the *Times*'s national security reporter while Gelb was in government—evident because he is in government—that the *Times* got to see the report to Senate confirmation.

#### ★ IRA GINSBURG

Ginsburg, born in New York City, is an enduring cultural socializer in Permanent Washington. A leader on the boards of the American Film Institute and the Washington Opera. Ginsburg raises money for the AFI through his personal and friends' dinner on the network of capital contacts. Ginsburg's connections have also served him well in his role as Washington outpost for *Arts and Letters*. Ginsburg is in her early fifties, Ginsburg—a second from David Ginsburg, a Washington lawyer whose experience dates from the New Deal—is a power player in the Democratic party.

#### ★ KATHARINE GRUBMAN

As chairman of the board of the Washington Post Company, Grubman, now six, controls both the Post and Newsweek, which makes her the single most powerful woman in American journalism—a remarkable transformation from the years when her husband, Phil Grubman, was the paper and she was the shadowy wife in the background. Now she is a prominent social figure, whose role is a great extension. She assumed the publisher's position after Phil Grubman's suicide in 1983 and held it until 1989 when she handed it over to her son David.

#### ★ MEG GREENFIELD

Greenfield, fifty-two, is close to John Dunlop and Katharine Grubman and took over as *Post* editorial page editor abruptly when Dunlop took over for Katherine. After an eleven-year career at *The Reporter*, she defected to join the *Post* in 1988. Outside of Washington, Greenfield is known primarily for her New York column, but inside the city she is known for her writings and control of the *Post*'s page, which is top-heavy with articles by former defense officials. Greenfield has won a Pulitzer Prize for her editorial writing, which has a decidedly more conservative tone than the paper's news columns.

#### ★ TIMOTHY HEALY

A Jewish poet, Healy, sixty, is a resident of Georgetown University with strong links to the town's establishment, a frequent contributor to Meg Greenfield's op-ed page, host of exclusive dinner parties that draw such journalists as Green-

field and William Safire, and a great great himself. Through his own contacts the policies involving foreign affairs and the activities of David Abrams at Georgetown Center, Healy is usually accepting his university role as the city's power structure.

#### ★ SEYMOUR HERSH

The top investigative reporter in Washington, Hersh, fifty-six, wrote *The Price of Power*, a critical biography of Kennedy's years in the White House that has upset all the old friends of the White House. Hersh first hit the public eye in 1969 with his exposé on the My Lai massacre, he has since produced important scoops in Vietnam, on covert CIA activities during America's reign in Chile, and most importantly, on the CIA's domestic spying efforts, which provided congressional investigations and a Presidential commission, blame and guilt. Hersh does not travel with the pack of Washington reporters; he stays in his own room, which may be why he is often accused of important stories before others.

#### ★ ALBERT HUNT

Hunt, forty, is the supervisor of *The Wall Street Journal's* Washington bureau. His chief political reporter, Joe C. Smith, is a conservative. He can make it break a conservative's organization with his front-page headlines. He has always been a man to be seen for that a piece at the *Journal*. Hunt is married to Judy Woodruff of the *NBC's* *Meet the Press*.

#### ★ MARVIN & BERNARD KALB

If the State Department turned into journalists, it would become the Kalbs. Marvin, fifty-two, and Bernard, fifty-two, are known for their coverage of foreign affairs, once in CBS and now after a jump in 1980 at NBC. They have also co-authored a vital biography of Henry Kissinger, and Marvin has written political novels. Marvin, fifty-two, has a larger following than Bernard, fifty-one.

#### ★ WILLIAM KAUFMANN

Kaufmann has been one of the most independent men in the national security bureaucracy. A political scientist who worked at MIT and was in Brookings, Kaufmann has been a consultant and speechwriter for Defense Secretaries McNamara, Schlesinger, Kissinger, and Brown. At the Rand

Corporation in the 1950s, he was the leading proponent of shifting American nuclear policy from the massive retaliation of John Foster Dulles to the "counterforce" or "no first strike" strategy, which is the precursor of all nuclear-war scenarios. Kaufmann's forte is his ability to argue his decisions over time.

#### ★ BRUCE MACLAURY

MacLaury, fifty-two, is the president of the venerable Brookings Institution, a bastion for conservative, bipartisan officials and of work—and once considered for his book on the Nixon White House. Brookings has a reputation as a "Democratic" think tank, but it is actually quite central. MacLaury is a Republican economist who served as the Treasury Department's chief economist. Brookings' most influential study is its annual analysis of the federal budget, long directed by economist Joseph Pechman.

#### ★ JAMES RESTON

It may seem as if Reston has been in the Washington bureau of *The New York Times* forever, but it has really only been since 1982. Reston, seventy-three, has cut back his columns in recent years, but he still writes a column and conducts heavyweight interviews with foreign leaders. An entire generation of new-generation journalists grew up admiring Reston, twice a Pulitzer Prize winner, and he remains influential if for no other reason than that.

#### ★ S. DILLON RIPLEY

Ripley, sixty-one, is secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, the magnificent complex of museums that has been made even more significant through expansion since he arrived in 1984. He rules his domain as a personal fiefdom, and he isn't considered particularly easy to get along with, but he has always played the establishment game and weathered all storms. An ornithologist and zoologist, he is the author of many books, including a two-volume handbook on the birds of India and Pakistan.

#### ★ WILLIAM SAFIRE

Safire, fifty-three, is a former *Newsweek* speechwriter who first met the President in Moscow in 1959 during Nixon's kitchen debate with Khrushchev. Safire was working for a PR firm, which was representing a house builder at the American exhibition in Moscow; it was in Safire's kitchen that Nixon and Khrushchev dined. Now Safire represents the conservative viewpoint.



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on the *Times*'s op-ed page with a Palmer Price-winning column. He also writes a witty weekly column on big game, tells lots of jokes and has even won three dollars a night on the lottery recently. Though he is not known the President for ten years, the Nixon White House once taped his phone



★ ROGER STEVENS

Stevens, seventy-three, runs the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, which offers almost all the cultural life of elite circles (as in Washington, Stevens, who reminded the Kennedy Center was existence, made his political mark as a Democratic party fundraiser, has fortune in real estate, and his name on Broadway producing such shows as *Phantom of the Opera*.)



★ RICHARD STROUT

There are few Washington institutions so venerable as Strout, eighty-five. A Washington correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor* for the past twenty years, he also wrote the elegant and simple *TKR* column for *The New Republic* for almost thirty years and he, retired this spring, was replaced by former *NYP* and *Wagner's* editor Michael Krimmel. (The press still what it should be," he has said. "I think we tend to deal with sensationalism and accidents and trivialities.")



★ JOHN THOMAS WALKER

The first black bishop in Washington, Walker, fifty-eight, is highly active in both national and local affairs. He is president and chairman of the national Urban League Foundation and longheaded the local Police Chief's Advisory Council. Walker, who came to Washington as a priest at the magnificent Washington Cathedral in 1966, has also taken a high-profile civil and human rights life. He may also be a candidate to take over the Episcopal church hierarchy at his present bishop



★ GEORGE WILL

The personification of conservative propensities on *Opportunity & Company* and on the ABC News, George Will is prime as a scintillating stylist, the master of the dishing idiom and the telling historical reference. Will first came to Washington as a columnist. He is now a senior editor at *Washington Post* (where he has written the *National Review*) but began contributing op-ed pieces to the *Post* before launching his column. During the Presidential election, Will, forty-two,

was such a dependable Reagan booster that some thought he might have felt more at home in the candidate's press office. But since there has been just one more mistake, he even found some words to say about Democrats. Presidential aspirant Senator Ernest Hollings



★ TERRY DOLAN

The youthful director of the National Conservative Political Action Committee, which devotes millions of dollars to slugging ads against liberal candidates, walked through a tough 1982. His problems started when he told a pay magazine that the government had no business restricting the rights of homosexuals, raising some eyebrows among his fellow Catholics on the right. Then NCPAC's liberal candidates were trounced in the fall elections. Finally, a string of anti-gay suits was capped by the publication of a book called *God & Dad*, which alleged that Dolan himself was homosexual. Dolan, thirty-two, decided to quit. He and NCPAC is not yet ready to hold up its flag.



★ PAMELA HARRIMAN

Pamela's entrée to Dineo was a 1970 party politics came through her marriage to Gerald Harriman, the personal under. Pamela, sixty-three, met Averell thirty years her senior, during World War II, when she was living with the Clintons in England on their daughter-in-law, wife of Randolph. After the Democratic landslide of 1960, the Harrimans formed a new PAC called Democrats for the 1960s—and raised money with planned dollar-a-plate "star dinners" set round for political activity in their Georgetown home. As first PAC/PAC was dismissed as a social working opportunity, but many or makes believers and PAC/PAC makes money.



★ RICHARD MELLON SCAIFE

The contributors from this exclusive, obscure, fifty-one-year-old right-wing financial did then anyone else's to generate the rise of the New Right. Despite his impact on public opinion, Scaife's own relationship with the press is less than exemplary. Karen Rothman, a former *Wall Street Journal* reporter who uncovered the extent of Scaife's empire, tried for months to interview him. When he finally caught up with her outside

an exclusive Boston club, they encountered one last and to the point. She "Mr. Scaife, could you explain why you give so much money to the New Right?" He then more calmly, he even found some words to say about Democrats. Presidential aspirant Senator Ernest Hollings



★ PHILIP STERN

An author, radio commentator and later to Sears Roebuck & Company money, Stern, fifty-seven, is a benefactor to liberal causes through the Stern Fund. His most recent interest is the Clinton for Common Sense in National Defense, which targeted anti-missile forces. Republicans for deficit in the next congressional election, with mixed success—in part, because several situations refused to let their ads.



★ WILLIAM WIMPFINGER

"Wimp," the Mustang president of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, provided the losing sensation of liberal discussion with Jimmy Carter when he said "Mr. Inevitable, we no longer ask Jimmy Who. We say Jimmy Inevitable." Even less satisfied with the Republicans' Wimpfinger, fifty-eight, and the machinists poured more than \$1.5 million into the 1982 congressional election, spearheading labor's more radical agenda. An avowed "democratic socialist," Wimpfinger is the most liberal major leader in the labor movement, which he once described as a "steering dog."



★ ANNE ZELL

Unleashed the "candy woman," Zell forty-one, determines which liberal groups and individuals will be the beneficiaries of more than \$4 million dollars a year donated by General Motors. Zell, who is also president of the Ford for Constitutional Government, which focuses public relations projects to "keep government honest and accountable." "I'm a believer in ideas and change the world organizations," she says. Although committed to liberal causes, Zell supports a smaller, lesser government that attends to first principles. Her personal candidate for President, U.S. Senatorator Bill Moyers.



★ ANTHONY BATTISTA

When Battista talks to some contractors' lists.

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# The Talk Show State of Mind

Let's give a big  
Hollywood welcome to  
**Teri Garr!** and  
**Michael Keaton!**

**J**UST WEST OF here this morning, over coffee in a session at the Beverly Hills Hotel, producers of the moment cut deals and mule through the morning trades. One of work character actors at Schenck's dragstore on Sunset was scanning their Beverly lists, checking the daily casting calls. At both bemused but polite, you'd be surprised how often the men find a picture for each conversation. "I've want to know about this one?" Let me tell you something about this town. "This town—and Hollywood is never referred to as a city, or the state of tentacle being that it actually is—is built upon a foundation of disposable celebrity. You are one day, and you aren't the next. This is reflected most vividly in the columns at *The Hollywood Reporter* that everybody reads first thing. Think Garr's morning like an who's hot and who's not, which fails, every working day: those in this town who are now two-ton and were two-ton."

by Carol Caldwell

We have with us today a someone who have just completed their first movie picture together: Michael Keaton, who's more than likely new two you, and Teri Garr, who's probably more new two you. Both are, however, in Hollywood jargon, hot properties: right on the cusp of stardom and fame. Keaton jumped into the public awareness last summer in a movie called *Night Shift*, which was about prostate cancer looking out of a machine. Critics called him memorable, heartwarming, daring, engaging, and, further, a major new talent. Major film critic, *Movie New Center*. You may have seen him on the Letterman show. He's the latest New World extension of the Irish leprechaun, with his mischievous eyes and racy cheeks and hair that stand on end when he's on a roll.

Teri Garr, who's more Cagney than Letterman, may be the hardest-working girl in show biz today. She got her first Oscar nomination last spring for *Twelve*, as the best supporting girlfriend. She also played the girlfriend in *One from the Heart* and *Young President*, the wife in *Close Encounters* and *Oh God!*, and the mom in *The Black Stallion* and *The Black Stallion Returns*.

The movie that she and Keaton have just completed for release this summer is called *Mr. Moon*. It is a low-budget story in which, as you might guess, Teri, with *Close Encounters*'s most recent partner, also negotiates with a polio of *Reverend Cook*, which appeared in the July 1992 issue

of *Rolling Stone*. It's a love of *Mr. Moon*...  
There are a  
few more  
and that the  
week. For me,  
Garr and  
Keaton are  
in, but I'm  
not for  
nothing.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY W. HARRIS







leaving and grinning? You can't work this act alone!"

Kenton: "When she gets through with that set, her pals say: 'No, Stan was really pretty tonight. Serenading me!'"

Gen: "Does each guy think, 'I'm the one she really likes?'"

As Tati speaks the entire is saying, "Before we get serious, there's somebody special here tonight I'd like to—"

Gen: "Obviously. They're going onstage in—we have here tonight Academy Award nominee—"

But the emcee says, "THE SWEET SAVAGE! And when somebody pans out on her V-list—that V-list is going to die... just speak!"

Kent: "This is Western Civilization going fast."

Gen: "My god. This is so debasing. That Arab is going to die. I was on the coast of Me, and now this."

Kent: "He's really a humanized whale!"

[He allows around] I pour this oil on the body armor! For me, or Khazari? No! I do it for Allah! [Pours] The oil is reflecting him? Yes, you're not allowed to rap the female?"

The TV is on at the bar with Cami Chang explaining the trouble with space shuttle Challenger. Piped in over the loudspeakers is the song "I am the one, but the one is not my son." Start with the shoulders," the emcee yells, "and after that—you can peer the oil, anywhere—yes, start!"

Kenton: "This guy ought to be put to sleep."

Gen: "Look at the scene these girls have to do. This is a hard work."

It's a hard one. The women are silencing each other around, making their heads between each other's legs.

Gen: "Oh, god. It's a beyond physical strength, to do this for money, you have to have emotional strength."

Kenton: "What about these girls after the lights? Chen says to Dot, 'Don't tell me you didn't try to scratch me, because I know you did.' You're said about last week." And the other one says, 'Uh, screw you, Chen, I did not.'"

Now she's singing underneath it. "She's a very kinky girl, the kind you won't take home to mother."

"Well, what is it?" says Ted. "Don't tell me I have to have this sex-dirty business? You're either a whore or a madonna!"

Michael raises an eyebrow and takes up the challenge. "Well, there may be something about having somebody take care of you—but that's not madonna, that's a mother. And I don't want either. I want a wife."

This side topic we speed off from the Tropicana. We go to our stand to bid-girls' emcee, it's hard even to see them anymore. Here along Santa Monica Boulevard there are night-gal mixers of nude women, black leather tubes, and women

bound. These aren't just one-size-fits-all in the category. They're emcee who the world would like if we'd been brought up on multiple images of them in magazine pages with some damn tongue-and-saliva word salad looks.

We duck into the Vice Street Bar and Grill where a fellow in a blue-green jacket is crooning. "When you dance the rest of your life?" The waiter is beside himself that Ted is here, and brings her all the special desserts.

"I'd love to know who these girls are," she says, sipping into the red liqueur. "Where do they come from? And what's on their minds?"

"When you were a kid," says Michael, "did you always know you would grow up and do something that wasn't quite standard?"

"I guess," she says. "I kind of knew this was going to happen. So, the trick is to act surprised. But it's not my lucky? Because we're having fun making money. When you start as an artist, you start in the gutter and you learn this interesting? To make something out of this mad. Please! I can't disconnect myself from those girls. You know? I danced in front of my own girls. With a letter on my ass."

"What?" "Well, With a letter on your ass?"

Gen: "A letter. We all had a letter for this show. And I was the 's,' as I signed it was the star. Please! Everybody today wants to be a rock star or some kind of celebrity."

"There was a bad talking to one of the other stars," Michael says, attacking Ted's cooing somewhat distant. "He was interested in becoming an actor. He says, 'You're a kid of two nights' during a TV series. And it's not like he'd been talking about this in a long time. It was more like, 'I just, I just, that today, I came. I've met a lot of people who think they can just pick it up and go.'"

"They want fame," says Ted. "It's so when people expect fame to be so glamorous and great and then it's a zero-people want this to be something and it's nothing. Fame's not fun. Something else is fun, but that's not it."

"Maybe Warhol was right," says Michael, gazing out the window on the street with its usual amorphous stars, "maybe everybody can be famous for 15 minutes."

"My god!" says Tati with a grape into a squeaky ball on the talk show ribbon. "Look at the President! [Pointing through] He should get an Academy Award!"

Imagine. A nation of actors! A place where, no one wants to go to anything—just takes a nap. When we call out our emcee, acting like we're someone for a second.

As our emcee used to tell us, "Be careful what you pray for, you just might get it."

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# Viet Guilt

Were the real prisoners of war the young Americans who never left home?

**T**he day I turned nineteen, I went down for my physical and had my first and only experience of Army life. I took with me a letter from Dr. Murphy, my childhood doctor, describing in unambiguous detail the asthma that had been a major part of my life up to the age of sixteen. As I shuffled along the line from physical to the houseward inspection I tried to look wistful and generally tubercular, ready to do just as my doctor would tell me to do. One ferry doctor looked at my letter with an unimpressed scowl and drew a heavy circle around the word "up to age sixteen." My hands got clammy and I woged them on my forehead, hoping the paragon would give my boss a rapidly inflamed stare. At last I came to the end of the line: to a table at which three doctors reviewed the other doctors' evaluations and ruled on them.

"Asthma?" said one of them, looking up. I nodded feebly and made an empty-sounding sound resembling a yes, wondering to make him understand the asthma had left me with a dearth of pleats, which I was conserving in order to participate in the sacrament of lost ribs, which in my case was obviously more or less a sacrament. After the longest pause I have ever wasted through, he said: "Rejected."

I waited until I was a few blocks from the examination center before breaking into a full run. (They might have been watching.) I have never since run so fast. When I reached I hit the campus and saw my room-

mate and some friends across the quad single. I broke into a sprint. A few yards from them I jumped and in a roar shouted: "I FLUNKED!" loudly enough to cause nearby heads to turn and wonder, probably, what version of academic virtues had caused this deranged jubilation.

Twelve years later, on a November day in Washington, D.C., I watched as the Vietnam Veterans Memorial was dedicated. At the edge of the crowd where I stood there was a Marine, about forty years old, ramrod-straight and impeccable in ceremonial dress. He rained suddenly from the proceedings and, winking a few paces away, took off his glasses, put two fingers at a white-gloved hand to the badge of his nose, and began to weep.

Watching his grief made me feel like an intruder. I felt I had no business there, so I left the grounds.

There was a lot of talk that weekend about healing. It was true the veterans freely did put the Vietnam home and a message of the appreciation and recognition that they had always deserved. A group of college students in a Georgetown bar stood up and applauded when a group of vets walked in. That alone seemed a remarkable enough event for President Reagan to make prominent mention of it in a speech shortly afterward.

In a city once known for its spectacular outdoor demonstrations, there were no major rallies, only the ads on television for a movie that had just opened: Sylvester Stallone working out his post-traumatic



by Christopher Buckley

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY is head of studies in journalism and published in *Esquire* in June.

stress. The soldiers on a small American town—with an M-16 and a rushing shot of dose or support. Good timing. He'd been? But when it was over—the parade, the speeches, the moments of worship—the fifty-six hour vigil at the National Cathedral during which the names of the 57,500 dead and missing were read aloud—there was no doubt it really had been a healing. Myra MacPherson wrote in *The Washington Post*: "Now there is some reason to believe of reconciliation, some who used to stand there [the homecoming soldiers] at every stage and airport—the stadium declared meeting those less privileged draftees or those who felt compelled to serve their country—draft-

and and shrewd."

It's been ten years now since the troops came home, but until recently I had never once heard anyone admit to guilt or shame over not having gone to Vietnam—not in hundreds of conversations about the war. I find the strange, wrong, I think, is the operative word.

The gap between those who went to war and those who stood behind was larger in the Vietnam War than in any other war in our history. Fifty-three million Americans came of age between the signing of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution on August 7, 1964, and April 30, 1975, the day Saigon fell to the Communists. Of those fifty-three, eleven million served in

**YEARS AFTER THE WAR, the relief many of the Vietnam generation felt at having evaded the military has been supplanted by shame. These nonveterans suddenly must heal wounds they never knew they had.**



## FOR SOME, NOT GETTING TO VIETNAM HAD NEARLY AS TRAUMATIC AN IMPACT AS BEING LEFT OUT OF THE NORMANDY LANDING HAD ON THOSE OF ANOTHER GENERATION.

the military, and of those eleven, fewer than three went to Indochina. The latter two-hundred million Americans who did not serve. Twenty-five million of these were women, who weren't called (though the 6,500 women who did serve were essential to the war effort). About seven million were men who never left home, conscripted or disqualified or who escaped the draft. About 30 percent of the Vietnam generation did not participate in the dramatic event of their time. About 6 percent of military-age males saw actual combat.

It's mind-boggling to consider how many of your friends went to Vietnam!

It wasn't until the memorial opening that I stood face-to-face with my own gift and shame. Gals in a girly personalizer, and it's not my business to tell people how they should feel about not having gone to Vietnam. But now that the vets have finally come home and the healing has begun, it may be time for those of us who do have misgivings about not having fought to think, out loud, about the consequences of what we did—or didn't do.

For those who never left, there is an economy and no combat trauma. If the healing is to be complete, then all the wounds from that war will need healing.

**TRAGEDY OF MY PARENTS' GENERATION** was the World War II generation, as called by our benighted dad. I, when a child of nine talks about being just too young to get that war, he uses the word *traumatic*. He once told me that for him and many of his peers Korea came "almost as a relief."

But it's hard to compare World War II and Vietnam. A lot of people I know say there's no good reason to feel guilty about having missed Vietnam. There's just one in their arguments from *Army* TV:

—but for three million  
he would have been a soldier

They say it was a luxury war on every score. They talk about My Lai, body counts, fragging, Agent Orange, the Phoenix Program, the inability to distinguish enemies

from friends, about the long list of horrors that were possible to Vietnam. They feel vindicated, and some of them are stilled at the question of whether they left any gift or shame at home out of the war. Okay, some say, the "baby killer" business did get out of hand. Any movement, his first instinct, is that it was our movement, our resistance to the war, our not going that convinced the White House and the Pentagon and the Congress to end the war.

True, but six months after the fall of Saigon in 1975 James Fallows extolled an unacknowledged fallacy of the senior moment in an article for *The Washington Monthly* called "What Did We Do in the Class War, Daddy?" The article had, in the words of the *Monthly's* editor, Charles Peters, "tremendous impact. It was a turning point in a generation, being willing to open itself up to other than cliché-left smirks about Vietnam."

Fallows described how as a Harvard student he had started harrad dogs to 120 points and elicited a visceral disposition at his Army physical. As the doctor wrote, "evidently," in his form, "I was overcome by a wave of relief, which for the first time revealed to me how great my terror had been, and by the beginning of the scene of shame which remains indelible to this day." This article was in the *Monthly*, the acknowledged of a system that sent the sons of the working class off to fight its war while allowing the overwhelming majority of the sons of the middle and upper classes to avoid it. One of Fallows's most penetrating self-criticisms was that while those in the antiwar movement (of which he was part) convinced themselves they were the "soul in the gears of the great war machine" by burning their draft cards and marching, the real way—the conservative way—to end the war would have been to go to war.

"As long as the little girl stays," he wrote, "least going to homes in Chelsea and the backwoods of West Virginia, the mothers of Beverly Hills and Chevy Chase

and Gene Neck and Belmont were not on the telephone to their congressmen, convincing you killed my boy, they were not writing to the President that his cause, wrong, evil was not just their boys in prison and raised their careers. It is clear by now that if the ones of Harvard had wanted to do the very most they could to help shorten the war, they should have been drafted or imprisoned or massed."

Fallows's argument seems to me as tight as tight, but there are a lot of people who persist in the fallacy, and this has contributed to the anger that many now understandably feel. Who made the war, society, society? Some who never went to Vietnam or into the military did suffer because of it, though the numbers are relatively minuscule: of 209,507 accused draft officers, 3,250 were imprisoned and 3,906 became fugitives. But as Paul Starr, author of *The Discolored Army: Vietnam After Vietnam*, wrote, "The conflict was waged without any provision at home, and the result has been an emotional disposition of sacrifice. Always have been asked to die, virtually nothing has been asked of anyone else."

Whatever sacrifices were made at home, the ones made on the field of battle cost more, and it is hard—let me say, anyway—to disagree with something James Webb, the twice-wounded, highly decorated Master and author of *Fields of Fire*, told *Time* magazine upon the publication of his memoirs: "We're going to have to lead this country side by side. We're going to have to resolve this. The easiest way is for people who didn't serve in the war years to come off the pedestal as men of moral courage and then tell the guys who went to combat are the ones who suffered the most. They are also the ones who give the most."

The hard, psychological evidence is that just most people who didn't go to Vietnam are not angry. The anger was muted. Two years ago the Center for Policy Research submitted an exhaustive nine-hundred-page study to the Veterans Administration and Congress called *Landscape of Vietnam*. Its results, if you believe the study, are that the vast majority of nonveterans, 95 percent, feel that staying out of the military had a negative impact on their lives. Thirty-six percent felt it had a positive effect. When asked how staying out of the service had benefited them, the majority said it was by allowing them to pursue their education and career. The non-higher majority said that staying out gave them a competitive advantage over their veterans peers. A victory, I think, would feel like let them depress and debarbating.

**THE QUESTION, THOUGH,** of whether nonvets ought to feel vindicated by the conduct and results of the Vietnam War, in a sense, beside the point. As a

war and combat is combat, and even since the first protest was raised in anger men have felt a terrible need to prove themselves on the field of glory.

"I have heard the battle whistle," wrote George Washington about his adventures in the French and Indian War, "and believe me, there is something charming in the sound." A century later, seeking a federal chair to be placed at Fort Mifflin, Robert E. Lee mused, "It is well that war is so terrible, or we should grow too fond of it." Vietnam may have performed a great national service by demonstrating for my generation the truth of the general's remark.

The loss is full of stories of those who got out of the war. But for some, not getting into the Army and not getting to Vietnam had nearly as traumatic or painful an impact as being left out of the Normandy landing had on those of another generation. Their stories are far more than the other category, but also worth the telling. One fellow I know is convinced his creative family has been financially cheated. The grandfather was fourteen when World War I ended, his father was in the war. World War II ended, he was fourteen when the Vietnam War ended.

Robert Owen was thirteen when his brother Dwight was killed in a Vietnam accident in 1967. (Dwight's name is inscribed in the lobby of the State Department in Washington, along with those of other recipients of the Secretary's Award, the State Department's highest honor.) Robert worshipped Dwight, and the death hit him very hard.

Six years later Owen was a freshman at Stanford, watching television on a Saturday. The news showed the first batch of POWs walking back on the tarmac at Subic Bay. When Reverend Deen, who'd been a prisoner of the North Viet name for seven years, stepped to the microphone and said, "God bless America," Owen suddenly found tears running down his cheeks.

Nor long afterward the *Mattress* happened to be on campus regarding Owen had not remained with the idea of signing a statement to the *Wall Street Journal*, Owen's student newspaper saying, "don't sign my LITTLE NAME" (THEir NAME, I'm assuming, he went down for an interview. The protesters outside were trying physically to prevent anyone from signing in Owen, who has the build of a professional competitor, ahead his way through. He signed up for the Pioneer Leader program. Then came the physical. He flunked it: that is of a license apply to his knee. There began a long, consuming quest.

During the last year of his grueling graduation he tried to go into a half dozen California police departments. Back then, the knee kept him in. In desperation, he offered to sign insurance waivers. No one would accept such an arrangement.

## ONE FRIEND WHO WAS IN A LOT OF DEMONSTRATIONS CONFESSED HOW DISAPPOINTED HE WAS THAT HE'D NEVER BEEN GASSED, "BECAUSE THEN IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MY WAR TOO."

Sixteen-month friend Jim in the same part of the world where Dwight had gone to answer to his own call, in the Cambodian-Thailand border, protesting refugees from Pol Pot's reign of terror for the International Rescue Committee. Then the word came that his father was dying, and he returned home for the last three days. During that ordeal he met twice to enlist in the Marines and in the Navy's SEAL (Commando) program, but the Achilles' knee kept showing up on the X-rays. As he was going out the door the Navy doctor suggested he try some other branch of the commitment. Now he works in Capitol Hill.

After telling the long story one night recently at a Chinese restaurant in Georgetown, he and I finally came to a realization that allowed him peace of mind. After all the attempts to put himself in positions where he had to prove himself, he'd finally decided that "if and when the test ever comes, I'm going to get my old badge of courage, or the try."

In the distance that followed, the burden of the decision and said, "God bless America." Owen suddenly found tears running down his cheeks.

My friend Barnaby wrote from Paris a fourteen-page letter imbued with something that report, about that not going to war with Vietnam. He was not a pacifist, he said. If he had been, he would have gone. He mentions a well-known novelist he knows, a man who has written for this magazine, who, when drunk tells people he's a "fighter" girl in Vietnam. (The man's name is Barnaby understands the novelist's dilemma and alludes to something Henry James once said: that if a writer goes to war for a year, he will have enough to write about for the rest of his lifetime.)

He remembers a man he met once in a hospital in Vietnam, a construction worker who'd been stuffing deer in the woods for a week with a bow. He gestured the man back to his cabin for a drink, and the man told Barnaby about his year in Vietnam as a gunner on river patrol boats. This man,

accidentally three years before *The Deer Hunter* opened.

"I had started to rain heavily as we finished the beer. It was a chilly November. I offered him the couch next to the fire, but he declined, saying he had a tent, and that three miles or eight point miles he'd be back in his tent for three days. He thought he could get his tent at dawn. We shook hands at the door and he stepped out into the cold wet night. There wasn't a sound of rain or hail, and I knew that he was alone in his tent. I hadn't been in Vietnam—but he'd had it, had it, perhaps because of the way I listened to him talk."

Barnaby dwells on the word *pledge*. "I knew (as the time) that we had pledged to support that country. While I never liked the phrase, 'My country or die.' I get a lump in my throat when I hear the pledge at all. I think the word *pledge* in one of the most beautiful in the world... To stand by a pledge can be an ordeal, and the pledge is as good as the man who makes it. I will never know how good my pledge is."

Both Owen and Barnaby were looking for something obviously far more of mind-bod, a chance to prove themselves under circumstances far more grueling than the challenges of course, perspective like physical, war, college exams, job difficulties, love affairs, war itself. I think some of the stories we've heard about getting out of the draft or about outdoor demonstrations have a kind of *warrior* quality to them, as if those telling them are trying to relate *warrior* war experiences.

One friend who was in a lot of demonstrations confessed how disappointed he was that he'd never been gassed, "because then it would have been my war too." Another tells a story of taking multiple doses of LSD in a construction worker who, after an understandably complicated series of events, resulted in his getting off. It's a long, and in some ways harrowing, story. It's his war story.

There's an undercurrent of *war* here



# OUR GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY COLLECTOR'S ISSUE

## 50 of America's Greatest Authors Writing Original Works about 50 of America's Greatest People!

I certainly lived it, at least. I have friends who served in Vietnam. One was with Special Forces, another was in Army intelligence, another with the CIA. They all died up close every day, and many died that it themselves. They're married, happy, secure, good at what they do; they don't have nightmares and they don't shoot up gas stations with M-16s. Each has a girlfriend or a best friend at most, and, beneath it, a spiritual ache that I describe to their surprise in the war. I don't think I'll ever have what they have, the sure of I have been washed on the scales and not been found wanting, and my sense at this point is that I will always feel the loss of them and will try to compensate for it, sometimes in good, other times in hollow, ways.

The most intense comes from the Latin for experience. But it's not the same experience we gain by passing through the gradist, structured risk of passage of time measured out with a clock. It's an extraordinary look about his experiences in Vietnam, *A Prisoner of War*. Philip Caputo wrote, "I learned the old lessons about fear, cowardice, courage, suffering, cruelty, and comradeship. Most of it, I learned almost directly at its source, and it is curious to think of oneself as immortal. Everyone loses that illusion eventually, but in civilian life it is lost in installments over the years. We (in Vietnam) lost it all at once, and in the space of months, passed from boyhood through manhood to a premature middle age."

In that passage, they learned something very hard to obtain outside the battlefield: "comradeship means men [in industry] believe in" as profound as any does for loners. Actually, it is more so. It does not demand for its maintenance the courage, the pledges of affection, the endless reassurances required by the love of men and women. It is, unlike marriage, a bond that cannot be broken by a work, by boredom, by divorce, or by anything, other than death. Sometimes even that is not strong enough. Two friends of mine died trying to save the corpses of their men from the battlefield. Such devotion, simple and selfless, the sentiment of belonging to each other, was the desire that we found in a conflict otherwise notable for its motivations.

At the heart of the Johnson's saying that "every man thinks mostly of himself" is not having been a soldier? are a great many children, men, and blood-plastered romantic notions and dreams of glory. In the context of what Caputo is saying, maybe the best reason for agreeing with the doctor is that by not putting on uniforms, we forfeited what might have been the ultimate opportunity, an increasingly self-obsessed times, of making the ultimate commitment to ourselves and to ourselves. The survival of comrades.

The fighting stories blazed an impos-

ible realization if anything is clear about the ethos of the American soldiers in Vietnam, it is that they weren't fighting for democracy, or against communism, but for each other.

Dr. Arthur Rappaport, a clinical psychologist now in private practice who served with Army intelligence in Vietnam and who was a principal author of the congressional study *Legacy of Vietnam*, says that for some of the Vietnam veterans, the ethos of not going are "morally culpable, not the sort of thing to talk about in mental illness. Maybe some feel actual guilt, but mostly what we see is a kind of vague remorse." Guilt—severe guilt—as well having nightmares thousands years later because, in the case of one of Rappaport's students, your war was waged out while you were on a reconnaissance patrol. The man in question blacked out from nervousness, remembering the names of his friends who were killed in the attack. "We went to the Vietnam war together, and he literally could not avoid himself to touch the wall because he was so ashamed of not being able to remember the names of those who died. Now," says Rappaport, "putting all this in sobering perspective," should quit.

But he does have "an impression" about the impact not going had on the generation that is the main thrust.

"If there is one major strand," he says, "there's played out among the nonveterans, it's this whole thing about noncommitment, noncommitment. Service got a bad name in the last war. People who didn't seem like they were for keeping clean. And the main cost of all that is much more social than in any obvious way to individuals. We see a declining trust in public institutions of all kinds. It's a suspicion that I get away with something. There's no restraint, but there is a lingering need to cover up and justify a position of noncommitment. It means that there are a lot of lives that are lived like this because of it."

Rappaport is not at all critical of those who, as he says, took a stand against the war on political or moral grounds, in fact, he admires the courage of those who carried nonviolent protest.

On the other hand, he says that in the course of understanding the *Legacy of Vietnam*, he began to find that a majority of Vietnam generation males evicted attitudes he describes as "turned-off, who care, don't count on me."

"That's where the main root lies. The fear of the war experience becomes I get off, no more, in his life. And that is not a position on which you can build a creative, constructive, determined, self-respecting life. Those kinds of virtues come out of a sense of having given oneself, having served, something for something. Caring enough, caring more about the lives of others."

"So when you have deliberately not done those things—and the soldier was

so justly killing out, cover your duty—then you have people looking themselves about how to make it in the world. They (without themselves) are thinking, the great virtue is staying dead, better, noncommitment. But that's precisely what doesn't work. What works is to commit yourself to what you care about."

Rappaport has two last observations on all this. The first is that this path—or misadventure—is a waste of time. It doesn't do anyone any good. "We find," he says, "a sense like a badge of worthiness. At least I'm suffering. It can lead to a kind of belated hero worship [of vets]. But that's useless, really self-inflicted self-destruction. What we need to counter for vets is to be highly self-respectful, to be able to put on a permanent marriage. There's no illusion of romance, but we do need to have respect for each other. And if we're going to have that, we're going to need forgiveness—for ourselves."

For the Vietnam war, "people called the state as best they could at the time. It's not an excuse, but it's a question of accepting that the dumb thing we all do is blame ourselves for not having known what it took some crucial experience to teach us. Well, become a kind of older man. What we need much more than that is a break look at what now calls for commitment."

Whether it's guilt or remorse, what I do know for certain is that if someday I have a son and he asks me what I did in the Vietnam War, I'll have to tell him that my war experience, unlike that of his grandfather, consisted of a bearded head.

Most people I know who avoided the war by one means or another do not feel the way I do, and I'm in no position to think their reasons or their preferences. But I do know some others who are still trying to come to terms with all this. And sometimes it comes to the surface, a sense of incompleteness.

I didn't enter with them. I didn't watch my buddies getting wiped out and sent to me. And though I'm retired, at the same time I feel as though part of my after action is not complete.

... of an unpaid debt.

I haven't served my country. I've never found life or death. I'm an incomplete person. I wish by the moment and look at the names and think, "There but for the grace of God."

... of how easy it was...

The days since told me, "You know, the one thing your generation has done is made nonviolent people."

... of having raised history's bar...

It's paid at not having participated. At not having done anything. I know up soldiers fight into in *Ann Arbor* war Veterans in Vietnam. I just realized in the middle. I still confess to me. Only in the last few years I have I tried to shake it out of me. I'm of my country. And now I know I should have gone. If only to live without.

SAUL BELLOW  
WILLIAM STYRON  
KEN KERSEY  
LEWIS THOMAS  
DAVID HALBERSTAM  
GORE VIDAL  
JOHN ROBBINS  
JOHN UPDIKE  
RICHARD KEFFES  
WILFRED BRIGGS  
PETER F. DRAKE  
TOM WOLFE  
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JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH  
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MONEY

# How to Read a Prospectus

by Adam Smith

## I READ ALL KINDS

OF LITERATURE, BUT the most peculiar—and sometimes the most revealing about the world around us—is the financial prospectus. Without prospectuses—or prospectuses (the word comes from the Latin meaning “to look forward”)—I would never have learned how twenty-four bangles costed their piggybacks, or how Bill Simon, the former Secretary of the Treasury, turned \$500,000 into \$94 million in sixteen years; or how a Korean immigrant named Kyung Ilwang started a company in 1975 and is today worth more than \$1 billion in its stock. Prospectuses tell me the temperature of the market. They also tell me how some of us, no matter how hard we work and how successful we become, will never be as rich as another class of citizen—one who plays another game but whose money is also denominated in dollars.

The prospectus is an indispensable tool for me alone. It is a kind of information booklet that accompanies an issue of stock. (Prospectuses also accompany other offerings—bonds, real estate, mutual funds—but for the moment we are talking about stock.) This article won't make you into an experienced securities analyst, but it will tell you a couple of items to look for in a prospectus, especially the one I think is most important in judging a company.

The prospectus may derive its name from “look forward,” but what it actually does is look backward at a company's history so that you can digest the information and look forward. The prospectus summarizes information that has been filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington for a particular issue at a particular time. Once a company has sold shares to the public, it continues to file periodic reports with the SEC. If you call your broker to buy a stock already traded on an exchange, you won't get a prospectus, which describes a particular offering, but you may get the last annual or quarterly report.

The SEC was established in 1933, and I don't like to think of life before it. Prior to that, Wall Street was the home of the quick and the dead—speculators, inside information, Joe Kennedy, and Horner Livermore. Today what you see in a prospectus must be true, that is why prospectuses are written by lawyers and accountants, and why they are not easy to read and you learn a little vocabulary. The prospectus does not prevent you from losing money, and the government—in the form of the SEC—is indifferent to whether you lose or make money. All it wants to do is to be sure you have all the information accurately, after that, you are on your own. The seller of shares may be a company or some shareholders in a company or both, and they are quickly great capital-letter identities in the prospectus. The Garguys, or The Principal and Selling Shareholders. If they disclose everything to you and call your attention to all the competition and all the problems and the degree of risk, then you presumably have what you need as an intelligent investor. The government's philosophy is stated in a rather forceful

*The small type and big words may look impenetrable, but the information contained within offers invaluable clues to what is really going on in a company*

Adam Smith is *Esquire's* Unconquered Word columnist and an experienced investor.



When an investor considers buying into a firm that has decided to sell stock to the public, he looks to the first part of the prospectus to find out what he would like to know about the intentions of

## THE COMPANY<sup>®</sup> TeleVideo Systems, Inc.

Up front in any prospectus a firm must tell investors what it has been doing lately and what it is in the market for. A company's strategy becomes clear here. In the example below and on the following pages, portions of a recent prospectus issued by TeleVideo Systems, Inc., will be highlighted in a brief retrospective look at a hot high-tech issue. TeleVideo decided to go public in early 1983, after seven and a half years of private ownership and operation in the

design, manufacture, and sale of video display terminals and monitors, personal computers, and multi-user microcomputers. The company also claims in this part of the prospectus that it is the leading independent supplier of terminals in the "non-IBM" market. This section tells investors that TeleVideo expects its 1983 revenues from microcomputer sales to exceed revenues from its VDTs and how it has kept production costs down by manufacturing in Korea,

On March 13, 1983 with nothing else to go on and an eye toward expansion, TeleVideo entered a new phase of development. This underwriter—L.F. Rothschild, Inc., Boston, MA—helped TeleVideo offer for sale.

## 6,250,000 SHARES OF COMMON STOCK.

This section describes the company's business, its location, its products, its marketing plans, how it differs from its competition, and what it intends to do with the money raised from the offering.



legend on the front of every prospectus, which reads as follows:

"These securities have not been approved or disapproved by the Securities and Exchange Commission nor has the Commission passed upon the accuracy or adequacy of this prospectus. Any representation to the contrary is a criminal offense."

The "criminal offense" would be an underwriter or broker telling you the government had approved some stock issue. As to "adequacy" and "accuracy," the SEC staff may ask some questions when a registration statement is filed, but the questions are all to ensure the fullest disclosure. The SEC has no idea whether the information is true, but securities laws have built up some protection for investors who put out their money based on misleading information. You may need something like this:

"The Company is in a state that can only be described as dire. The President's brother-in-law was also the Treasurer, and is reported to be a thief. The Company has no cash, no borrowing power, and if this state is not averted, will close its doors."

That's more colloquial than the SEC likes, but it's honest, and you're on your

own. Your broker may tell you, "I have something that looks ready to pay, a guy who really knows his stuff and is in a real easy double." Ask for something to read. What you have may or may not be true; what you read is likely to be true.

If you flip through the prospectus booklet, you will see a section called "The Company." This describes the company's business, its products, its competition, and what it plans to do with the money that it raises. It was in a section like this that I ran into the beggars. The prospectus described a company with virtually no sales or earnings, just starting up, called Vigot Laboratories. The company proposed to develop an alcohol compound from the bloodroot plant, which it hoped would be effective against the microorganisms that cause gingivitis, or bleeding gums. The company said that an independent laboratory had tested this on twenty-four beggars. Now, drug companies are all sorts of animals in producing the drugs we use every day, and we don't think about the thousands of monkeys and mice that are part of this activity. Maybe it was because Sanyo is a beggar, or because gingivitis doesn't seem as critical as AIDS, but when Vigot Laboratories said, "The beggar dog is considered

a primary animal test model to demonstrate product efficiency," I got the image of twenty-four beggars bawling their teeth twice a day, casually watched by lab technicians. Probably one of the more pleasant jobs for a lab beggar, and better than taking a poke what say.

Once you have read the history of the company, turn to the section called "Capitalization." This is going to give you the starting point for an important arithmetic homework. What you want is the number of common shares outstanding. "Capitalization" will list the debt—how we can defer to the next lesson—and then the common stock.

The prospectus will say something like "Common Stock, 3,011 par value, 4,000,000 shares authorized, issued and outstanding 3,000,000 shares." Par value is irrelevant. The number you need is the six million, the rest of the shares haven't been issued and will probably never be another prospectus.

A company with 300,000 shares has a small capitalization. A company with 5.5 billion shares has a large capitalization. This seems like third-grade arithmetic, but I am amazed by how many investors look at the price of a stock but not at how

To find out the number of stock shares being sold by the company and how that ownership will be affected by the upcoming sale of shares, an investor scrutinizes the part of the prospectus called

## CAPITALIZATION

The arithmetic jumping-off point of a prospectus is in the "Capitalization" section. An investor multiplies the price of the stock by the total number of common shares outstanding to come up with a figure for market value. With over forty-one million shares of stock, priced at \$18 last March, TeleVideo's market value was about \$750 million. It has since doubled. If a company is saddled with a heavy debt load, it will be disclosed here. If a firm is

relatively debt-free at the time of the issue, the prospectus will say something like: "The Company has no significant long-term debt." In TeleVideo's case, long-term debt on October 31, 1982, totaled \$5.4 million. But because nearly all of this debt was "convertible," the company was able to transform the debt by converting it to common stock. Too many investors focus only on the stock price and fail to give capitalization the longer look it deserves.

As of October 31, 1982  
**33,387,256**  
common shares in TeleVideo Systems, Inc., had been issued and were outstanding.

As of March 13, 1983  
The prospectus shows the "adjusted" figure for shareholders' equity. It was only \$1.8 million shares more than before, but the adjusted value internally generated in the underwriter. The new number of shares issued and outstanding was  
**41,012,256**



This section describes the company's current sources of capital—be they stocks, bonds, short-term notes or loans, or some combination of these.

many common shares are outstanding.

Quarterly Stock A is selling at \$17.5 a share. Stock B is selling at \$2 a share. Which is the cheaper stock? The correct answer is "I don't know." You need to know the number of common shares in each case. If stock A has one million shares, then its market value is \$17.5 million, or 375 times one million. If stock B has 200 million shares out, then its market value is \$400 million (200 times 2 million). You also need to know how much each company is earning. Is the \$17.5 stock a cheaper in terms of market value? Once you have multiplied the number of shares onto the market price, you have what the company is "selling in the market for," or its market value.

In periods of high excitement, new issues will come along with larger numbers of common shares and higher prices. In periods of deep gloom, the market will turn up its nose at the higher market value. In fact, the market may not be in a mood to buy anything at all. Ben Graham, the original dean of security analysis, used to describe the market as a mass-depression parties. Some days the partner would walk up and be so excited about what you owned that it would pay you for

too much. Some days the partner would barely get out of bed, would take a lot of vodka for breakfast and sell you everything at a fraction of its value.

Question: Which market do most people prefer today at (a) one in which most shares are issued at higher prices, or (b) one in which fewer shares are issued at lower prices? The answer is (b), because people are scared animals and they like to buy what other people are buying. It is more comfortable to run with the pack, even though it does not make good investment sense.

Once you know the market value of the company, you are ready for that section of the prospectus called "Selected Financial Data" or "Selected Financial Information." Here you'll find the revenues, the expenses, the profits, and the earnings per common share. If you aren't used to numbers, it's going to seem a bit like Turkish, but you have your yardstick in hand: you know the market value of the company.

The very top line in "Selected Financial Data" is the revenues of the company. This is all the money the company takes in. Now: How does the market value of the company compare with these revenues? The market value can be much higher than

the revenues, or much lower, because the market value is going to bounce all around, depending on the market's mood.

Let's make up an example. Universal Widget is a maker of computer widgets. Yesterday it sold for \$20 a share. You have looked under "Capitalization" and you find it has twenty million shares. This means the market value of the company is \$400 million.

Cheap or dear? Look at the revenues. If Universal Widget's sales are \$500 million, the market value is less than half the revenues—a good sign if the company has any profit at all. If the revenues are only \$80 million, the market value is four times the revenues and is already outstripping a lot of good ones.

The traditional way of seeing "Cheap or dear?" is the price earnings ratio, which is now so common it is carried each day for listed stocks in *The Wall Street Journal* and other papers. If Universal Widget earned \$4 per share and sold at \$20, the price-earnings ratio would be 50. Investors have all the information you need to arrive at this simple measurement, but you won't find it spelled out explicitly. I have been discussing the market value of the whole company rather than of each share be-



The crux of a company's prospectus, full of information to help an investor gauge performance, speaks in the language Wall Street is most familiar with: numbers. This is the section called

## SELECTED FINANCIAL DATA

Now armed with information about the company and its market value, investors plunge into the telltale numbers of the firm's recent past, into the "Selected Financial Data" section. It is here where such things as net profit versus cost of sales, income and expenses, tax liabilities, as well as the big-picture balance sheet items: working capital, total assets, long-term debt, and shareholders' equity. The company also tells, in this

section, which public accounting firm has gone over these numbers. While a CPA doesn't actually endorse the stock issue, the name of a major accounting firm on the prospectus is a kind of imprimatur. There may be more confusing information in other parts of the prospectus—such as who might be using TeleVideo or that its chairman owns twenty-eight million stock shares—but without the financial data, it is difficult to invest intelligently.

Listed below is condensed income statement and balance sheet data for TeleVideo.

	1976	1975	1980	1981	1982
Net income (in thousands)	\$98	\$197	\$1,904	\$4,197	\$12,718
Net income per share	—	\$0.08	\$0.06	\$0.14	\$0.36
Shareholders' equity (in millions)	\$126	\$372	\$2,277	\$6,492	\$16,266

**This section illuminates how well or how poorly the company has done recently in terms of earnings and growth. Firms that do not sell stock to the public can keep this kind of information private.**



case) I think that gives a better illustration. In general, the higher the earnings ratio, the more solid seems the market's interest attaches.

Now let's look at the adventure of Kyogen Huang and see how the market helped to create his fortune of over \$5 billion in seven years. Huang was a native of Korea but was educated as an electronics engineer at Utah State. He worked for Ford, Birmingham, and NCR but wanted to be an entrepreneur for himself. He set up shop in the traditional Silicon Valley genre to make electronic games but couldn't attract the TV money that all the games are played. He flew back to Korea, where he found a manufacturer who would make the monitors, then Huang decided to drop the games and make the monitors. The first batch of monitors went to Atari, but as competition got tougher Huang switched to computer terminals, once again getting what he needed in Korea.

The Company's section of the prospectus for Huang's TeleVideo Systems says "TeleVideo designs, develops, manufactures, and markets video game terminals for the non-IBM market... personal computers and multi-user microcomputer systems employing video input/output

units." TeleVideo is now the leading independent supplier of terminals in the non-IBM market.

The "Selected Financial Data" section sets even more money to investors, for the revenues collected going year to year:

	1976	1975	1980	1981	1982
(in thousands)	\$1,170	\$2,202	\$12,667	\$24,404	\$46,510

From only \$2 million in sales, the company grew to \$400 million in sales in five years! That is the kind of growth for which investors will pay a high premium. Even though the company had nearly three million shares, its initial public offering was priced at \$18 per share, so the market value of the company was \$54 million. Kyogen Huang will own over twenty-eight million shares. Early this summer, TeleVideo was selling at \$40 a share, which gave the company a market value of \$1.64 billion. (By way of comparison, the United States Steel Company, founded in 1881, having published a major company plan in 1981, had 1982 revenues of \$6.9 billion and a market value that June of \$2.47 billion.) Kyogen Huang's shares this summer were worth more than a billion dollars!

At any time Huang could pull off some

TeleVideo shares for such trouble-free gains as Microsoft (which he did sell a million-dollar home (which he also did), but two things are obvious. One is that the market value placed on TeleVideo has exceeded in a great expectation. It may well live up to these expectations, but if it doesn't, the market price will be miserable. The second part is that even if TeleVideo's market value does not go to \$3 billion from \$1.5 billion, Kyogen Huang has more money than he can comfortably spend, the scale of his wealth indicates what markets can do.

TeleVideo succeeded money to grow as fast as it did, and while it generated most of its internally, venture capitalists provided some of it. Sometimes there is a section of the prospectus called "Certain Transactions." Here the company tells of possible conflicts, as well as in the transaction as solved in its financing. In reading the prospectus of fast-growing companies, sophisticated investors sometimes look for the names of the venture capital firms. For example, the Rockwell, Mayfield & Ventures Capitalists owned Tommy Donat, Kaiser Permut in San Francisco, and J. H. Whitney of New York. In TeleVideo's "Certain Transactions" section it noted that it had raised money from one such

venture capital group, TA Associates.

The TeleVideo story tells us a lot about what is going on in the United States. First, entrepreneurs have developed a company with an extremely high rate of growth, in a field—information—that is beginning to eclipse the industrial revolution. And second, while the entrepreneurial career came from the Valley, most of the workers who did the needed curing are in Korea, some of "Silicon Valley" is in Hsing Kong, Taiwan, Korea, and Singapore. The market wealth appears here, but the employment does not necessarily follow the same trend.

Bill Simon, the former Treasury Secretary, made his killing in another way, which I found on page three of the prospectus for Gibson Greetings Inc. Bill Simon's company was not a new one but a very old one, as a very old business. Gibson Greetings Inc. is one of our oldest-growing companies, founded in 1890. The story, as told in the prospectus, goes like this: Gibson was an independent company, listed on the New York Stock Exchange since 1928 to 1964. It then went out to C.I. Financial Corporation. In 1969 RCA acquired CIT and evidently decided to sell of Gibson Greetings, and on January 26, 1982, Bill Simon and his partner, Ray Chambers, paid RCA about \$40 million for Gibson. They got up only \$1 million of that amount, the rest they borrowed. They did not have their money on the table very long. As soon as RCA signed the company over, Bill and Ray had Gibson pay a \$580,000 fee to their own investment banking firm. Says the prospectus: "The Company believes that the payment of such an arrangement, banking fee is customary for such transactions." I have no doubt that that is just what The Company believed. All legal and fully disclosed, too.

On May 18, 1983, Gibson Greetings sold some stock to the public. The cover of the prospectus tells us that the offering price was \$27.50 a share. If we turn to page seven, under "Capitalization," we find just over two million shares, so Gibson Greetings, then, has a market value of \$55 million. If Bill and Ray each still own a third, that is about \$30 million apiece, which one of the recent terms I have over seen on Wall Street. Bill and Ray had the wit to get a good buy through one window how smart RCA was to sell at that price and the skill to line up a list of borrowing power. The Bill and Ray example is called a leveraged buyout, leverage being another word for debt, and how many times just what happened: buying an operating company from the seller.

The stock market offers a way for businesses to raise money, and it provides liquidity—the ability to turn shares into cash. Because of the stock market, our business society is more than just a collection of family companies, as is the case in many other countries. The stock market

produces a multiple of earnings, because of that multiple, there are two kinds of money in the United States: the money of the owners and the money of the workers. Did you ever wonder why, for example, a Wall Street firm will pay a young lawyer \$45,000 a year his first day out of school, whereas a young insurance editor might earn perhaps one third of that? The Wall Street law firm is selling the language for the prospectus. The prospectus is going to bring in millions of dollars—and the language in the prospectus is a security. Wall Street fees are high compared with the wages of other careers, but not compared to the gains of the owners, or the sums involved. The same comparison explains the gap between nurses and M.B.A.s, or electronics engineers and

schoolteachers. One group is capitalized by the marketplace, even if at some distance—this is, by their relating to stock, or options on stock as a perk—and the other is still strictly in the wage economy.

I have been following the literature of prospectuses, as I said, for a long time, and I am an enthusiast of market principles, but carry some in a while I think about the ultimate implications of having a society that is basically secular and materialistic, and capitalizes the earnings of some of its citizens and not others. The most caring and competent man, the most enthusiastic high school teacher, the most willing worker will never escape the shadow of Bill and Ray and Kyogen Huang can earn with their skills. And that is not in many prospectuses. □

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# Don Shula, In Perspective

There is one thing to remember about the coach. He is all FOOTBALL. Nothing more, nothing less

The old man was hurt at Penn State and moved to Florida to avoid what they perceived him out of the service. He's been there, and in his wheelchair, ever since. Forty-two years. He lives in Miramar now, just across the line in Broward County, and drives down every morning where the Miami Dolphins practice. It's ten thirty in the morning, the first Monday in May, the first day of spring practice. "This place is perfect," he says. He moves the chair down the sidewalk, pulling himself along with his feet. The sidewalk ends a few yards from the field, and he pushes with his hands to get over a cheap metal gate and then finds a place on the forty-yard line to watch. Out on the field, sixty or seventy football players are lined up on their backs, one leg bent under them and stretched sideways, the other one straight out to front. If you found somebody that way on the street in the city they'd be six weeks standing over the body, all telling each other not to move him.

On signal, the players all lean forward and press their legs into their outstretched knee. Then they move the legs and press their feet into the other knee.

While the players stretch, six or seven men in sun visors and ventilated shirts walk among them, drawing and smiling, saying, "Stretch it out, Bob," or "Stretch it out, Jim." Coaches.

Nobody knows, of course, why coaches smile when they smile, or even what it means when they smile. Thinking something you don't need to play football will do it—a nose, for instance. Remembering a friend once who did it too. As a rule, scowling smashes wrinkles, but a great catch won't. A great tackle sometimes will, especially if the tackler can't quite get his finger on who he is after. You don't have to know where you were born to play football; you find out what you are as you do it.

For a long time I used to think coaches smiled because something had reminded them of the old days, when they made tackles and fought who they were, or broke noses of their own. I thought somehow it must have been more fun in the old days, and that coaches were tougher than the people who came along after them.

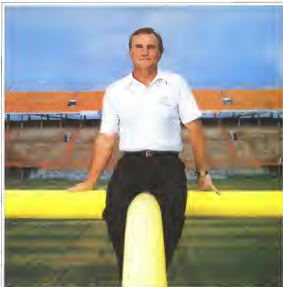
Sometimes that happens to be true; mostly it isn't. Most coaches, it turns out, were mediocre college players, if they played in college at all. A lot of them lost their taste for hitting after they got out of high school and found themselves on a field where everybody could hit back. And for a lot of them, their senior year in high school was as good as it ever got, the only real shot at fame and glory they ever had. They had coaches then who told them it would last forever, and advised them to put off the girls till later. The ones who believed that became coaches themselves.

As a group, nobody has missed out on more pussy than football coaches. Hell, yes, they smile at funny times. And once it's gone, it's gone. Even if you want and found the girl, and she wasn't divorced twice and smelter than you, and smiling while you talked like you were the bitch on the lot. It's not this work—even if she's being her old cheerleading uniform to your hotel room, you still might as well try to seduce eggs.

It's a rule of nature: Boys to last, girls to talent. Girls are the harder rule, as a matter of fact, because as a way coaches do get back in touch with their talent, or at least hope that it's gone. They go back to high school, where they were comfortable. They select a world built on rules and a vocabulary borrowed from coaches before them, and if they act things up right, and they know who to be nice to, they can stay known forever.

Pete Dexter is a frequent contributor to *The New York Times* and *Esquire*. His last novel, "The Goodbye Party," appeared in the *New Yorker*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT CARLSON



**Coach Don Shula**  
at the Orange Bowl  
in Miami, Florida

by Pete  
Dexter







and call him, but it doesn't come up much." I put it a different way. "I understood that after the Dolphins went to the Super Bowl that year [and] then didn't want to give any of the bonus money to the guys who carry the balls and equipment, and that you took money out of your own pocket and collected some from the other coaches so they'd get something."

Shula is a long time coach. "Boeing getting me in hot water here," he says. "I can't tell you what to do, but I can promise you Joe Robbie is going to be upset to see that in print." And that is as much as he is going to say about what he did. He won't tell me what he did or the story, although that's clearly what he'll do, and he won't tell the simple fact that would get that done: Shula worked for Robbie, but he doesn't belong to him.

I look at the depth chart again and ask about Jim Jensen, who had a bad practice that morning. He adds being a third-string cornerback, Jensen played special teams last year, throwing himself full-on into tackles and interceptions time after time. He did everything but grow this and that to stay around, but the roster from Pittsburgh has something he doesn't have, and he is afraid there will be the most for him now.

"I already had a talk with him," Shula said. "I wanted him to see it was all to his advantage to give it his best shot. That way, if he can't stay on here, somebody else can pick him up. I want my players to know I'm honest, and that I've been through it and I know what it's like. I can put myself in a kid's shoes. When I was younger—back when I was at Baltimore—I think about it a lot. I can't tell you what I'm going to say to him, but I can tell you I can't do business with anybody who won't be doing that long somebody personally, no, that's got nothing to do with it. I've had players I didn't like who could get it done on the field." He'll tell them I don't like them. "I'm not making a con man, and they know if you're trying to be somebody you aren't anyway. The ones that bother you are the ones you do like who don't bring you anyone."

Among the players that no longer belong are Randy Green, Dave Reese, and Murrey Morris, all of whom were convicted in the last several years on drug charges. Some coaches—most of them, I think—would have taken that personally, but there is nothing ugly in Shula's voice when he talks about them. "I don't have total control over my players," he says. "I wouldn't want it. We work hard on the field and hard in the classroom, and there isn't a lot of time for the other. I judge people on what they do here, and if they're good enough to stay, I assume their agent's happy on the outside. I'm no cop. If I find out something different, I'm disappointed. But it's not disappointed for me, it's for them."

SHULA WAS BORN in Grand River, Ohio, in 1936, one of six children. He has been another one, an older sister who died of a head injury after she fell off a bicycle. His parents were Hungarian and Catholic, and Shula still goes to mass every

been a productive player. He came in and worked hard. I figured we'd work with him as long as he'd work with us, and he was getting it done. I think he would have played for this team if the kids' breaks had been. It happened in practice, and I went over and talked to him later and told him I was sorry, that I thought it was working out."

I think about some of the other coaches in the National League—Frank Kush at Baltimore, Tony Laury at Dallas, half a dozen others—what try to assign one personally to all their players. Shula understands them better. He knows even a small word is a complicated lot for the coach to keep track of, and it's a struggle.

I am suddenly reminded of another coach and another broken neck. The neck belonged to a linebacker, a vicious hitter who played wearing a neck brace. A friend was sitting with the coach after a game, listening the linebacker's coaching. The coach said, "Yeah, and he's playing with a broken neck."

The coach's friend couldn't believe it. "What guy," he said.

The coach shrugged. "He doesn't know," he said.

Shula understands coach better. He's got to live in the world he's built. He won't be to his players, he won't let personal feelings get in the way of who goes and who stays. "To be here," he says, "physically you have to be trying as hard as you can, every play. I can't do business with anybody who won't be doing that long somebody personally, no, that's got nothing to do with it. I've had players I didn't like who could get it done on the field." He'll tell them I don't like them. "I'm not making a con man, and they know if you're trying to be somebody you aren't anyway. The ones that bother you are the ones you do like who don't bring you anyone."

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SHULA WAS BORN in Grand River, Ohio, in 1936, one of six children. He has been another one, an older sister who died of a head injury after she fell off a bicycle. His parents were Hungarian and Catholic, and Shula still goes to mass every

morning in the way to work. "It's a private thing," he says. "I don't try to convert anybody. Tom Laury does that over in Dallas, he is a real Christian. I guess I'll just go to see how I'd do something extra. It's a sign of respect, that I'm not a genius' help-me kind of guy. I've been blessed, and I'm trying to give something back."

My father was one of those guys who just worked all his life. He was a meat cutter, that was the kind of work he loved, but after I was born there were triplets, and he couldn't make it on seven or eight dollars a week. He took a job as a commercial fisherman on Lake Erie, and after that we moved to Pennsylvania, where he went to work as a tanner in a factory."

I remember a bronze player hanging on the wall outside Shula's office with a long quotation that begins, "I'm just a guy who rolls up his sleeves and goes to work. I'd wondered about this, because people who just roll up their sleeves and go to work don't seem it to be honest and being it on the wall."

"My dad was never as strong. He had good coordination, but there was never any time. He worked all his life, and one of the things that makes me happiest now is that before he died I got to take them back over to the old country."

"We went to Budapest, and then we drove about a hundred miles and found the little town he was born and looked up all the relatives. And then we went to Rome and when we were there the pope came out. That was everything he wanted."

**FRIDAY-AFTERNOON PRACTICE** Begins with the sun hot enough to blister the nose on the old man's forehead. He is back on the forty-yard line, a mass of soft black bags are resting in the air around his feet. The bags have been hanging there since morning all week long, making and waiting your idea when you step them out. For some reason nobody can figure out. They don't make on Shula.

"Did you know Dave Woodley invited me to his wedding?" the old man says. "I was the only one he invited."

Woodley is the Dolphins' starting quarterback, and after stretching exercises he and Jim Jensen and the rookie from Pittsburgh take turns throwing passes to the wide receivers and running backs. The dolphins train men to be the players down.

Shula stands behind the quarterbacks, watching everything on the field. "That kid," he says, nodding at a small, first-year defensive back, "came in here with a thirty-inch high vertical jump, can run a forty [yard dash] in four-ohs, can make a pretty good punting. He's somebody before he's over. There's some pleasure in that, but it is one of the rules of this place that nobody makes it interesting for the coach. A coach can get fed up, of course—although Shula probably couldn't—but no coach has

to go to practice and watch somebody take his job away."

While Shula talks, the quarterbacks line up their backs and receivers, and throw their passes. Jim Jensen isn't throwing any better than he was at the beginning of the week, and when he drops a seven-yard pass over the head of one of his receivers, Shula claps his hands and shouts. "Go on, Jim, we've got to hit that pass."

Jensen closes his eyes and slips the side of his helmet, which he is wearing. The rookie from Pittsburgh is up next. He takes the ball from center, drops back six quick steps, reading the defense, and then he runs north—as easy as pointing directions to the Palmate Expressway—and breaks the ball out over the sky, into the afternoon sun, and it hangs up there a moment, almost as if the wind had blown it, and then it drops, as random as talent itself, somewhere forty yards downfield, between defensive backs, somewhere into the hands of a wide receiver.

There are a few whistles, some clapping, somebody shouting, "Good coach, good coach." The rookie from Pittsburgh is smiling when he comes back to the spot next to Shula. Shula looks straight ahead, arms folded, frowning his biggest frown.

And Jim Jensen, who threw his receiver body into tackles and linebackers last year to stay in the game, stands by himself looking at the grass and the soft black bags, and somewhere inside he knows it isn't enough. That before long he won't have anything to look to stay here.

You wonder where he will go. You wonder where they all go.

Out on the field there are seventy football players, every one of them blessed. The blessing is their talent, and they are over it—as much as a pile of dirty dishes every—could one day move, but on better reason than it had in coming, it goes away. A few of them may find something to replace it; most won't. The colors are pale on the outside. You think some of the Brazilian, dead on a picnic orchard in Social Circle, Georgia.

Some will become coaches. Middle-aged men with upturned noses and spliced sentences that hurt from the minute they get out of bed in the morning. There are eight of them on the field now, seven of them old men in a wheelchair, and beyond that the seven goes and leaves that are the boundaries of this place.

Shula stands at the center of it, arms folded, frowning, judging who can stay. He sees everything here, he knows it all as his mind and knows it all as his life to make sure. He doesn't play favorites or tell lies or make excuses. His world is in the top of up. That's how he set it up, and as weeks go, you've got to admit a works better than Miami.

The players come and go, the talent stays. Talent is hope, and Don Shula stays with it. **Q**



Don Shula, who led the Dolphins to the Super Bowl, stands on a pedestal in front of a crowd of people.

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## George Shultz: All Substance, No Flash

**S**ome years ago, toward the end of the Vietnam War, we were having lunch with Henry Kissinger. He explained how selling American wheat to the Soviet Union could cause them to advance Hanoi toward the peace table. "Who cares if it costs another seven hundred fifty million dollars to help end the war?" Kissinger asked. Thus the Nixon administration allowed the Soviet Union to pull off the Great Grain Robbery, secretly buying millions of tons of corn and wheat at low prices. The trade was a chain reaction of aid for which we are still paying. The sale had no effect on the peace process.

In private, Kissinger readily asked that he never had a feel for international economics in his lifetime of power; approach to foreign policy. Economists came to the foreman to his political goals. The marketplace was to be manipulated along with the players. Kissinger tried again in the heady days of détente. From 1972 to 1975, offering Moscow car technology and most-favored-nation trade status in a new agreement aimed at strategic arms control and political stability in the developing world. The Soviet Union stuck to its identity of subversion, and concept was stillborn. The Soviet moves in Poland and Afghanistan followed.

Kissinger's successors in Secretary of State (aged statesmen) (Dwight D. Eisenhower) or saw the world in terms of a strategic challenge (John A. Edgar). Now we have a Secretary of State who is an economist and a liberalizer, and who has held those Cabinet-level posts under Richard Nixon, Director of the Office of

Management and Budget (OMB), Secretary of Labor, and Secretary of the Treasury. Later, while living on the Stanford campus and teaching part-time at the Stanford Graduate School of Business, Shultz was president of Bechtel Group, one of the world's largest engineering and construction firms, with sites of over 100 billion in 1980.

Shultz sees the world through the prism of the marketplace. Trade policy (who buys wheat and who gets sugar control) and international monetary policy (who gets loans and who gets technology) are the mainstays of foreign policy. His style is straightforward, sometimes in economic approach with the dogged persistence of the labor negotiator. "I've been involved in lots of negotiations over a period of time. I just sort of put into them and try to see what seems reasonable and talk to people. That is about what I will do," Shultz explained. He does not have a conceptual overview or a strategic design that he shares publicly, or even privately, with his closest advisers.

After the initial dissembling of Henry Kissinger, the avowed gravity of Cyrus Vance, and the combative tenacity of Alexander Haig, George Shultz can imagine. He is what he says he is and seems to be: a steady, pragmatic, hands-on, problem-solver in an intensely ideological administration. His economic training and most often status to have him speak—but his fellow Cabinet members at ease. His nonconfrontational style has built his credibility with Presidents Reagan despite increasing challenges from the National Security Council and the Defense Department. "Shultz is like an old shoe. He is tough, but he wears well and above all makes you comfortable," says a senior Treasury official. "His ability to inspire both intellectual trust and personal confidence has made him the most powerful member of Reagan's Cabinet." Shultz's confidence with the President continues to grow.

Shultz is so self-effacing that after a year in office he has been branded as "a worthy replacement" by *The New Republic*, a newspaper for the "neocons at State" by *Newsweek*. He dislikes making news and prefers himself on keeping his emotions under control. Only in a narrowing of his small blue eyes in amazement or anger are they visible. To his credit, Washington insiders have been amazed upon copies of a fortnightly and long 300-page paperback, *Economic Policy Board*, which was founded, originally published by the Stanford Alumni Association back in 1977. In it Shultz reveals his operating style, his approach to managing issues, and the basis for his beliefs in the marketplace. The coauthor of the book is Kenneth W. Dam, a colleague of Shultz's at the University of Chicago and now deputy secretary of state.

The key to Shultz is the "incremental approach"—no forcing of issues or bold strokes. "Assuming that a problem has been properly analyzed so that the objectives to be pursued are clearly in mind, progress is often best made by an incremental approach," writes Shultz. "Progress often depends on adding one small piece at a time to an existing policy structure, sometimes by moving the issue to the professional level. In government this can only be done by making the issue as unimportant, at least politically, as possible." Shultz defines "the most promising and dangerous means by trying to remove them from the insight, deprecate the issue, and return them to the desks of the professional bureaucracy. It means delegating authority to subordinates, relying on loyalty, and being open. Shultz never slowly (his former aide Shultz has to an elephant "placing one foot forward and gradually shifting his weight onto it, then, moving the next foot forward when he is sure the ground will hold him").

State and Treasury Department aides say they never let him "get a feel for where he will come out in an issue." In Ronald L. Shultz is our Washington office

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ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES HARRIS

*Economic Policy Board* (the *Handbook* Shultz calls for "designating all energy power" and "a complete overhaul of the nation system along the lines of a major new energy system." Shultz is concerned with what he calls "the equity problem," which he believes can be solved in ways that are compatible with efficient solutions in the marketplace.

Because of his background Shultz sits in on meetings of the trade—Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, OMB Director David Stockman, and Council of Economic Advisors, chairman Martin Feldstein—that sets the administration's economic strategy. The first thing Shultz faced when he took office was an impasse with our European allies over Euro-Memo trade with the Soviet Union. The Reagan administration had had an antitrust against European companies that used American technology to make components for the Soviet natural gas pipeline from Siberia to Western Europe. Clearly, Shultz worked out a compromise. After the Europeans agreed to study the transfer of technology to Moscow and to coordinate their economic policy with the United States, President Reagan liked the solution.

Acquiring power quietly is a Shultz forte. During the Nixon years when it was covering Shultz from his OMB office in the White House, it was said that "he knew how to secure power, hold it, and take it with him." He gathered up the prestige and influence of all three Nixon Cabinet posts and attached them to himself for the good and the bad he had done. At the end Shultz was the only member of the Nixon administration—the late AFL-CIO president George Meany respected. The power stayed with him and brought him back when Ronald Reagan became tied up with Al Haig's hostages.

Shultz inspires confidence and status in many. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan has known Shultz since studying under Shultz's father at the training school for Merrill Lynch after World War II. Regan and Shultz have as easy conversation, so that the means of fast and bureaucratic privilege have been mutually diminished between Treasury and State.

Shultz is no easily won. During Watergate, John Dean presented the IRS with as many as 100 and told them to go after everyone. When he requested was looking to Treasury Secretary Shultz, he "didn't want the Internal Revenue Service to be 'rednecked.'" Despite Nixon's complaint to Dean, re-

**"SHULTZ IS LIKE AN old shoe. He is tough, but he wears well," says a senior Treasury official. His ability to inspire both intellectual trust and personal confidence has made him the most powerful member of Ronald Reagan's Cabinet.**

confirming the Watergate tapes ("What does that analysis mean? I sent him over there for it"), Shultz stood firm. Shultz's mother he told Nixon that, like other Presidents, he would have to undergo an audit of his taxes when his name came up on the computer.

Shultz can be flexible. Under his collection of Watergate tapes, when he served in the Nixon Cabinet and at Bechtel, Shultz has the ability to move issues forward and assigned to congressional demands. Shultz and Weinberger had a rare short-cut before the President when Weinberger tried to present the benefits from buying American-designed components and technology for a new Israeli fighter, the *Lance*, which will replace American A-4 Skyhawks and Israeli-built *Kfir* by the late 1980s. Shultz pressed the President to sell Israel the parts because he had been promised Israeli cooperation to the plan for withdrawal of Israeli forces from Lebanon by Defense Minister Moshe Arens. Shultz was over Weinberger. Israeli prime minister Menachem Begin has taken to Shultz's style. Begin has told his closest advisers, "I don't worry about Shultz. He is a good guy." The Israelis are attracted to the goodness of Shultz's mind and his willingness to deal with issues step by step, piece by piece, incrementally.

Shultz has been a most attractive presence. On his recent visit to the Middle East, a model landed about one hundred yards from the ambassador's residence where Shultz was staying. Shultz was so concerned about the incident it prompted Jim Acheson of CFI to note that "Shultz is the only Secretary of State who can make a rocket attack landing." Without (renew or extend). Shultz is holding the Reagan administration together. He has yet to tackle strategic arms control issues or face the hard-nosed liberals on China policy. But Shultz's personal style, his calm, his strong the heavy intellectual burden of Ronald Reagan's foreign policy. □



# Mid-life and the Cello

LEARNING to make beautiful music was a benefit; but, at thirty-five, slipping from ignorance to knowledge was the reward

**F**ive years ago, I, then a fellow of thirty-five, was struck by an impulse of the romantic and undisciplined sort, which I have since often compared to the thunderbolt scene in *The Godfather*, except that it was not a Sicilian viceroy who fired my thoughts but a shipwreck descendant of the famous violin family of stringed instruments, the violoncello.

Somewhere I obtained a rental instrument (obscure plywood and upstart beech). Wendell Margrove, professor of musical instruction, it was written.

Do not take me for a madman, naïf, or returning musical prodigy (I explained to Margrove while his hand was still warm from shaking mine), but all my life I have adored from afar the instrument of Casals, Paganini, and Rostropovich, and now at long last I wish to be formally introduced. I was prepared for my first of the cello to be unrequited, I explained. I knew, in the sophistication of my sorrowfulness, that I would never really be any good at playing it.

Margrove only smiled. "You can be as good as you want to be," he said rather cryptically. On a scrap of paper he drew a staff with two notes, the notes E and F. He showed me where to put my fingers on the neck and how to draw the bow. Then, with a soft pencil, he entered my name into his book. It was a Tuesday. Tuesday followed Tuesday, and soon it was spring.

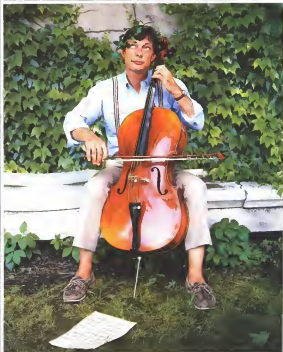
Then began my voyage out of ignorance and into the dream. In three one sitting to who has not had this dream? Who has not picked up a friend's guitar and felt the songs locked inside? What has not wondered if he could learn to play the *Musique Nocturne*, at least the early beginning part? To speak French? To learn to parallel-ize, fly a sailplane, lead a white mule? Finish the screenplay? Cook in a soup? We are all good at some thing, aren't we? That is the problem. We make our living at it, in fact. We no longer learn but teach. We grow stale. We cling to what we have.

But what if we tried to love music? What if we embraced the fantasy, drew it close? What if, one day five years hence, we slipped onto a grassy bench at a party and launched without advertisement into a Scott Joplin rag, watching an old pal turn, open-mouthed, and stapedially say, "My God, Beethoven! I didn't know you could play the piano!"

That would happen soon, he said to me, just like that, through the simple expedient of a dream's aspect, a door thrown open by my own hand into the fan house of the self.

It was about remarkable to have a teacher again, after all those years of pretending to have all the answers. And I had Margrove. He had been a music critic for twenty years at *The Washington Star*. He had an undergraduate degree in French, a master's in psychology from the University of Chicago, and a doctorate from Cornell in musical composition. He had studied with Roy Harris and Arnold Schoenberg. He could play nearly every instrument, including the

by Christian Williams



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY WOOD

DAVID HILL/ALAN GIBBS; BILL CLARK/ALAN GIBBS; NEWMAN/ALAN GIBBS; STEVE BECKING; THOMPSON/ALAN GIBBS; LINTAS/ALAN GIBBS







You cannot get it by taking thought;  
You cannot seek it by not taking thought.  
—LORD KISHI

Both girls were lost on the same day, Sunday, August 6, in the fifth year of the 19th, in the city of Annapolis, Maryland.

In the basement of the First Presbyterian Church, as the only adult performer was recital of children ranged seven to fourteen, I heard my own daughter say, "I will now accompany my father in Johann Sebastian Bach's *March in G Major*."

Then, together, we caused the linoleum floor to quaver with a song of 250 years ago. We finished to applause from the three parents. Afterwards I tried to tell her

[illegible]

So I put up the cells, screw tight the horns of the hose, and your once more into "O Belle Not," the vibrant still wobbling like an unbalanced tire. As good as I wanted to be, I am as good as I'm going to get. It is good enough.

I am quite excited again these days, however. I'm thinking of taking painting lessons. Oh, I'll never be Monet. But I could paint a few water lilies, a rustic bridge, an anchored, plumb-bowed yacht...ah, that would be lovely, wouldn't it?

**SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF Love**

**1. MATCHING OUTFITS**

**2. SUDDEN PERSONALITY CHANGES**  
 I DON'T KNOW WHATS COME OVER ME, JIM! I WANT TO FLOW, I WANT TO GROW, I WANT TO EXPLORE... I WANT TO BE A SHARING CARING NEEDING GIVING SENSITIVE MALE!  
 KNOCK IT OFF OR I'LL SLUG YOU ONE, HARRY.

**3. PET NAMES**  
 PIGGLES  
 SQUINTY

**4. OBLIVION**  
 I SAID WE ARE CLOSING. A-HEM THE RESTAURANT IS CLOSED.  
 EXCUSE ME, THIS IS THE WAITRESS SPEAKING. HELLO?

**5. INSEPARABILITY**  
 POKER TONIGHT?  
 NAH, I CAN'T MAKE IT, JIM. MADALINE HAS TO WASH HER HAIR.

**6. SLIDE SHOWS**  
 AND RIGHT THERE IS WHERE HARRY BOUGHT A MATCHBOOK. REMEMBER HONEY?  
 NO, HON, I'M POSITIVE IT WAS A MATCHBOOK.

**7. BETRAYAL**  
 YOU TWO NEED MORE TIME TOGETHER! BUT YOU SPEND EVERY MINUTE TOGETHER AS IT IS! AND BESIDES, DOESN'T MADALINE GO OUT WITH HER BEST FRIEND ON THURSDAYS TOO?  
 NOT ANYMORE.  
 BUT WE'VE BEEN SHOOTING FOOL ON THURSDAYS FOR TEN YEARS, HARRY!  
 THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW, JIM.



How I  
survived  
*Moose Murders*,  
the biggest

# Broadway Bomb

by June Gable

THERE IS A WALL AT JOE ALLEN, MY FAVORITE THEATER RESTAURANT, on which hangs an assortment of posters from the Big Bombs of seasons past, all of which closed on opening night or soon thereafter. Via *Galactus*, *Kelly*, *Koolhaas Haaretz*, *Bring Back Beethoven*, *Mate Here*, and *Breaker of Tifney's* are all displayed and, in a way, deliciously banned. I used to glance at these posters complacently, confident that I would never see my name on that wall. Recently, however, they've tucked up a new poster. It's a caricature of a moose looking up quizzically, and it says: *MOOSE MURDERS*.

*Moose Murders* was in the line for Eve Arden's comeback after a forty-year hiatus from Broadway. It opened without Eve Arden on February 22, 1983, at the Eugene O'Neill Theatre, and it closed on the same night at a loss of over \$1 million. The show received reviews unlike any others I have seen in my entire career as an reviewer.

"Indiscreetly bad... what it needs is a mercy killing."

—Clive Barnes, *New York Post*

"Will separate the connoisseurs of Broadway disaster from mere dilettantes for many seasons to come..."

—Frank Rich, *The New York Times*

"So shamelessly bad that you just sit back and laugh in keep from crying..."

—Suzanne Keene, WNEW-TV

"Shouldn't happen in a mousetrap..."

—Doug Watt, *Daily News*

"*Moose Murders*—It's a Killer!" —Pin Lavinium, NBC-TV

"Disco-colored and unclassical..."

as clear as I ever hope to get in the hellmouth pit."

—John Simon, *New York Magazine*

(And these were the good ones.)

**PART I—THE OFFER** The phone rings: "Hello, Lovelamp?"

It was my agent. He spoke in soothing, loving tones. "Lovelamp" usually meant good news; that's what he called me when there was big money in the offing. It was "Lovelamp" when I won the part of the old lady in *Candide*, when I replaced Rita Moreno in *The Bird*, and when I got my development deal with NBC.

"You would you like to be featured in a new Broadway show?" he asked. "It's called *Moose Murders*." I said sure, he sent over the script, and that's how it began.

Now, you might be surprised that my agent would agree to even read a script for a show called *Moose Murders*. But when I receive a play, any play, I always try to give it a fighting chance. Even if it has problems, as this script obviously did, I assume that there will be extensive work done before the first preview. That is by way of explaining how I

from *Galactus* was a Tony nomination for *Candide* and an *Oscar* for *Joe Papp's A Comedy of Errors*.



THE AUTHOR AND HER COSTAR, WHO PLAYED THE TITLE ROLE IN the show. Miss Gable's colleague was previously featured in the film *Arthur*.







# What's a Rusty Nail?



a) the thing that made Dr. Tecosmos famous



b) a sign of terror



c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Drimbush and scotch over ice

around her at once. Nelson was dropping the larynxes, Laurence was dropping her underbite, the nurse was wheezing in the codebooks, and Shirley kept trying to tell her, "Mama Hibel! It was his daughter Shirley Temple! Temple's nose!" and the nose was dripping.

Eve tumbled away, exasperated. "Excuse me, I just have to stop," she said and walked out of the room.

The director sat still, his eyes downcast. We all stood around in silence. I felt like Oliver in *David Copperfield*. My gaze wandered over to the window, beyond which I could see the offices of *The New York Times*, which were directly across from the rehearsal room. I imagined Frank Rich, the *Times* drama critic, his feet on his desk, looking at us through a pair of binoculars, a cigarette dangling from his mouth. He was convulsed with mocking laughter.

At this point I decided to talk to the executive producer, Ricka Kuster Fisher. Ricka Kuster Fisher is in essence in her name suggestive, also a word associate with an aggressive job, she pursues her mouth as the spools and reels through directed teeth. I approached her cautiously.

"I'm sorry I'm out of line, but please, please, postpone the preview," we need reviews, interviews, and more time. Eve is uncomfortable and upset and—"

Just, she said, we know what we're doing. We won't open if we're not ready. We'll never let you make a fool of yourself.

You're not producing this show, we are. Now, this was a curious statement, because I had been wondering exactly who these producers were. Beyond calling themselves Force Ten Productions, which I had understood to be a serious group of video and cable TV people who were well respected by *Los Angeles Times*, they had never really described themselves. Eventually I found out that, despite the director's involvement with off-theater theater and such other enterprises as the movie *Blue in the Face* and something called *Playboy*, Mike Macdonald was what might be called a variety producer. Force Ten Productions included the director and the director's wife—whose family was rumored to have put up most of the money—and Ricka Kuster Fisher, who I seemed to me, was there to take the risk for them.

Of course, by the time I discovered all this it was too late to bow out of the project.

## PART II—THE PREVIOUS

I'll never forget the first preview. Actors wandered around onstage, unadorned. People in the audience complained that they couldn't hear us—which was no surprise, considering we were competing not only against Mike Hibel's delirious top-down but against a continuous sound track of nonstop chatter as well. All the people who came to the last preview of any show tend to be out for blood,

they stare at their ill at night. Because they simply could not believe what they had seen the first time around, the worse people drove back the next night bringing ten friends with them. By the end of the second preview they were booing and booing; some were even leaving. As the curtain came down I turned toward Eve, who looked utterly exhausted. Her face had fallen, and she barely made it out for the bows. I touched her cheek, but she just stared straight ahead and moaned. I knew I would never see her as Hilde Holmberg in *Miss Macdonald* again.

The next day I returned to the theater with my mask and flag around my shoulders, a little shopping bag full of cash, and my two dogs. I was told to go home. Sleep enough. I looked up on the next night and Eve Anderson's name had already been printed out.

With Eve's departure I had hoped the show would close, but we were soon called back into rehearsal for a pay talk. We were told that Eve's friends had been the cause of the play's problems.

Now that problems had been solved, and Ricka Kuster Fisher through half-closed eyes, "by mutual consent of both parties."

We all knew that Eve had been desperate to get out of this awful situation, but we all said anything. The implication we were told, would be Holland Taylor, an afterthought, some, thoroughly paid and silent actress.

"Holland's not a name like Eve Anderson, and the director," but she'll better serve the needs of the play."

When rehearsals resumed with Holland we were working at such a fast and furious pace that none of us had time to think. In one day, Holland was "off book," she had memorized her lines for the first act, which amounted to all of it. She sat down with a "let's pull this all together" script, but when she started to ask some questions, she and the director were looking at each other. One day the rain through came to a dead halt. Holland turned to the director.

"Who kills my daughter?"

We all became silent. The director blushed. "Look, I don't know," he stammered.

She looked over at the playwright. He looked away. She looked back at the director and he finally looked at her with an abstract smile.

"Well," Nelson told Laurence, "I think," he ventured, "I could tell the two scenes." "Anyone," that's not important. This is a trap.

"It certainly is," I said. "There is another rehearsal, things come to a stop soon."

"Who does my son have to stare at in my goddamn eyeballs so much?" that loud boisterous out of the darkness, "darker."

"He is going me so much that I can't move."

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The actor playing Stanley makes offstage and while the two of them were talking with each other, the director sat silent, brooding. He wasn't saying very much these days. He also didn't say anything when Nurse Dagmar and my blind husband, Howe, grabbed each other during the interrogation scene with such beautiful intensity that I was convinced they were feeling each other up. This time I stopped the rehearsal.

"Stooka would not take that," I said. We were told to continue the scene. For good, as Stooka, I went over and threw Nurse Dagmar to one side of the stage and my blind husband to the other. They turned on me in fury. Don Foster, who played Howe, reached directly over to me and hit me on the head. I grabbed Howe by the collar as Nurse Dagmar came toward me from the other side.

"Uh...uh..." finally came the response from the darkened theater. "I think that's about all for now."

The first preview with Hedlund was simply depressing. It was a great relief when we got to the last scene. An audition, *Hedda* in *Hedda* was supposed to offer her child a poisoned vodka martini with a twist. The child drinks it, falls down on the floor, and the curtain follows immediately. But in this performance the curtain just never came down. We stood at the audience. The audience stared at us. Still no curtain. Finally the production stage manager yelled, "Take down the lights." We started groping out our things, banging one another and the furniture, when suddenly the lights came up for the bows and we were all caught wandering around the stage in total confusion. Needless to say, there was no applause.

By the time I'd started to have nightmares, I dreamed I was falling through a big black hole, with howlers, lights, and music crashing down after me. I resembled a wild-eyed Shelley Winter as she barked herself through the steps of *Howe* in *The Russian Adventure*. I began to remember bits of *Howe* as I could develop to check myself into a hospital and get out of the show. "Tubular pre-gynesty? Heart failure? Kidney stones? Herpes?"

My agent screamed once: "Don't be ridiculous," he said. "You're going to die, and Who do you think you are, *Eve Arden*?" You can't walk out now. You have to see this thing through."

It became increasingly difficult to perform, and after each preview performance I put out more of my drinking tale in a ridiculous blond wig, my false eyelashes and false boobs drooping. My friends who visited backstage either stood around in sympathetic silence or laughed uncontrollably. Alice Dransfield, a lovely actress and one of my dearest friends, came into my dressing room laughing so hard that she couldn't speak. So did Orion Bean. "It was so terrible I had a great

time," he roared. Some were philosophical, like my third-round agent. "Forget it," he said. "Take the money and run. But just make sure that you get out of town after opening night."

All one Saturday matinee performance we really hit rock bottom. The director had called an early "note" session before the show, so there had been no time to put on my complete makeup. My wig had just been washed, and it was a mess. The sound of the rain in the first act was so loud we had to scream out all our lines again. The audience also was very strange. I imagined Ricka Kanter Fisher herself had personally bused in all the schizophrenics from mental hospitals around the city. They brought insanity over their seats after the curtain had gone up, they yelled to each other from different sections of the theater, there was a terrible odor emanating from somewhere in the orchestra, and the show never got a laugh, except once when the actor wearing the mouse head got unclad in the proscenium.

During the first act we were all joking about it backstage. Then, at intermission, the house manager came back and smiled at me.

"You better do well today," he said. "All of them are out there." "All of who?" I asked, but I knew the answer. "The critics," I moaned. "All of them...are...out...there."

Then the panic set in. I sneezed back onstage and tore through the second act. But each time my eyes would shut and I'd see that old critic weik in the audience.

"The producers just wanted to save my status," said Ricka Kanter Fisher sweetly.

#### PART IV—OPENING NIGHT

WOLFE MURRAY OPENED FEBRUARY 22, 1983. Flowers clogged the hallways and stars of the *Esquire* O'Neill Theatre. *Flowers* from his movies, I estimated as I made my way through all the fans and fans to my dressing room. I remember getting a prophetic yellow rose from Ricka Kanter Fisher that stayed closed and never bloomed, along with a note, which read "Here's to a long run at the Wild Moose Lodge."

During that preproduction, disaster was under construction. The critics, bakers were angry. They had just managed to fill the orchestra, but even there the audience was less than enthusiastic. There were isolated pockets of applause and laughter. The play was well received by friends and relatives of the playwright, the director, the producer's wife, and the shyest Ricka Kanter Fisher.

At the opening-night party at Sardi's the atmosphere was jolting. I kept my mask tacked under my arm, worked the room once, received kisses, smokes, and handshakes, then ran to the bar to order my first and drink. Carefully I checked my watch, noting that in fifteen minutes Stan-

is Klein's review would appear on Channel 5. Being knowledgeable about the particular parties, I got ready to leave, because after word of the reviews gets around, people join the elephants and make a beeline for the door. Those that remain usually wrap up roses, mimosas, toward sharp, pointy objects.

On my way out I stopped again at the bar. I ordered a second double martini, swallowed my drink quickly, and, without looking behind me, bent a knee toward the cold night air.

#### PART V—THE MORNING AFTER

THE FOLLOWING DAY THE REVIEWS were public knowledge. Everyone was talking about *Miss Murder*. I got complimentary cards and bouquets of flowers, and the phone wouldn't stop ringing. One of those calls was from Ricka Kanter Fisher.

"Jane," she said, "as you know, we've decided, after long deliberation, to close the show." There was a heart-throb sigh on the other end of the phone. "They just didn't understand the play. They don't get what we were trying to do."

"I'm so sorry," I replied tentatively. "But surely in hindsight you must see why this happened, where the mistakes were made—"

"Oh, please," she cut me off sharply. "Spare me this, Jane, could you? We were wrong, that's all. They wanted to destroy it. Please put up your things at the theater no later than tomorrow."

I hung up, feeling pretty grim. I would learn from all this, but would Ricka Kanter Fisher and Force Ten Productions? Despite everything, I had lost these people they had really meant well.

"We just wanted to create good theater," she had said, "and they shut us down."

I went to the theater to pick up my makeup. It was a cold, damp, dimly lit day. There on the steps sat young Maria Jones, her eyes filled with tears. I took her upstairs to my dressing room and tried to cheer her up while I packed my things.

As I left the theater I saw the director's wife and her chauffeur holding all her things into a sleek black limousine. "It's all right, now," she said to me sadly. "It's all over." The limo drove off, and I felt a twinge of envy. She can suffer in such comfort.

Recently I had dinner at Joe Allen with a friend. Greg, the maître d', beamed at us as we entered. "We have a special table for you," he said, taking my arm off to the right, "the Gable Table." He led me over to a corner of the room. There on the wall hung the poster of *Miss Murder*. My first reaction was to run. Then I laughed. I sat down and had a delightful dinner. We ordered champagne.

Like *Tubular in Love*, I had stayed alone. What's more, I still had my mask. I tossed the mouse. "To survive." **Q**

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this third edition of The Esquire Collection, it seems appropriate to note how this enterprise is evolving. The purpose of The Collection, as was stated a year ago, is to be a seasonal fashion

But as The Collection has progressed we have become convinced that there is room for something more than just the presentation of clothes and accessories. Fashion has a way of reflecting the tenor of the times. To shed light on this, The Collection has been expanded. Industry, a new column, will cover a segment of the fashion world and how its impact translates into dollars and cents. Also, European designers, traditionally in the fashion vanguard, will now receive a broader journalistic as well as photographic treatment.

Our goal is both to cover the cultural implications of men's fashion and to provide information that will enable the reader to sharpen his consumer skills. With this knowledge, we believe it will be just that much easier for every man to achieve his own style.

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**James Thompson with his 1914 team**

[illegible]





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Evan-Picone for Men, at fine Department and Men's Stores.

You'll know it when you see it, because the chemistry is right.



**EVAN-PICONE FOR MEN.  
THE CHEMISTRY IS RIGHT.**

Evan-Picone for Men, 1290 Ave. of The Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10006

In suburban markets, see Dealer Directory after page 106 of The Explorer Collection

© 1981 Evan-Picone Inc.  
See Reader Service Card after page 76 of The Explorer Collection

**dunhill** LONDON



**Dunhill Eyewear**  
**That certain style**  
*Finest optical quality  
with special technical features.*  
(Model 010 - Patent pending)

Dunhill sunglasses and prescription frames are available at your eyecare professional and Alfred Dunhill of London.  
See Reader Service Card after page 76 of The Explorer Collection. In selected markets, see Dealer Directory after page 106 of The Explorer Collection.





# Pigments of the imagination.

For Men An Assemblage of Shirts, Ties, Neckties and Sweaters  
See Reader Service Card after page 76 of The Encore Collection.





Pigments of the imagination.

Casual and dress pants for him.

DIVISION OF PPM FASHIONS 262 Park Avenue New York, NY 10017 (212) 681-1010 Cal 818-414-1011 2488 4028 Los Angeles, CA 90078 (310) 681-1822



CREST MARK BY CRICKETEER

This fabric house creates the world's most modern-dressing pleasure. The fabrics of Crest Mark by Cricketeer. This with thoughtful operation  
produced a new standard in men's apparel. Crest Mark by Cricketeer is a subsidiary of Phillips Van Heusen Corp.  
1206 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y. 10020



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Closest to the field

In selected models, see Dealer. Delivery after sale. MSRP. The MSRP is the suggested retail price.



**Jantzen**  
*Live the Jantzen life!*

Catch the fun if you're heading for good times. Jaxtron has the looks that go there with you.

Journal of Management Inquiry 20(4) 409-424

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## Christian Dior

### MONSIEUR SPORT

Celebrate outdoors... with Christian Dior Outerwear  
the finest name in world fashion

Christian Dior Monsieur Sport, 855 Glenaville Court

Baltimore, MD 21204 (301) 633-7100

In selected markets, see Dealer Directory after page 106 of The Enquire Collection

**INDUSTRY** by Carrie Tully

# Marketing the Athletic Aesthetic

Out of the  
locker rooms and  
the stadiums, a new  
fashion trend  
was inspired by  
athletic heroes. Now  
this attire is  
becoming a classic  
for casual wear.  
Sweat pants  
have become the  
blue jeans of  
the Eighties.

FASHION TRENDS SELDOM begin with men's wear and seldom begin in America. Europe usually leads the way, as does the faster-changing women's market. But the revolution in casual clothes started in American playing fields and in locker rooms. Someone in the Seventies, the clothes of the athletes migrated into the stands. Spectators who enjoyed watching their favorite teams began dressing like their local heroes. Finally, this casual and relaxed attire became the accepted uniform of off duty America. Sweat pants became the blue jeans of the Eighties.

You probably own a pair yourself, and maybe you've purchased companion pieces, a rugby shirt, pullover pants, a crew-neck turtleneck, some sort of running or hiking shorts, or the ubiquitous T-shirt. No doubt you wear them with Top Riders at jogging clubs, even if you have never set foot on a foot or run a step. In the slow-

changing world of men's fashions, these items are well on their way to becoming classics, and the category of clothing they represent, the hottest in the industry. Moreover, fashion observers contend that in the future you may be wearing this casual apparel not just for leisure but for work.

This kind of merchandise goes by many names, and not all of them make sense—a phenomenon common in fashion circles. It's a hybrid of sportswear (clothing designed for varied forms of recreation) and activewear (functional apparel designed specifically for athletics). It's sometimes called weekend wear, but those peddling it don't particularly like the name because it implies getting only two sevenths (as in Saturday and Sunday) of your clothing allowance. Instead, retailers and manufacturers use a term that is totally unrecognizable to customers and manufacturers alike: *athleisure wear*. That's outwardly bag-appropriately subtle; this apparel fits its genesis in the leisure pursuit of sports and leisure.

Like most of today's marketing successes, this one was propelled by the baby-boom generation. "In the Sixties this generation spent its leisure time smoking dope and listening to rock music," says Stephen Seidenberg, publisher of *Jeans About Town*, the nearly-year-old trade paper. "Now that they're a little older and the body is beginning to break down, they're at running—and maybe still listening to rock, but in their Sony Walkmans."

Getting in shape, or at least looking like you are, often takes big bucks. The President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports estimates that Americans spend some \$30 billion annually on goods and services ranging from heavy-hands (a hand-weight) and aerobic exercise pro-

gram) to health-club memberships. A 1976 Harris survey found that the more successful and wealthy a person is, the more likely he will be in top physical form, too. It is most likely he has the money or opportunity—via corporate exercise programs—to work out. The old saw, You can never be too rich or too thin, may have to be updated to "too fit." Fitness is not the province of peons; it is an executive's dream, an audience of mostly affluent professionals and their families.

Even those people who never lift a finger, let alone a set of weights, are buying sportswear, primarily for work. Of the \$1 billion worth of sports shoes purchased each year, the President's Council calculates that one third will never see a horse any sport. Pull-on pants with elastic waistbands suit the man with abdominal muscle as firm as they were in his college days as well as the fellow with the middle-age paunch.

Not only have to look in a store to see the explosive growth of this merchandise category. The Gap, since it newly co-opted a purveyor of jeans, now sells dressed-up sweat clothes nationwide. In its New York flagship, Sales Fifth Avenue denotes a splashy first-floor men's department, some of the most expensive real estate in the retail world, solely to Men's Sport. Moncler, a company founded five years ago, was the granddaddy of weekend wear and is still the acknowledged leader in selling.

In 1979 Moncler consisted of designer Den Poley, salesman Steve Bernhardt, and a sales operator. The first year's sales were \$2 million, four years later the volume is estimated at \$75 million and Bernhardt, now executive vice-president, projects that it will top \$100 million in 1984.





## SAHARA CLUB *Street War*

For information on Sahara Club in your area  
please write us at:

26 West 86th Street, New York, NY 10019

See Reader Service Card and page 76 of The Pages in Collection.

Invitation to members: 400-244-0700

Web page: 10019 The Sahara Club



The company claims its extraordinary success, like many success stories, Merona's was a triumph of timing. "In the beginning," says Eisenhardt, "we were opportunistic. There was a new classification of merchandise and lots of actors."

New costumes, however, were eagerly worn—at least not well. Amateur athletes sported misadventures, such as Champion and Russell Athletic, were shunned at cutting school teams and the NFL, and the former folkies, like Adidas and Nike, were starting to turn out children to go with their shoes for weekend warriors. But there wasn't much for the guys who wanted a little leisure with his function, who demanded masculinity at the office and now wanted to look smart at home.

Merona Sport introduced a simple line of only a few items. The clothes had many of the details associated with athletic apparel: snaps, locker logos, drawstring waists, even garments (like metal circles that let out perspiration). In lieu of a logo, the company used block letters to identify itself and the pieces coordinated, so that even the fellow who wore a striped tee with a checked shirt during the week looked like he knew how to dress on the weekend.

A significant contribution to the company's success was its massive advertising campaign, backed up by a hefty budget of 5 percent of sales. The pieces featured in Merona's ads are noticeably different from those used by other activewear designers.

Ralph Lauren depicts a romantic puppy history, employing bar-braided, first-class models chosen as carefully for their well-bred looks as Elton chooses his lead actors. Calvin Klein's ads speak of steely sexuality; his models have well-sculpted muscles and sometimes are under the theme of love.

The Merona line is featured in a series of American Gothic-type vignettes like a wholesome quality that is usually reserved for selling soap. The father's knits look slightly crooked, the mother's bag appears a bit too wide, and the kids really do have scraped knees. The subliminal message is that these are real clothes for real people. The surprise is that this offbeat line is not the Anchors, from suburban Long Island. But Archer is a charming suburban. Meanwhile, Archer lives in suburban. There's lots, Polo, Nike, and Devo, are—despite their names—normal American kids.

Merona's breakthrough in the weekend wear market came in the context of such American leisure. New entries into the genre that sported equipment supplies like Proton, which also introduced a clothing line. Geoffrey Beene, who is best known for his refined ready-to-wear, David Caplan, president of Head Sport, another contender, explores the recent flourish of activity. "All of us read the same stories two years ago that men and women were being with suits, ties, and shirts." A more recent report from advertising agency Doyle Dane

Bernbach found that the middle generation American consumers—men and women between the ages of twenty-five and forty-nine, who represent nearly half of the total adult population—will continue to be interested in purchases that relate to fitness and health.

Head Sport is building on that premise. The name was already recognized for sports equipment and athletic apparel when the company decided to start up a more casual sportswear line for men and women in November 1983. Caplan, an avid skier, tennis player, and marathon runner as well as a Harvard business school graduate, was an appropriate choice to oversee the operation. His previous post had been the presidency of Iron Proton, which he left in November 1983. Caplan, a native of Boston, had lived in London. You can order the merchandise through bi-monthly catalogs—each with a different theme. The price of abundance of the full line, called "The Camp Beverly Hills Art of Living," is the back cover, showing a woman wearing a Academy Award the weekend-long wear shirt and diamonds, he is a great people jacket and black tie. Stern comments: "Our clothes have the ability to travel from work to work to more sophisticated social situations."

Stella McCartney is a designer who has been living in Italy—in the San Bel and not the last West Coast. But while geographic pockets exist, the customer base is surprisingly diverse, with neither size nor sex as boundaries. Merona also counts present and former TV stars among its fans: exercise guru Richard Simmons and Tom Selleck, star of *Magnificent 7*, wear the clothes voluntarily on television as casual endorsements. Last Christmas the designers bought several Merona items in gifts.

The success of this apparel has additional design on you, too. They're not content to sell you T-shirts and shorts, or sweaters and pants. Now they are making more accessories. Soon you'll be seeing the same crispness selling shoes, socks, sunglasses, camera straps, towels—just about anything you need for the day. How successful they'll be with these efforts remains to be seen.

A shirt to \$40 for a variety label sweater at \$40 to a mannequin Beverly Hills crowd and the celebrity set, ranging from Bruce Springsteen to ex-governor Jerry Brown, along with less well-heeled but no less stylish customers.

Since its opening, Camp Beverly Hills has grown into a marketplace, among retail, wholesale, mail-order, and licensing ventures. Stern estimates that sales have multiplied fivefold since the company's first year. In addition to the Santa Monica Boulevard store, Camp Beverly Hills clothes are sold in such department stores as Macy's, J.W. Robinson's, and Foley's. They have also proved a profitable export of American culture at such fashionable outlets as Boston in Tokyo, Glasgow in London, and London in London. You can order the merchandise through bi-monthly catalogs—each with a different theme. The price of abundance of the full line, called "The Camp Beverly Hills Art of Living," is the back cover, showing a woman wearing a Academy Award the weekend-long wear shirt and diamonds, he is a great people jacket and black tie. Stern comments: "Our clothes have the ability to travel from work to work to more sophisticated social situations."

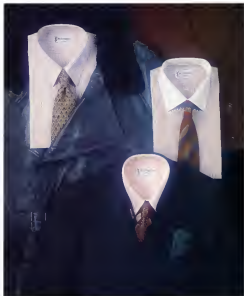
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THESE COMFORTABLE CLOTHES are insured a place alongside sweaters and blue jeans as staples of millions of the times. Merona's Eisenhardt likes to recall a Fitbits party the company gave recently at the Ham & Harder restaurant in Manhattan. "Women wore: polo shirts, bobby socks, and athletic shoes, men wore T-shirts with rolled-up sleeves, tight pants, and pointed shoes. I got to thinking," says Eisenhardt, "that sometimes in the twenty-first century someone will give a party where people come dressed in the style of the fifties, and they'll be wearing our clothes." He really is right.

COVER: TONY AND ANNE/STUDIO CITY MAGAZINE





YVES SAINT LAURENT

Photo: Johnnie Wolfman



See Nicolas Savoy-Garot after page 76 of The Designer Collection





SUSAN **BENNIS** WARREN **EDWARDS**



© 1985 1985





Today's smartest collar is  
neat as a pin.

From collar to shirttails,  
John Henry shirts have a trim,  
together look. Here, rose-toned  
stripes on chambray cloth are  
topped with the newest white  
pinned collar. John Henry shirts  
are unique in fit, too. Trim yet  
comfortable. Shown with John  
Henry tie.

**JOHN  
HENRY**

The fitted shirt.

SEE JOHN HENRY ON  
EVENING TV NETWORK





## THE WAKE OF AN ERA



We pause to recall a time when the voyage was as much of an end as a means — where the world slowed down to be savored in exquisite detail.

### *The Nines Collection*

A carefully tailored limited edition of slightly upturned natural-shoulder clothing reminiscent of a period in time when things that were worth doing were worth doing with style.



For the Nines dealer nearest you, just write: Nines, 30 Island Street, Lexington, MA 01860.  
See Reader Service Card after page 76 of The Equine Collection.  
In selected markets, see Dealer Directory after page 108 of The Equine Collection.

SPERRY TOP-SIDER

WERRY TOP-SIDER.  
YOU DON'T NEED HIGH SHOES.  
JUST HIGH STANDARDS.

A new line of casual shoes from the makers of the authentic boat shoe.

See Reader Service Card after page 76 of The Equine Collection. In selected markets, see Dealer Directory after page 108 of The Equine Collection.



CHANEL

FOR MEN

SHAV

FOR MEN

*From the Market, SEPTEMBER 1983, by Timothy Hawkins*

[illegible]

any motifs and found a new exposing definition: sophistication, elegance. For fit, the Nike line's spirit of elegance is evident in peak-kippled suits in rich plaid and Donegal tweeds, pleated trousers for both dressy and informal dawns, shirts with Windsor spread collars, and turtlenecks with custom-pique v-necks. Calvin's new vision may have something to do with her: more staccos in his eyes.

[illegible]

**ELLIS SPREADS OUT**  
Perry Ellis continues to make gains with his innovative yet classic men's wear by the addition of dress shirt and tie collections for fall. Ellis boasts that his shirts have twenty stitches per inch, cross-stitched pearl buttons, and gussets on the sides of the shirttail to help keep the tail tucked and come in 350 different fabrics that are perfectly matched (even on the under



**JET-SET CALVIN:** Calvin Klein has taken to the skies as designer for Scandinavian Airlines System's personal wardrobe. Though it's generally believed that the flight crew have the glamorous jobs, it's the ground crew that gets to wear the fun stuff from Calvin. Flight attendants are Calvinized in warmer shades of taupe, cream, ivory and black, with military details like epaulettes, stripes, and gold buttons. The girls on the ground are groomed up in bright shades of yellow, red, and aqua blue for their short-skirted T-shirts, cargo-pocket pants, snap-on bomber jackets, and nylon jump suits.

**MORE TO SPORT:** Merona Sport, the company that made classes out of the pouch rugby shirt and pull-on pants, is expanding its weekend-wear line with some new accessories for the active-at-heart. Merona designer Jeffrey Banks styles overalls, wool scarves for men, in socks and slippers and watch.





THE ULTIMATE FASHION ACCESSORY  
**CARRERA**  
 PORSCHE DESIGN  
 SUNGLASSES

Available at  
**SUNGLASS PLACE**

See Porsche Carrera Catalogue page 76 of The Porsche Collection  
 In selected Porsche, Sun-Glass, Specialty or Sun-Glass Stores

ing wool gloves that also come in two-gal tweed. The Mercedes customer can also get carried away with its expanded bag collection, including a new sailor bag with brass-rivet handles, an overnight bag and modern-luxe weekend bag.

**RACE WRECK:** Designers have given us "dirt-bike" leathers and "dirt-bike" leathers. Now Paul Smith is adding to the trend for work-out wear with what he calls the "ready-wrecked" look. The English designer will debut his first made-in-America line for Holiday 1980 with a group of shirts, slacks, and trousers he says will have a leathery look, soft and pressed. Called Paul Smith Sportswear, the shirts will be shipped in the same clear plastic bags that hotel laundries use.

**LUCKY PENNY'S:** Lee Wright has broken the designer-label barrier at J.C. Penney. "I'm launching the first complete designer men's wear line exclusively for Penney's with a fring, breathing person behind the name," says the City Award winner, whose Lee Wright Collection label is available at 300 of the department chain's 1,700 stores. A press release from J.C. Penney says that the Wright move is a "commitment to respond to growing consumer demand for higher taste level merchandise." Wright describes the taste level of his premier collection as "progressively traditional—a classic look with the focus on pattern and color and a simple silhouette." This spring Wright plans to add men's shirts, slacks, accessories, and shoes to his Penney line.

**GENES:** New York designer Peter Koa has new ideas on men's jewelry. In his fall collection, Koa (pronounced "koy") mixes the extraordinary with the austere by accentuating a pair of traditional plated bracelets with a triple chain-link hip belt set with an octagonal platinum strand. The belt, says Koa, has a rough, masculine, medieval look and feels with function qualities. "When you add the belt, the pants go from day to evening wear," designed by Manolinos for Koa.

Meanwhile, the belt is about \$180, the matching bracelet, about \$60. Items from the Peter Koa collection are available at Parson Field, Florence, and Black Market, New York.

**RD LOUNGEWEAR:** Former heavyweight champion Ken Norton will soon appear in ads for Fernando Sanchez's line of men's loungewear, which includes slacks, pajamas, T-shirts, shorts, underwear, and jump suits. Appropriately enough, many of the designer's silk and cotton boxer-style shirts, robes, and pajamas have four stars in the cuff. According to Sanchez's Quintan Roo, the jet-fighter-turned-Mexico star will appear "in some of the sexiest ads you've ever seen" for a men's lounge suit—but had for spending your time lounging about!

**BUXERREBELLJOE:** Hercules II, a new Zurich-based line of sportswear, will introduce a fall line featuring several items decorated with a print of a prize-fighter ready to take a punch. The Swiss designer's lineup also includes cotton boxer shorts (about \$60) and robe (about \$85) and a denim-skirted casual sweater (about \$25). Available at Macy's, San Francisco; Mr. Gay, Beverly Hills; Mr. Oley's, Oklahoma City; Lana Lee, New York.

**ALTERATIONS AT YSL:** Beginning this fall, Yves Saint Laurent's men's collection for the U.S. and Canada is being styled by Gil Trudon. Besides designing YSL's tailored clothing, sportswear, and accessories and leather goods, Trudon is also adding his touch to a new line called YSL Sport, a moderately priced line that is being targeted for the young men's market, which will include jeans, sweaters, slacks, sweaters, and underwear. Trudon, who has been designing tailored clothing and shoes for Tiger of Sweden for the past nine years, says he will continue to design for that company as well.

**PORSCHE PRODUCTS:** There are Porsche automobiles for the car enthusiast and American Porsche Design watches for the jewelry fan. For those who want more than a lot of and a



THE CLEVER DRESSER

The latest development for those in the market for something different is a watch with clear face (top) in the name (Gomme des Gomme). Knowledge says so much with the answer: Smart men don't need a watch to tell time. They have a watch on their wrist and a watch on their mind. The watch is made in Switzerland, Basel, available at Macy's, Beverly Hills; Anson Prince and Clappers, New York.

**GOLD CHAINS:** If an \$8,000 blazer sounds like an extravagant treat, you might have made even Beau Brummell blush, now you can get a sport coat you already have in your closet on the gold standard—for just \$5,000. Precision Products, a manufacturer of printed canvas, is also making solid-gold blazer buttons, actually handcrafted in its Hawthorne, New Jersey, plant. Each \$5,000 ten-button set will accommodate the front and cuffs of a double-breasted suit. For information, call 81-423-9030 or write John Meiner, The Meiner Touch, 2 Lincoln Avenue, Hawthorne, New Jersey 07036.

good time, Porsche Design is now offering leather goods. Made in West Germany of "guaranteed flawless" calfskin from pre-leather calves, the goods—a signature Porsche blazer—including several varieties of blazers (about \$100-\$140), a currency holder with three removable blazers, which shows you to trade currency by country (GSM), a wedding bag with detachable attaché (about \$1,000), a document case (about \$500) and a three-in-one garment bag with removable slaving lot and shoe or laundry bag (about \$1,500). Also new from Porsche: the Trainers accessories, including a pair with three interchangeable points (about \$130) and a slim lighter with electric ignition (about \$100). Available at Sonoma, New York; L'Esprit, Boston; Elmerston, Philadelphia; Puritan Showers, Denver; Jerry Maguire, Beverly Hills.

**THE \$8,000 BLAZER:** The concept of sophisticated dressing takes on new meaning with the introduction of a new blazer blended of cashmere, silk, and bovine that you can sport for a mere \$8,000. Along with a luxurious feel, this three-piece suit features a unique leather solid gold buttons and a slim fit. From Paris-Canton-Paula, president of Persano, the newly formed London-based company that is offering this glorified garment, says only fifty blazers have been made, three of which are available to shoppers in the U.S. The coat is made in Switzerland, Basel, available at Macy's, Beverly Hills; Anson Prince and Clappers, New York.

**GOLD CHAINS:** If an \$8,000 blazer sounds like an extravagant treat, you might have made even Beau Brummell blush, now you can get a sport coat you already have in your closet on the gold standard—for just \$5,000. Precision Products, a manufacturer of printed canvas, is also making solid-gold blazer buttons, actually handcrafted in its Hawthorne, New Jersey, plant. Each \$5,000 ten-button set will accommodate the front and cuffs of a double-breasted suit. For information, call 81-423-9030 or write John Meiner, The Meiner Touch, 2 Lincoln Avenue, Hawthorne, New Jersey 07036.





*THE SHIRT* AMERICA LIVES IN



Quality and Durability  
Arrow Best Coat. Made in the U.S.A.



Hit the mark.  
Contemporary classics  
by Cole-Haas  
let you reflect on style.



The Best of British  
and American

Alexander's (opposite), Alexander Dean, B. Adams & Co.  
Anthony's (opposite), Boutique, Boscawen & Co.  
Chen, Hill & Company, East India Trading Co.  
The French Store, Grubbs & Co., Gurney Limited  
Gump & Co., The House, The Hub, Jack Healy  
John Norton & Company, La Torte, Marks & Spencer  
Mantel Field, Nordstrom, Page &  
E. Sichel, Ltd., Rodeo, Sandrine Corp., Wood Bros.  
For more information, write: Cole-Haas,  
Dept. 89, Yonkers, NY 10550

See Reader Service Card on page 76 of The Equine Collection  
Western Classics, and Reader Service Card on page 78 of The Equine Collection

# ALEXANDER JULIAN



Perkins Shearer

EST. 1872  
Cherry Creek North, Denver

Wilkes  
Bashford  
SAN FRANCISCO





**PURE WOOL**  
The sport of climbing is what is  
your assurance of quality.  
Superior comfort, years of the  
weather's touch. Pure Wool.

**COMFORT**  
—Wool's natural ability  
to fit the season.



**daniel hechter**  
See Product Service Card after page 76 of The Explorer Collection





















## BOLD-SPIRITED

and created a "bold, sophisticated" look that is both elegant and modern. The look is a mix of classic and contemporary, with a focus on texture and color. The man is wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie. He is holding a violin and bow, looking directly at the camera. The background is dark and textured, possibly a painted backdrop of foliage.



## BRAVADO

of elegance and femininity. The look is a mix of classic and contemporary, with a focus on texture and color. The man is wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie. The woman is wearing a red dress with a black shawl. They are both looking at the camera. The background is dark and textured, possibly a painted backdrop of foliage.









## UNFLINCHING

with stark poignancy. A cardigan, silk, and wool double-breasted suit jacket, \$600; trousers, \$200; and cotton shirt (1920s) are covered with a waxed-on resin with a speckled effect (1990s), silk by Jiliane Marston for Mifera and David, San Francisco; Calves, Clothing, New York; silk necktie (1920) by Monsey & Howell; vintage gold link watch (1930s) and signet ring (1940s) by Copple; black leather gloves (1920) by Pierre Cardin (Sword, courtesy of Jones II Galleries, New York.)

WYTHE ENGINE COLLECTION



## GALLANTRY

for her time is seen in this scene: a light wool sport jacket (1940s), with tailored trousers (1960s), a pearl-encrusted dress shirt and open-fronted jacket (1920s), silk Alexander jacket, Arden Knitwings, Washington, D.C.; Calves, Clothing, New York; Faded, Brown, Denver; large diamond brooch (1920s) by Alexander J. Jones for the Tupper Collection, N.Y.; 14 Karat Gold, Chicago; signet ring (gold) and (1910s) and gold ring (1900s) in Dufour, New York (Pier ring by Peter Stone; Luster jewelry by M. J. Saville.)

THE ENIGMA COLLECTION





HENRY GRETHEL

See Reader Service Card on page 76 of The Esquire Collector

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THE SPORT OF GENTLEMEN

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*Internationally acclaimed for his fine work, the same Luciano Barbera shows us his taste for the sporting life.*

*Rugged towels and towels from the family spread Barbera sold in Bialla, Italy—perhaps the finest in the world.*

*Sportswear designed by a gentleman and a sportsman—and now being featured exclusively at Louis.*

Louis

Esprit Clémentine

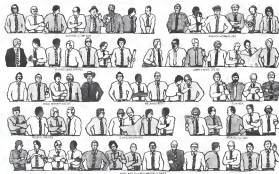




PURE WOOL  
The wool on Woolmark® label  
is pure domestic or imported  
New Zealand, Australian, or other  
world's best. Pure Wool.

For the name of your nearest Pierre Cardin  
Suit dealer, write Pierre Cardin Menswear,  
888 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10106

**pierre cardin**



## Choose from a riotous assortment of 70 knit and handmade ties from Lands' End. Starting at \$8<sup>99</sup> and not one over \$18<sup>99</sup>.

With the exception of the last  
ties on that page (shown in  
living color in our latest catalog),  
every other tie is handmade. And  
as you might expect, knowing  
Lands' End, only natural fibers  
are used.

Our prodigious assortment  
represents solid value: all the way  
up from the \$8.50 price tag on our  
moist and wool knits to our  
pleasant club tie at \$18.50 (Even  
at \$18.50 we're the envy of most  
retail stores.)

Consider that these ties have  
premium knaps to assure shape,  
Seams and detailing are impec-  
cable. And the patterns in our  
imported silk foulards from Italy  
owe their veracity to costly, pain-  
staking hand-screen printing.

Even the "keeper" that so  
quickly unravels from the backs  
of most ties, is firmly anchored to  
stay on ours.

So much for what we can say  
here about our ties. Let's talk for a

moment, now about what our ties  
say about us.

Once we choose an item,  
we go all out.

Other mail-order firms may offer  
more items. But no one offers a  
wider assortment of those items  
we have chosen to handle.

We go the limit. Our ties come  
in regular and long, for instance.  
And most items come in a variety  
of styles, colors and prices.

Send for our free catalog by  
mail or phone (800-356-4444).  
Leaf through it. You'll find this is  
true. Of shirts, both dress and  
casual, of sweaters, of shorts or  
slacks, or shoes.

**LANDS' END**  
DIRECT MAIL ORDER

of fine wool and cotton sweaters. Oxford button-  
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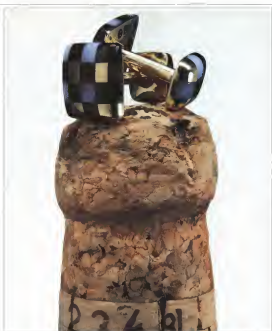






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One pocket watch in twenty-two-karat gold encased in a vintage U.S. \$20 gold piece (about \$2,500). Made like a cuff by Richard B. Smith, New York.



Cuff links are seen more often today as French cuff shirts return to favor. They add a touch of sartorial embellishment still appropriate for modern times.

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I miss you already.

You're going to miss something else. Have you looked in the bathroom yet?

Why?

I took your bottle of Pico Rabanne cologne.

What on earth are you going to do with it... give it to a secret lover you've got stashed away in San Francisco?

I'm going to take some and rub it on my body when I go to bed tonight. And then I'm going to remember every little thing about you...and last night.

Do you know what your voice is doing to me?

You aren't the only one with imagination. I've got to go they're calling my flight. I'll be back Tuesday. Can I bring you anything?

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See Reader Service Card on page 75 of The Enquire-Companion



# The Great Get into Shape Up

Even after some twenty years of sedentary living, it's possible—with good advice and a dose of inspiration—to overcome an aversion to exercise, conquer flab, and become a new man

THIS IS A story full of good news, to wit: even if you're thirty or forty pounds overweight and as fixed as a giraffe, you can still get into shape; it won't take all that long or be as difficult that it will seem impossible; and, everything you've been told about being in shape, that you'll feel better, and better about yourself, you'll have more energy, you'll handle stress better, is true. How do I know? I did it!

#### MOTIVATION

Motivation has always been my problem. I'm one of those people who basically dislikes sweating, hates calisthenics, shudders running in hot prison escapees, and would like to believe that he has progressed beyond the land of personal vanity that leads body builders to worry about muscle definition.

My version of getting into shape was always the diet. My weight first ballooned alarmingly when I was in the Army; I got up to 212, as much as I've ever weighed. I started eating a lot less, and the weight came off with surprising ease over a period of about seven or eight months. At the end of it I weighed about 185, and at six feet three inches that isn't bad. And 186 became my "normal" weight. For the next twenty years I hovered between my "normal" weight and 200 pounds or so. When it got up, I could always lose it, though I couldn't see it except at the beach. I was self.

I wasn't a total vegetable through these years. I had a physical fairly regularly, and when the doctor saw me he would tell me how fat I was and I would dutifully start the Royal Canadian Air Force exercises the next day. And keep them up for a week. I played indoor football once a week every winter for five years; unlike the outdoor game, it's a fast, demanding

sport and a real aerobic workout. I did a lot of hiking too, but all my hiking did for me was give me strong legs.

When I gave up both football and hiking in my late thirties, I developed "lumber thighs" that didn't respond to dieting. Nor did the mid-fat that was growing around my belly. I was getting into chocolate and beer. Otherwise I was healthy: my heart was okay; I didn't smoke, didn't drink too much, but my weight was creeping up, my condition dropping.

Then I met my wife. I wasn't exactly heavy at the time, just fatter than usual. She, on the other hand, was in superb shape. Worse than that, she was writing a book, subsequently published under the title *How to Get Into a Thin Person*, and she preached what she preached. She ate moderately and exercised regularly. Every few days she ran three miles, when she got times she relaxed by going to a gym. A gym? Welcome! I tried running with her once. She asked on about I gave up after a quarter of a mile. Clearly something had to be done.

I knew I couldn't do it myself. I needed a program, a structure, a place to go. Fortunately there was a gym nearby, the Health Club at the Omni in Southampton, New York, a few miles from where I live. It has attractions and Nautilus equipment, two small swimming pools, exercise bicycles, free weights, aerobic classes, whirlpools, sauna and steam baths, and a Ping-Pong table. I told my wife, then my friends, what I was going to do. Making the commitment public was another step: how embarrassing if I failed. I promised myself two months of hard work. If the results were sufficiently promising, I figured that would inspire me to finish the job.



PHOTOGRAPH: TERRY STANLEY







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the back, the belly, the fore hands on my side, the thighs. She then averaged the readings. 24 percent of me, it turned out, was fat. According to Dr. Kenneth Cooper, author of *The Aerobic Program* for Total Well-Being and the founder of the aerobic-exercise movement in this country, 15 to 20 percent is a normal range for men, 18 to 22 percent for a woman. At 24 percent I was a fat.

The next test was a pulmonary capacity test in which you blow into a tube and a needle records how much of your lung capacity you can empty how fast. If your lungs are in good shape you should be able to blow out 75 percent of the air in one second. On this I did well. She then ran some EKGs as I lay on an examining table and hyperventilated for thirty seconds. After that she wired me up for the stress test, which involves walking on a treadmill so it gradually increases in speed and gradient while the doctor monitors your heart on the EKG machine and an assistant keeps track of your blood pressure. This test can take as long as twenty-five minutes, at the end of which you will be running at 3.4 miles per hour on a grade of 24 percent, which is steep. Few people make it that far; even a trained marathon runner would have trouble.

I barely made it to ten minutes. Every thirty seconds Dr. Sander asked me how was. After six minutes I was drenched with sweat. At nine minutes the speed increased to 4.2 miles per hour, the grade to 39 percent. At ten minutes I stopped.

I hadn't done too well. My heart rate was five times higher than normal, heart rates that decrease in a fairly predictable manner with age, and the maximum predicted heart rate for a man my age was 174 beats per minute. I got to 169, or 97 percent of capacity, the fact that I could get to that rate before stopping was evidence that my heart could stand the strain of an exercise program, but the efficiency with which my body utilized oxygen rated only fair on the fitness rating scale Dr. Sander was using; these ratings start at Superfit and run through Excellent, Good, Fair, Poor, and Very Poor.

We then talked about what sort of exercise program would suit me, and what sort of diet. I had already told him I liked running, so I suggested bicycling. Fine, he said, as long as I kept the speed up. Bicycling is not as good as aerobic exercise as running because you can coast, change gears, and otherwise make things easy on yourself. In his book, Kenneth Cooper states that speeds under ten miles per hour on a bicycle are virtually useless from an aerobic standpoint; he recommended 16 to 20 miles per hour. Dr. Sander wanted me to exercise seriously every day except Sunday. To increase my muscular strength, he said that I should work with Nautilus equipment three times a week. Aerobic exercise is the most efficient

method of burning off fat and the only way to keep your heart in shape. To get the benefits, Sander said, you have to exercise at your target heart rate for twenty minutes two to three times a week. My target heart rate, he said, was 120-140 per minute. As for Nautilus, he suggested two to probably more machines at home. This was the one prescription I couldn't follow; it is impractical in most gyms, where the Nautilus equipment is in constant use, to do more than one circuit.

Greg learned covered the diet, she gave me a menu list, three meals a day totaling 1,300 calories. She told me to restrict my intake of red meat, it's loaded with fat and cholesterol. I could, however, eat all the vegetables I wanted.

I left the class somewhat chastened but pleased as well. Dr. Sander had made it clear that the exercise was by no means hopeless. My stress test hadn't discovered any abnormality, and the blood tests showed normal cholesterol levels. It was now a matter of doing the work.

### WORKING OUT

Working out takes time and effort; you can't get into shape without a reasonable amount of both. I eased into it slowly, trying to acclimate my body to aerobic exercise with short bicycle rides and long, brisk walks. It took about a week to get used to running regularly and to control my hunger.

It's hard to start slowly on the Nautilus machines, however. Nautilus programs don't work as well as they should unless you push your muscles to the point of failure. You must start with more weight, but only if they exhaust your muscles after eleven or twelve repetitions.

The Health Club in Southampton has the basic seven machines; the company manufacturers more than seven, but some are highly specialized and the benefits of others can be obtained readily as well by doing conventional exercises.

Tim Deamond, who manages the Health Club, explained the system. The machine include, in the order you are supposed to use them, the hip and back machine for the latissimus and lower-back muscles, the leg extension machine for the quadriceps in the thighs, the leg curl for the hamstring muscles, the pullover machine for middle-back muscles, the double chest machine for the pectorals, the deltoids, and the trapezius; the double shoulder machine for the deltoids and the trapezius again; and the multijoint machine for calf muscles, ankle bones, wrist curls, and negative chin-ups (you don't pull yourself up, you lower yourself).

The theory behind the order in which you use the Nautilus machines is that growth in the larger muscles of the lower body promotes growth in the smaller upper-body muscles as well, and you cannot reach the desired intensity of exercise with the larger muscles if the smaller have been

exhausted first. Intensity is important; on each machine you should work the muscles until you can handle enough weight to achieve repetitions for the upper body and twelve to fifteen for the lower.

The Nautilus company is a creator of self-promotion, and it has: there'll tell it anybody who wants to lose shape until the first Nautilus machines came on the market twelve or thirteen years ago. Yet Nautilus equipment appears to be the best, most efficient way available to strengthen your body, on that, according to Tim Deamond, Dr. Cooper came close to unanimity. I found them superior to free weights, and much safer; you can't throw something out of which because you're trying to balance a barbell. It's also possible to get an aerobic workout on Nautilus equipment, which is difficult to do with free weights. Universal machines, or other equipment, by moving quickly from machine to machine, allowing yourself no more than thirty seconds between machines, you can work through seven machines in about twenty minutes and build your pulse rate quite rapidly to an aerobic rate. This is called circuit training, and I got into it because it saves time. You're doing two things at once: building strength and improving the efficiency of your cardiovascular system.

In two months of Nautilus work, including a month in the gym and a couple of weeks when I could go to the gym only twice, I was able to double the weight I was lifting on some machines and more than double it on others. And the development in my body is visible.

Tim Deamond, Dr. Sander had made clear, were even more important than training for strength, and I have made it a habit to go bicycling for half an hour to an hour every day when weather permits, and to use the stationary bicycles at the gym when it isn't. It's possible, I've found, to get my pulse up to 220 by walking hard with long strides, especially on the beach, where walking on the soft sand is difficult. Half an hour of hard pedaling on a bike gets my pulse up to 150, however; and I can't on a bicycle burn up about 450 calories—back 450 more than an hour of walking. But you have to think of just bike as an exercise machine. I use only one top gear. And I pedal downhill as well as up, and coast as little as possible. And there's no such thing as overtraining in aerobics. There is on the Nautilus machines, and there every day and the rate of increase in your strength will slow down or stop altogether. Muscle needs resting time to build. The cardiovascular system only benefits from increased work.

Running is generally regarded as the most efficient practical aerobic exercise, with bicycling not far behind, but there are alternatives. Swimming rises even higher than running, since it uses all your muscles and won't injure your joints. Rowing is an excellent aerobic exercise. Roller-skating,



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**Phase II—Super Lubricated Combination Shaving Cleansing Cream** corrects natural skin's pH and lubricates skin so well as Aloe leave for added skin lubrication. Plus, oil-soluble ingredients dissolve and ready for supply skin. Highly concentrated, use this cream every day in the morning for cleansing and shaving, in the evening for deep cleansing.

**Phase III—Aftershave Skin Toner** Asstringent removes excess dirt and oil, tightens skin and lightens skin tone. Dry normal skin is formulated with grapefruit oil and contains no alcohol. Asstringent for oily skin has eucalyptus and citrus.

**Phase IV—Day Protective Moisturizer** with Aloe Vera, vitamin E, lanolin and avocado oil and lanolin helps lock in moisture and soothe skin.

**Phase V—Night Cream** with Aloe Vera, vitamin E, lanolin and avocado oil and lanolin helps lock in moisture and soothe skin.



After shave shaving, protecting the skin from harsh weather and pollutants every day.

**Phase IV—Night Cream** Corrects skin's pH and lubricates skin so well as Aloe leave for added skin lubrication. Plus, oil-soluble ingredients dissolve and ready for supply skin. Highly concentrated, use this cream every day in the morning for cleansing and shaving, in the evening for deep cleansing.

**Phase V—Firming Moisturizer** containing protein massage with Aloe Vera for dry normal skin or mineral massage for oily complexion. Creams out blemishes, makes pores smaller while softening lines and wrinkles.

Specifically graded for all skin types, includes **Apricot Shave Eye Peeling Cream**, a rich emollient cream which softens skin and whitens sensitive eye area.

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and disco dancing are also good. Best of all is a cross-country slung. Indoor market sports like volleyball, soccer, and basketball all provide aerobic exercise if you play them hard enough. Tennis, even when it's a played hard, gives less of an aerobic workout. Sports like bowling or horseback riding are aerobically worthless. And the city's always walking. At four miles an hour or more you will sweat and breathe hard—and that's aerobic exercise.

Besides the Nautilus training and the bicycling, I've started doing other things. I do sit-ups on giant boards—starting at about five my first day. I'm up to six—big progress on a vertical leg press machine, focus curls on a biceps machine, and some work on the Universal rowers. My wife and I also play Ping-Pong, played fast and hard, it can provide an aerobic workout. My second favorite thing—Dr. Sander recommended the pioneering stretches developed by Robert Anderson—and go into the whirlpool to relax.

## THE DIET

Dieting was the second part of getting into shape for me. Before I went on the program I ate, I admit, often mindless pleasure food. I would snack off in the middle of the afternoon to buy a Cadbury's, which would be gone by the time I got home. "Just going for a walk," I'd tell my wife Susan. No wonder I weighed 183. Beer and/or cocktails was a post-meal ritual, and no dinner was complete without dessert of some kind. I was used to meat and potatoes, so I still thought meat, preferably beef, was essential in every dinner. And if food had been bought or prepared, I had to be rewarded. Changing these habits, however, was not a problem. I was determined to do it, for one thing. I told myself that the self-discipline involved would be good for my soul, and I found very quickly that better food, and less of it, made me feel better. I had more and steadier energy. I didn't hit low points during the day when I ran out of energy, and my digestive system worked better. Furthermore, I lost weight. For the first month, I lost a lot of the fat of two pounds a week.

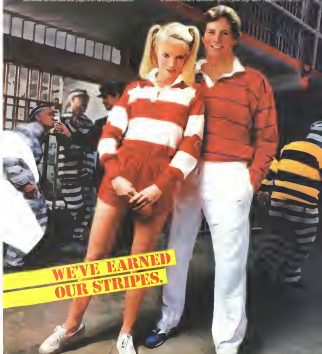
How did I do it? One thing I didn't do was follow a specific diet, but a grapefruit three times a day, yes, interspersed with egg whites and half-cup servings of branched sprouts. I ate small quantities of sensitive food, well balanced for protein, carbohydrates, and fat. By well balanced I mean starch less protein than most of us are used to, according to the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization, we need only thirty to fifty grams a day. Fifty grams is less than two ounces. If you're trying to build muscle, don't be too strict; still, it was an individualized formula to produce the amount of meat in our diet, in the Sander had recommended. Besides being full of fat and cholesterol, red meat tends to dehydrate you, is hard on the liver, and disturbs the calcium level in the body. I cut my cow-



San Francisco: David after page 75 of The English Collection

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36 TYS MAG/88, C13/L2/C13/A

seems to have broken the six-thirty high per fat, and brought my energy level to the point where it takes longer to feel drained and in need of sustenance. There is a great deal of evidence now that losing weight without lowering what is called your set point—the weight, or level of fat, that your body regards as "normal"—is as delusory. Go off your diet and your body brings you right back up to your set point, even though you probably haven't increased your food intake much at all. Exercise lowers your set point, however, and allows you to keep the weight off. I seem to be a case in point. I'm having more calories, yet I'm just not as hungry as I used to be. I've lost my craving for sugar. I feel stronger and healthier. The program of diet and exercise I began with determination two months ago has become a part of my life. A new habit, more helpful to me than the old habits.

#### RESULTS AND RECOMMENDATIONS

The results can be summarized quickly: I've lost thirteen pounds and now weigh 168. The weight came off easily at first, now it takes longer to lose it again. That's because I'm adding muscle as I quit off fat, and muscle weighs more than fat. But my entire body looks and is trimmer, my stomach is nearly flat, my pants fit, and my thighs no longer feel like they're going to split the seams of my blue jeans.

There's still plenty of fat on my body, however. Years of sloth and overeating don't disappear in two months. It takes about six months of steady work, says George Mazzei, author of *Slender D.J.*, to get sufficiently into shape so that the slush of fat under the skin disappears and you can begin to see muscle definition. After two months on the Nautilus equipment I've noticed that I've reached a plateau, if a border man and taken longer to add weight to the weight stack. Each person has a genetic limit to the amount of strength he can build. In my case, I'll never be as strong as some of the younger men who work out at the gym, and I don't want to be. I have no need for that amount of strength. I just want to look good enough to be proud of my appearance and to feel healthy and energetic.

I don't expect that getting into shape is going to change my life in any fundamental way. I still expect to have to struggle to make ends meet. I still be subject to fits of depression, still get drunk sometimes and occasionally fight with my wife. I have changed, yes, but I haven't transformed myself. What I've done is given myself an edge. I feel an old person to myself, and that's a delicious life. And I do have more energy and a sense of greater power, both physical and emotional. But it's not far removed to my life. The problems of life aren't lost, easily solved.

If you don't expect too much from getting into shape, in other words, you won't

Photo: Bob Krieger



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WITH ENQUIRE COLLECTION

be disappointed by the results. But it should be obvious by now that I think the program I followed is sound. It started from a good medical base, and that's important, if you don't know how bad a shape you're in to begin with, you won't know what kinds of results you can reasonably expect to achieve. It was a balanced program, furthermore, combining diet and exercise, and the exercise part was itself balanced between muscle development and aerobic. Kenneth Cooper tells the story of a Mr. Texas, a body builder he tested some years ago, whose biceps, he says, were as thick as his own thighs. He put Mr. Texas on the treadmill and the man gave out after sixteen minutes. He was so out of shape aerobically that he rated Poor on the fitness scale appropriate to his age. That's below my rating. There are runners, at the other end of this balance, who have great cardiovascular systems but little muscle strength in their upper bodies. For good health and good looks, most people would want to fall somewhere between these two extremes.

Two months is not a long time, yet at that time you can see excellent results that you have to have a program and follow it. Some people come into the gym on erratic schedules, don't bother to get checked out on the Nautilus equipment and therefore don't use it properly, don't work hard if they don't feel like it, and nothing happens: they don't lose weight and they don't get stronger. A certain persistence is necessary, and a certain humility. Fitness, from being something left to high school coaches at the past, has become grounded in medicine and science, if you don't have access to trainers and instructors at a gymnasium, it would be wise to read up on the subject.

But what counts more than anything else in the long run is attitude. Getting into shape is work. You have to want it badly enough to do the work, and that desire is a personal thing. Nobody can give it to you; you have to develop it to yourself. If you don't know how you feel about it, try that take off all your clothes and stand in front of a full-length mirror. Do you like what you see? Does it match your conception of yourself, or is it embarrassing? If you're not embarrassed and if you feel comfortable with your body, it makes no difference what shape you're in, you'll see no reason to change. But if you grow at the wall of fat around your middle, the drooping flesh on the back of your thighs, then you have the beginnings of motivation. After that it's a matter of setting yourself in motion, getting a physical, joining a gym, doing the work. What will surprise you is that, while it's work, it's not that hard. After a while, in fact, it starts to be fun. You acquire a sense of satisfaction with yourself, you gain a little pride. Two months. Give yourself two months, and you'll be hooked.

ANTHONY BLUMBERG is a frequent fitness columnist.



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## American Pops by John Mather

### WARDROBE

*The father offers his son the first glimpse of a man's world. The son watches how his father moves through life and how he dresses. The swirl of his after shave, the feel of his suit, and the look of his shiny shoes are all stored away but return later to influence the son's sartorial tastes. Clothing rituals remain very much a part of growing up, from learning to tie shoelaces to choosing the first suit and understanding the intricacies of a necktie. On these pages are eight fathers and their sons, each with a style worthy of being beamed.*

**JOSEPH PAPP**, forty-two, born with son **ANTHONY**, twenty-one, is credited as a pioneer in dance in American theater. He has been awarded with numerous honors, including eight Tony awards and three Pulitzer Prizes. Anthony is a second-year jewelry-design student at Parsons School of Design. Joseph Papp wears a solid wool jacket (J.Crew), a cotton-chenille shirt (Hugoboss), wool-knitie trousers (Gucci), light-colored shoes (Gucci), and a tie (Gucci). Anthony wears a hand-knit sweater (Eberjey), a wool shirt (Gucci), and a tie (Gucci). (Papp's photo by Ralph Lauren; Anthony's photo by Ralph Lauren; all other photos by Ralph Lauren.)

**TOM EVERT**, thirty-two, has been a devoted dancer with the Paul Taylor Dance Company for six years. His son **MAX**, one year old, often accompanies him on tour and is already a star in his father's world. Tom Evert wears a solid wool jacket (J.Crew), a shirt with a tie (Gucci), and a tie (Gucci). (Evert's photo by John Mather; Max's photo by John Mather.)



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE LAUREN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE











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# How to Save Face

The skin on your face is particularly susceptible to the wear and tear of daily life. But with a basic skin-care regime that is matched to your skin type, your complexion can become a testament to good habits

**WHETHER IT'S KEEPING** the body fit or the skin glowing, men are realizing what women have known all along: After a certain age, leaving it to Mother Nature isn't enough. In the era of physical exorcism, men have faced the obvious: Their skin is just as sensitive as women's.

According to the need for proper skin care can occur when young and budding break-outs; or, later, when premature crow's feet appear or persistent rashes occur after shaving. Whatever milestone occurs, the quest begins. And as with all simple things, the complexion starts to change you know, the more you find out there is to know.

Expensive one typical thirty-year-old: "I'd been using soap on my face, basic foam shaving cream, and an alcohol-based after-shave—the same products my father had used. But then my skin began looking flaky and I noticed traces of wrinkles around my eyes. I realized that what might have been good enough for my father just wasn't good enough for me."

Thus began his investigation into skin care. But he didn't know where to ask for advice, and he didn't even know what to ask. Should he go to the dermatologist or the skin-care salon? He was afraid of asking for a sales pitch and investing in an elaborate program of dubious benefits.

## SKIN TYPE

There are proper ways to clean your skin, to fit every budget of time and money. Though skin-care professionals disagree on the necessary complexity of a skin-care regime, it's your choice which route to take.

The starting point is to know your skin. From skin-care specialists everywhere comes this commonsense advice: Pay at-

tention to what type of skin you have (oily, dry, normal, or combination) and keep track of the products you use and how your skin reacts to them. Dry skin feels tight after washing, doesn't break out often, and wrinkles before its time. Oily skin, at the other extreme, looks greasy soon after washing, has large pores, and tends to break out, but ages gradually. Normal skin is somewhere in between, and combination is a little of each (usually oily in the T zone—forehead, nose, and chin—and dry in normal elsewhere).

Each skin type has its own concerns and, luckily, there is a multitude of products and product lines designed specifically for each.

The fundamental three-part procedure for all types of skin is cleansing, applying sunscreen, and moisturizing. Washing step one, removes the dirt and oils from the face before they clog the pores. Washing also aids the skin of the top layer of dead skin that can make your complexion look dull and blotchy. According to New York dermatologist Dr. Jonathan Horner, the skin sheds a layer of skin approximately every 365 hours. Washing your face encourages the cell turnover rate. As for frequency, washing twice a day is plenty.

## CLEANSERS

To marry face washing routines using plain soap and water. Though some purists disagree, soap is all right, provided you use a soap that is compatible with your skin type. The aim is to clean your skin without stripping it of the oils that keep it looking supple. Dry skin obviously needs special attention so that it doesn't become flaky and tight. But oily skin, too, if it's cleaned too often and with too strong a cleanser, can become dry and irritated.



PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY O'NEILL



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See Dealer Service Card on page 78 of The Enquire Collection

What type of deodorant should you use? If you prefer soap, there are many on the market for each skin type. Beginning with the basic brands found in supermarkets, Dr. Zaccaro and Sharon Sabin, in their book *A Complete Guide to Men's Grooming Products*, recommend Ivory Soap for sensitive to oily skin and Dove, Garnet, or Tone—superfatted soaps—for dry skin. All experts advise steering clear of deodorant soaps, which are too harsh for the face. It's best to pick a soap with as few ingredients as possible. The point is soap, so less likely your skin will come in contact with an irritant.

Among the brands of cosmetic soaps, there are some made especially for men and some that, though commonly used by women, are fine for men's skin as well. Clinique Skin Soaps for Men offers both a regular and an extra-strength soap, which will suit most customers' skin type. Chanel has two soaps in its regular line: Gentle Cleansing Bar and Refreshing Cleansing Bar. For dry/normal and sensitive skin. From America comes Double Action Face Soap, again in two versions to suit dry/normal and normal/oily skin. O'cear de la Renta has Pour l'Air Soap Vitale, which is lightly scented with soothing elements. And finally, whose products are available through salons only, often as kits, Men's Bar for all skin types.

Skin-care specialists tend to have a more strident view on the soap issue. For instance, Mario Badescu, whose New York salon has many regular male customers, says that "after the age of thirty, soap is not a friend." Gertrude Karger believes that soap is fine for hands, but for the face she prescribes from among the foamy cleansers in her line.

Lisa Schanz, whose clientele at her Madison Avenue salon consists 60 percent of men, uses natural elements and one cream soap as well. Jan Stuart, whose men's line is available through the mail and at many stores, has developed two soaps for dry/normal and normal/oily skins. The former, in a lime-scent, cleanses as a pH-balancing product.

Whatever it is you choose to wash your face with—soap or another type of cleanser—use it off well. Otherwise, the residue can clog the pores. And use warm water, not hot.

There is a general agreement among experts that washcloths tend to cause more problems than they solve. Although you might feel that you are not getting clean without one, you may be spreading bacteria from one area of your face to another and picking it up from the cloth as well. Also, there are often detergent residues left in the cloth that can cause irritation. It's better to manage the deodorant in gently with your fingers.

Similarly, lotions and such products as the facial Pad should be avoided—they may be too abrasive for the delicate skin on the

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In between matters, see Dealer Directory after page 68 of The Enquire Collection



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face. If you feel you need an shave, Mario Badescu suggests gently scrubbing with lino. Afta, Jot-Shave, You-Sure Lotion, and many other lines have gentle scrubbing creams for men's skin. **A CLEAN SHAVE**

The best time for shaving is after showering or after cleansing the face. When the face is wet, the beard is soft and can be removed with minimum friction. (Of course, if you use a combination shaving cream and cleanser, you can do both at one time.)

To prevent possible problems—ingrown hairs, reddened skin—make sure that whatever pressure preparation you use, you leave it on long enough to soften the beard. Make sure you have a sharp blade (discard them about every two weeks). Shave first in the direction the beard grows, then rubber lightly and shave against the grain.

Clamart's Cream Shave, Afta's Super Rich Shave Foam Concentrate, and (located in Men's) soon-to-be-introduced Shave Cream Vitale Protection Formula are all soothing post-shave creams. Afta's, as well, has a Pre-Elective Lotion for men who prefer a dry shave. And for those who opt for a beard, Mario Badescu has a special soap that he suggests using twice a day.

After shaving, it is time for the after-shave. Also known as toners or after-shaves, these are liquids that contain varying amounts of alcohol—the higher the concentration, the more drying they are. Because of the alcohol, they can serve as after-shave astringents to soothe the reds that result from a hot, wet shave. Also, they restore the skin's pH balance, which has been interfered with by the shaving and shaving routine, and remove any traces of soap or shaving cream that may remain on the skin. During the day, astringents can be used to soothe the skin and set.

Jim Stuart's line includes toners for dry, normal or oily skin. Afta's has a Double Action Astringent that contains also vera for a soothing after-shave treatment. Clinique for Men has Scrubbing Lotion for various skin types. And Geriatric Klinge offers premoistened towels for skin freshening during the day.

## MOISTURIZING

The final and all-important step in any skin-care program is the moisturizer. All types of skin care and then need help in replenishing their natural moisture. At any age, excessive washing, exposure to wind and sun, and frequent drying make moisturizing a necessity, but after the age of thirty, especially, the skin needs protection. Lotions provide a barrier that keeps the moisture in the skin, the nutrients out. For extra-dry or sensitive skin, moisturizers can be used instead of an after-shave after shave.

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Polo Heights

KENLEY SHOES  
Port Jervis

S. A. M. SHOE STORE  
Pomona

DUITS KNOX STORE  
Quincy

JOE'S SHOES  
Quincy

REGAL'S SHOES  
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QUINCY'S CLOTHING  
Quincy

GATELY'S PEOPLES STORE  
Tulley Park

FAMILY SHOES  
Tulley Park

CANTAR BROS. SHOES  
Washington

BAKER'S FAMILY SHOES  
Washington

SHOE CORRAL  
Pleasant Springs

JOE'S FAMILY SHOE STORE  
Pleasant

KOPPEN SHOES  
Riverside

LIBBY'S SHOE STORE  
Riverside

FELL CO.  
Riverside

MAIN STREET SHOE SHOP  
Riverside

MR. SAM'S CLOTHING STORE  
Riverside

PHILLIPS SHOES  
Riverside

WINTER SHOE STORES  
Riverside

CRYSTAL SHOE STORE  
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LESLIE'S SHOES  
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# REGAL

the sun's potentially harmful rays. Other moisturizers contain bromine—a safer source of color than the sun.

Men with very dry skin can also use a heavier night cream and a cream around the eyes—an area that shows age first. Other skin types can get away with a light moisturizer—one that soaks easily into the skin without leaving an oily feel.

Amore has four moisturizers and has, two of which contain bromine to add a little color to the skin. Chaz's main ingredient is called M-Lotion. Chaz's For Men's after shave moisturizer contains allantoin, which is soothing for shaving nicks. Also from Chaz's is Protective Skin Conditioner; it's scented with Ambrox and contains a sunscreen. Sam Scherer has two after-shave lotions, both containing aloe vera. Lagerfeld for Men's Protective Moisture Cream also contains a sunscreen.

### FACIALS

In addition to the basic daily regime, there are more complicated "cleaning" procedures to which the skin can be subjected occasionally. The facial, for instance, is a deep-cleaning treatment for the pores. It can be done at home or, for a pampering experience, at a skin-care salon.

Do-it-yourself facials can include stimulating the face over water that has been boiled with soothing herbs like chamomile. Then open the pores and encourage the skin's impurities to come to the surface, where they can be washed away. Afterward you can experiment with the multitude of masks available for all skin types.

To get the full treatment, try a skin facial. Georgetowne Klinger first opened her salon in 1960 and has had a good percentage of male clients ever since. She Scherer, Marc Belmont, La Roche A. Gomez, Anne of Hungary, and the Ecos Lando Institute are salons located in New York, some with branches in other cities, that cater to the needs of men's skin. Pro facialists take place anywhere from sixty to ninety minutes and include a skin analysis, deep cleansing, steaming, a mask, and a face and neck massage. Afterwards a skincare specialist will advise you on what products in the salon's line are suited to your skin—but it's usually too hard to tell. So don't let that keep you from the experience of a professional facial.

Some other companies offer products through the mail after a written skin evaluation. Mark Barker, whose Executive Skin Care is affiliated with Daniel Cohen Salon in Manhattan, provides customers with in-depth questionnaires on matters relating to skin and hair care, and then prescribes a skin regime using his line of all-natural products.

Proper skin care is simply a matter of knowing your own face, selecting products that work for you, and then sticking with your routine. With a basic program of cleansing and protecting, healthy, glowing skin can be yours for a lifetime.

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GIANNI VERSACE'S DESIGN FOR THE FUTURE WITH LUXURIOUS WOVEN LACE, WITH BOLD-BLACK SHOULDER TIEPS (LEFT), SHARP CUT-OUT SKIRT WITH A PROTRUDING ZIP (LEFT), AND SOFTLY SHAPED BOOZ TROUSERS (RIGHT) ARE ALL BY VERSACE, NEW YORK. LEFT AND TROUSERS (RIGHT) VERSACE, NEW YORK. TROUSERS (RIGHT) VERSACE, NEW YORK.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY MAYER

# WARDROBE Global Directions

by Vincent Boucher

THE NEW YORK COLLECTION



GIANNI VERSACE'S DESIGN FOR THE FUTURE WITH LUXURIOUS WOVEN LACE, WITH BOLD-BLACK SHOULDER TIEPS (LEFT), SHARP CUT-OUT SKIRT WITH A PROTRUDING ZIP (LEFT), AND SOFTLY SHAPED BOOZ TROUSERS (RIGHT) ARE ALL BY VERSACE, NEW YORK. LEFT AND TROUSERS (RIGHT) VERSACE, NEW YORK. TROUSERS (RIGHT) VERSACE, NEW YORK.

Change in men's fashion is full of contradictions. Unlike those of women's clothing, the shapes of men's wear tend to stay the same. And while a woman may adopt an entire ensemble straight from a fashion magazine, men react to subtle changes—a smaller shirt collar, a wider tie, an unexpected color in a sweater. Yet men are exposed to changing styles—at no other time than their seasonal shopping expeditions.

Often these new fashions start with designers. As the new fashions gain popularity over a few seasons they are adopted by mainstream clothing manufacturers. Traditionally, European designers have been the first to experiment in new fashion directions. Most of the recent changes originated with the French and the Italians, often from specific designers—for instance, Gianni Versace's bourgeois-shaped suit of the late Sixties and Armani's unconstructed sport jacket of the Seventies. The reasons for this European preeminence are varied: first, the quality of European

fabric and workmanship can be equaled in the United States, but not consistently across the board; second, European designers usually design a complete collection down to each belt and shoe, the third reason is that in Europe fashion is considered an art form.

Besides the French and the Italians, a strong current of Japanese designers is producing some of the most quietly exciting clothing seen in the stores, especially notable for its simple shapes and new materials. (The British at the moment lack influence, although a handful of designers promise something more for the future.) To consider the fall 1983 collections of some selected European and Japanese designers, then, is a way to forecast what may affect the marketplace in the next several seasons.

Gianni Versace presented what was perhaps the most heretofore-forgotten of all the season's European collections. As a surprising sense of discovery was felt during his showroom presentation,

THE NEW YORK COLLECTION









tant of fabrics. But many believe Carrot's most prophetic turn was a group of gray clothes that broke barriers between business wear and sportswear. He used a

[illegible]

oxidation of fabrics, from a wool with a serrated-edge texture to a double-faced, lusty pique. The groupings included loose-fitting sweat shirts with no-front turtlenecks and fabric-taped hems and cuffs, worn with jersey blouses, sport jackets, and even oiled-fabric overcoats. The forms went familiar but updated, and the different gray tones and draped tailoring resulted in an otherworldliness that was both appealing and natural.

The Finnish *viisi-garle* continues to be an influential design source. Rosemont in Claude Montana, whose leather *patentwerk* for men has been synonymous with high-style (and high-priced) elegance that has proved remarkably popular across the United States. Montana has turned his back on the "rough guy" motorcycle jackets of his early days and, he estimates, his designs will

include ready-to-wear apparel, has broadened his appeal. For fall his collection was based on four groups that integrated leather outerwear with knits and sweats.

gray flannel and tweed business-hunting theme, an elegant evening skirt, and a light-banded applique and sheerling outerwear with and gray. Especially striking were a shirting or wool twill with their other French modernist. The very collection with Stokes evokes front turn-down, bold tweed haps, variations on the French galler's recent comparing of pathology on women's clothes, the designer has introduced clothes to include some



Other high points in the French collections were Jean-Charles de Casselbanc's black and white leather-trimmed suitcases.

[illegible]

variations on his signature blazer coats and ponchos, and Lucien Peckol's oversize short-paunched and peacock-cadogan sweaters in deep tones, for daytime wear and with vests, wing-collar shirts, and morning-stripe trousers for formal occasions.

Of the major Japanese designers, it can be said that each took off in his or her own direction, imitating those who say all Japanese clothes look the same. Issey Miyake's collection revolves around several themes, including the extension of his signature *wildes* palette to coats that combine blanket wool with china-blue cotton. Miyake continues to experiment with alternatives to the tie and shirt. This season the cowl neck, loosely draped, appears in variations from knit fabric to wovens (like-type prints). Mitsuru Matsuda's collection focuses far and wide on prehistoric styles.

BYRON LEE, MANAGING DIRECTOR, SAYS: "I think it's a good idea, because I don't think [HUGO BOSS] [JACKY AND JEANNE] are taking the time to do the research. They're not doing the research. They're not doing the research."

hair fibers, slips-blend greencuts and smartly detailed trousers in upland wool fabrics. Rio Kaseko for Comme des Garçons confounds other severe black, gray, and white read with an abundance of new ideas. Her creations, for example, are styled with knotted cuffs inside the sleeves, and the body of the coat falls freely in front but is belted to define the silhouette from the rear. Sport jacket-and trousers are styled in dark wool, striped heavy cotton, and black creased velvet.

Not all of these styles are for everyone. Indeed few men wish to take their cue exclusively from designers. But these fashion currents are going some way to pause. These clothes may tempt every a woman with increased comfort, style, and function—not a bad combination for one of life's necessities.



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# The Geography of Style by Delacorta

In Europe, clothes are what you buy; decorative screens designed to hide the personality. In America, clothes are what you are; they turn the viewer's attention toward the wearer

I AM SITTING at my desk in Venice, California. To my left a window frames a setting (pale trees, mist, ocean) and people passing by. Each person subscribes himself on the physical, and the human, landscape in his own distinct manner, in his own delicate style.

The variety of American body types is particularly striking to the newly arrived European, and especially to the French visitor. There appears to be no common mold, no universal pattern, no "golden mean" to which one must adhere in order to be considered attractive. This diversity, obviously a result of the differences among ethnic groups, is extremely seductive to the European eye.

And there are even more profound differences in movement and gesture. For example: French gestures are contained, studied, as if the techniques of movement were learned quite independently of the environment in which they occur. Here, movement is more fluid, bolder, more spontaneous. There appears to be no line of ugliness, no distance of the grotesque or awkward gesture. This lack of self-consciousness effectively allows ugliness and the grotesque to become an integral part of the urban landscape and thus, with the aid of public acceptance, a kind of beauty.

These differences between European and American style are easily recognized in films. American actors seem to be at one with their clothing; the audience is aware of the hand of the costume designer. Furthermore, even beyond his costume, the American actor appears to be in tune with his environment. It is this connection that makes the audience forget it is watching a performance. The American actor appears unconcerned by the so-

called scene in his clothing; the accidental fact; he does not seem to worry about the set nor about the deformation of his face or body. There is no restraint, no desire to appear "proper." His total being is brought into play.

The French actor is often more stilled, more theatrical. One has the impression that costumes and props are handled gingerly, carefully, that they must serve for hundreds of performances. The French actor sets strict limits on the deformation of his face, his body, his clothing. He remains outside the character. The French actor seems to feel that he must retain a specific, predictable stage. The bonds between the actor, his costume, and his environment are weaker, less elaborated in terms of the psychological truth of his role.

IN EUROPE, CLOTHES are considered discrete objects, not necessarily connected to the person wearing them, but to the environment in which they exist. The European eye beholds a garment and admires its beauty, or deplores its ugliness, as if it were a decorative screen designed to hide the personality of the wearer. Here, clothing serves to catch the eye, to turn the viewer's attention toward the person who wears it. The idea of price, of social class, does not appear to be of prime importance. Style, in America, is less a mark of belonging to a particular class than an invitation to communicate.

European and American attitudes and inspirations regarding the uses of style are quite different, each. European men and women attire themselves as if they were going on a picnic at the Opera. Americans dress themselves in terms of the street, of cars, of movies.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GAIL KAPLAN FOR ENQUIRE



## A black and white photograph of two men on a boat. One man is steering the wheel while the other looks on. The boat is moving through the water, creating a large splash.

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# Gianni Versace

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San Francisco: The Galleria at Center City  
70 Post Street

Miami: Mayfair in the Grove

Houston: Mall on the Boulevard

Beverly Hills: 437 North Rodeo Drive

Gianni Versace Creative Director

Photo: Mark T. Sullivan Collection



ELITE 66-68

## Esquire The Review

SEPTEMBER 1983



# The Man Who Ate Hollywood

by Randall Rothenberg

RECLINING STEIFLY ON THE COUCH IN HIS OFFICE IN NEW YORK'S TIME-LIFE BUILDING, THE PRINCE OF PAY TV IMPASSIVELY WATCHES A PRODUCER GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS

"MICHAEL," ANNOUNCES THE PRODUCER, "I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO A NEW concept in entertainment." The producer—bonyset, open-collared, salt-and-pepper beard—is a big shot with a history: he discovered Barbra Streisand and just produced a film with Richard Gere. His pitch, delivered as he paces the room, is laden with exotica. The prince's right hand supports his head. He looks tired, aloof. In front of him is a clay mug upon which are engraved the names D.W. Griffith, Cecil B. De Mille, Samuel Goldwyn, William Wyler, George Lucas, Woody Allen, Robert Altman, and Michael

Fuchs. The producer, if he's a typical Hollywood huckster, is probably thinking, "This arrogant son-of-a-bitch has my fate in his hand." And the prince, maybe while he's listening, is dwelling on those days just six years ago when, as a recent emcee to HBO from the William Morris Agency, he'd say as his friends laughed, "Just wait. Home Box Office is the wave of the future."

For Michael Fuchs, the last name on the cup, the future has arrived very quickly. Strathclyde—by dint of strategic planning and the resources of its parent company, Time Inc.—Home Box Office, just a decade ago a newly named subsidiary of Metropolitan Cable Television, has become the

single most powerful entity in the entertainment business. Michael Fuchs, the thirty-seven-year-old president of the HBO Entertainment Group, cable television's master programmer, is cable's first mogul—and the most potent, feared, and hated man in Hollywood. "From where I sit in New York," Fuchs is said to have claimed in a widely believed, if apocryphal, story, "I will bring Hollywood to its knees."

HOME BOX OFFICE IS POTENT, AND it is prominent. A spate of early-terrace publicity pointed out that the company is well on its way toward ousting a previously unchallenged amount of influence over the way Hollywood makes movies.

MUSIC  
MOVIES  
VIDEO  
BOOKS  
& ART



HBO president and chief executive officer Frank Biehl and HBO's associate VP in charge of film programming, Stephen Schiller, have been cited as the powers that are. They could. But the real story is a phony sexual Fuchs.

In L.A., the persona is palpable. (The studio vice-president has made appointments to discuss Fuchs and the rise of HBO, then abruptly canceled it. Paramount's chairman, famously volatile Barry Diller, who has been quite vocal on the subject ("HBO has de-

**UNLIKE HIS studio and network counterparts, Michael Fuchs is accountable to no man, and no rating. He writes the rules. So you deal with Fuchs or you don't deal at all.**

clined me on the station... and if we don't stop them, they will control all aspects of movie-making"), has "taken a philosophical turn," according to a Paramount spokesman, and shut his mouth. At another studio, a producer keeps me hanging for twenty minutes before he says, "I am very, very reluctant to talk to you," and then inquires, "Good, even, and bad? But since you can't eliminate that from the Michael Fuchs story,"

Hollywood has a problem with Michael Fuchs. "In Machiavellian terms, the last thing you want to do is alienate the prince, particularly if the prince is rich," the reluctant producer says. "And there is single precedent for this price to success, [D] with your head." Adds a cable television industry observer, "If HBO's famous for anything, it's for being fearless for retaliation. It's not 'Will they go after me?' It's 'Who will they go after me?'"

The studio differs less its foundation in the virtually unlimited power HBO wields, a power that is noted—as power is often—in its motto, *Home Box Office*. Time Inc.'s cash cow, its twelve million subscribers (on independent interpretation of a study by the August A.C. Nielsen Company places the number closer to eighteen million) pay an average of ten dollars a month for the privilege of receiving most, if not all, of the nation's best films, concerts, comedy specials, and sporting events on their TV screens. In 1982, on revenues of \$440 million, HBO cleared \$100 million—ten times more than Showtime, its nearest rival. What is important is that in Hollywood is concerned with fact that during the same time that HBO and the pay-cable market have grown, the major movie studios have experienced increasing difficulty in financing their productions. Pay TV has rapidly become the most important market for the distributor, the safest, most reliable way for a distributor or producer to cover his downside risk. HBO's decision to buy a

film, and the amount it pays, can help a shaky product break even and a profitable movie become more profitable.

But there is an additional rule. The big pay HBO gives, the more programming it sends like the cartoon *Looney Tunes*, *Skip of Monkeys*, is kept screaming, "Feed me! Feed me!" That should mean more work for the studio, but it doesn't. HBO is dealing increasingly with the increasingly independent independent producers, purchasing exclusive pay-TV rights and using its dominant position to lock up other ancillary rights before the movie even enters production—"prebuying," in cinematic lingo—thus making the crucial decisions about which movies can get made. "Now, at the same time, they are your competitor and your customer," complains a top studio executive. "Every time there's a writer, producer, director or editor, there's HBO ready to pry, ready to finance."

In the process, the studios, which are little more than financing and distribution mechanisms anyway, are cut out of some of their most dependable markets and left only with the theatrical market, which, although it makes for late, also has the greatest potential to get stuck with the movies. To make matters even worse, HBO has lately entered into powerful alliances that shade Hollywood by its studio-system model. To Star Pictures, a union studio that is a joint venture involving HBO, CBS, and the trademark Columbia Pictures, will produce up to fifteen films a year, separate exclusive arrangements with Columbia and Orion for which HBO provides 25 and 28-40 percent production financing, respectively, should not them assure that as additional eight years away. Silver Screen Partners, a limited partnership involving HBO and allied through E. W. Steiner, will probably produce ten more pay-audio exclusive films. Home Box Office (and there are tentative deals with MGM/UA, Embassy, New World, and Shado Edwards. This is all not to mention HBO's own side of twenty-four "made-for-pay" movies. In short, HBO is controlling more of the movie film than any single studio. And Michael Fuchs is making the important decisions about where that money goes.

"He probably has the best job ever invented in the entertainment business," says Ed Zwick, executive vice-president of the Warner Bros. Television division and one of the few studio execs who will speak about Fuchs on the record. "First, it

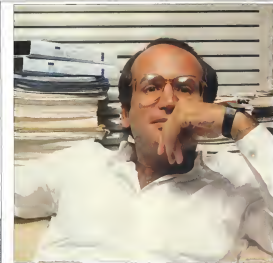
has scope on an unprecedented scale. Michael is involved in movies like a Louis B. Mayer, in documentaries like a David Wolper, in comedy like a Norman Lear, in sports like a Ronan Arnold. Second, the criteria for success in his job is very classic. "What is to say that Michael Fuchs, unlike his counterparts at the networks, who live and die by the daily ratings, or his counterparts at the studios, who measure overnight reviews and box office figures, doesn't lose. The HBO subscription system has so much 'margin' that the success and failure fluctuations are indirect. The only thing that matters is how many subscribers 'churn'—cancel their subscriptions. Very few do. Michael Fuchs is accountable to no man, no rating. He writes the rules. Either you deal with Fuchs or you don't deal at all.

MICHAEL FUCHS IS OVERDUE AT his meeting. The reason—always the same reason—is phone calls. Mike Medvedy of Orion Pictures, Victor Kadin of Tri-Star, Silver Screen's Neil Brown, and Jim Dague, who heads HBO's original-programming department in Los Angeles. Fuchs glances at his watch, as two-fifteen has his 12:15 P.M. and 1:15 P.M. in New York. Lunch is beginning on one coast, ending on the other.

Twelve people have assembled to try to decide what to call HBO's second made-for-pay movie, a star vehicle for Liz Taylor and Carol Burnett. It has been promoted as *Nobody Moves* (the *Gay* Best, says Fuchs). "It's too heavy. It needs to be lightened up a bit." He peruses a list of alternate titles. How about *Tao or Tao's Own*? Someone asks, "To like to play up the humor, more appropriate would be," responds Fuchs. The programming chief frowns that his revised title—"a so-called 'bitch'—is still more than an average TV movie but less than a theatrical release—will be perceived as a 'women's film' and lose half its potential audience. *Two Friends*, *Gay Friends*, *Just Friends* give and take. The group finally settles on *Between Friends*.

Back to the office. More calls. A concert star needs a private plane trip arranged, a musician that has eluded solution through the normal channels and finally landed on Fuchs' desk. To Star Pictures, a union studio that is a joint venture involving HBO, CBS, and the trademark Columbia Pictures, will produce up to fifteen films a year, separate exclusive arrangements with Columbia and Orion for which HBO provides 25 and 28-40 percent production financing, respectively, should not them assure that as additional eight years away. Silver Screen Partners, a limited partnership involving HBO and allied through E. W. Steiner, will probably produce ten more pay-audio exclusive films. Home Box Office (and there are tentative deals with MGM/UA, Embassy, New World, and Shado Edwards. This is all not to mention HBO's own side of twenty-four "made-for-pay" movies. In short, HBO is controlling more of the movie film than any single studio. And Michael Fuchs is making the important decisions about where that money goes.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY GARDNER

**Michael Fuchs**

FROM TIME LIFE PICTURES, BOOKS/GETTY IMAGES/NEW YORK

critics, to avoid in the power and the glory. The curious thing about HBO is that there you find it either not only recently, while HBO had been the department of the been sudden, it has not been accidental. In 1979-73 Time Inc. devised a strategic plan as the corporation decided to cut its losses in publishing by closing *Lit* magazine and to get out of video operations by selling its VHS videotape systems and reducing its control over its cable systems, it elected to concentrate on video software—films, programming—bypassing HBO, which until then had been a part of Time's Manhattan Cable in a separate unit. For the first three years the company floundered. But instead of doubting their premise—that software was the future—they decided that the time had come for HBO to move beyond the gentle reach. WASPish back-

slapping that traditionally defined Time and adopt a more aggressive stance to test it further. The corporate engineers looked inside their organization and found a man named Austin Furst.

Knowledgeable observers with a sense of history describe the competitive HBO style as the Austin Furst School of "Manic Realism." An imposing six-footer whose claim to fame had been the development of *People* magazine's subscription system, Furst accepted the task of pounding the studios into helping HBO turn a profit. It was Furst who initiated the prebuy strategy, Furst who browbeat the studios into accepting flat rates for films versus per-subscriber fees, Furst who relentlessly drove down the prices paid for movie pictures. "Austin lived to negotiate," recalls David Meiner, the senior vice-president

of Gramercy and an early member of Michael Fuchs's programming rat pack. "I am competitive. Michael is competitive. Austin is competitive beyond an Austin level to just."

An icon of Hollywood's corporate culture is that the studios are more fearful of each other than they are of any outside party. Each one believed that if it didn't act, the others would step in and take its share. One by one they acquiesced, allowing a dangerous precedent to be set. His purpose served, Furst moved upstairs to head Time-Life Films. And as he did he left a stylistic legacy for his colleague and successor, Michael Fuchs.

If Furst hadn't made his job that of HBO's bully, Fuchs probably would have done it himself. Although he hadn't distinguished himself during his brief stints as



an entertainment lawyer and as a business-as-usual staffer at the William Morris Agency, he was notable for his refusal to work for the guy who brought Fuchs into the agency-turned-down an HBO offer but left Morris anyway. Fuchs—who was pointedly not offered his boss's job—called HBO to make his services available.

Smart, political, his recording dark hair and his spectacles giving him just enough gravity, Fuchs signed on as director of special programming and sports and instantly thrust himself into the HBO hierarchy. His taste—all-American-one-of-the-boy-adventure-restrained-Java-became Home Box Office's mascot. By 1979 he had succeeded Austin Furst. The Big Event became his signature. On Location, the unsanitized nightclub acts of Italian Muslims, Rauld Fox, and others, was a Fuchs invention, as were the concert acts of ex-musicians like Donna Summer and Bette Midler. An avid night fisher, Fuchs boasted what little money he had into bringing home to the home screen.

But movies remained the core, a point Fuchs well understood. He referred to HBO's schedule as "a mix of art and commerce," the arts were the major draw, the sports everything between them. What constituted success? In Fuchs's mind, as HBO's wealth, dominance, and market share grew, it meant exclusivity.

Exclusivity meant a lot less money for the studios, but by then they were hooked. What HBO and were. Says a presently imperial executive source, "They say, 'Oh, you don't want to sell to me at that price? Good. You'll never sell to us again.' And they don't."

It's true. They don't. The 20th-Century-Fox studio was at head-to-head with Fuchs on *Breaking Away*, its surprise hit of 1979. Fuchs declined his offer to be fired. Fox took him at his word and sold the film to HBO, which wanted it as a lead-in to its forthcoming series based on the movie.

Fox did not sell a thing to HBO for one full year. And when in 1982 Home Box Office tried to pass on Fox's *Star Wars*, the then-legendary-grooming flick of all time, rumors circulated that Michael Fuchs was trying to teach the studio a lesson. HBO did not buy the rights to *Star Wars* until October, six months after Fox had served up all the other secondary markets. It was classic brinkmanship. "Michael figured he could trust the boy. If he didn't get it, and then he'd be able to stand down anyone in the industry in the future," explained an associate familiar with the proceedings. If it were up to Fuchs, believe the core, HBO would not have flinched. "It was management that forced him to take the film," he said, adding with a grin, "They were all offered not to take it." Adds an independent producer, "That's how big HBO is—they can afford to teach lessons."

They also taught a lesson to Paramount. The studio had an unofficial arrangement

with HBO to produce a *Pinus Sinatra* special for airing on the cable service. Fuchs, a coining of all affairs on the project and left for vacation. When he returned he discovered that a consortium of buyers had upped the offer to Paramount by another half million. Fuchs was unmovable; the studio went with it, and Paramount he never sold another piece of original programming to Home Box Office.

**BACK IN HIS NEW YORK OFFICE**, turned and relaxed after leaving Cannes (twice) for Maracco (twice), Michael Fuchs began the almost mythical persona concocted for him. He's been riding carpets and napping cushions for a week. "It's the longest period of time I've been away from a telephone since..." He doesn't finish the sentence, but the answer is, since the Paramount-Sinatra deal. The phone is in his office.

To most people Michael Fuchs is a disembodied voice. In person he is as forthright a man as the entertainment business has known. As quick as others in the industry are to deem silent, he is so aware of what he "sends." Growing the lack of personal contact with outsiders has helped give rise to the charge that Fuchs and his company are arrogant, but the problem is probably more institutional: one of HBO's film buyers describes his representative's philosophy vis-à-vis the studios as "Fred, yes, fight 'em, kick 'em, and knock 'em." Wednesday is another word bandied about with frequency. "A lot of studio people have learned to be tough negotiators too,

but once negotiations are over, you can break inside again," says a studio vice-president. "We've always gotten the feeling that it's taken personally at HBO. That it's a vendetta. Studios are using each other all the time. You beat the shit out of the other guy, but then you go out on cruise. HBO has no sense of how to get on with business and then go on to the next thing. Michael is the personification of that."

But Hollywood, in Fuchs's eyes, has a way of absolving itself of responsibility for actions he feels it encourages. "I was laid to," he says of the Sinatra situation. "I was furious about being lied to. People can say revenge, whatever, but lying is in a separate category in life. Maybe I've got Sicilian blood in me."

It is only a joke, yet aggression is manifestly a part of his character. Warner Bros. Ed Bress says he is always telling him, "Michael, business is not trust." But

in all Fuchs does, he refuses to sport and entertainment. It was Michael who introduced the concept of rounds to company meetings. When the negotiations are over would spend three hours preparing his sketches, the programming department would take twenty. "Why'd we spend so much time on it?" asks Cinema's David Minter. "Because Michael wanted to win." Inevitably, the round reflected Fuchs's sense of humor—sarcastic, cutting, at times caustic. "I learned I could afford one or two interchanges with Michael," says a former colleague. "He'd dump me on it. I'd dump on him. He'd dump on me. I'd dump on him. He'd dump on me. And I'd take it. I'd let Michael get the last word. The last one would be a hole too sharp, a little too much from a power position..."

So amper Hollywood. "Business is business. I want to stay adventures in it and get," says Fuchs in defense. He has little patience for the studios' peeping. "If we could dictate prices, we'd probably be paying half of what we're paying now. I think the greatest FBI character assassination conspiracy in history has been carried out against HBO.... It is a psychosocial environment and a traumatic hangover from having lost the business that makes HBO a constant whipping boy. Listen, you go out to California, and it's 'Oh—here come the Mervins! Here come the Aspiners! Here come the Kardashians!'"

"How much do I like it? I'm tired of it. How much can I tolerate it? I can tolerate it. I got a mouth on me, too. I can tolerate the ball.... How much do I sit it up, how much do I take it?"

Michael Fuchs, smiles a grim smile. "I'm an excellent provocateur."

Then is performing. The plan, truth is that Michael Fuchs is as brief about the caricature Hollywood draws of him. He clearly prides himself on the interjection of aggression, and yet the vindictive accusations cut, in conversation very direct, he slows down when the charge is innocent. "I don't find that an attractive character trait. I'm—I'm not real pleased to hear that."

"Genuinely hurt" is how one friend describes his reaction to the stories that circulate about him. Nevertheless, she problems to sympathy. "Is it necessary to search for sympathy? No, it's not," he adds. "I've got some Sicilian blood in me."

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HOLLYWOOD IS THE ORIGINAL town without pity. It's difficult to take too seriously the studio's complaints about HBO's monopolistic practices when Hollywood's history is rife with trade rivalries. And it is particularly tough to sympathize knowing that the studios have tried turning these tricks on Home Box Office, the most conspicuous example of which happened in 1981-82, just as Fuchs and HBO were engaged in their best-of-handled synergy. That year Paramount, Universal, Fox, and Columbia, with the added Getty, announced the formation of Premiere, a pay-television network whose purpose was ostensibly to ensure competition in the cable market for first-run films. The Justice Department filed an antitrust suit and the trial revealed anything but the pristine goal of free-market enhancement. Internal memoranda disclosed an active attempt to create a homonoid monopoly for the express purpose of draining HBO. "Our goals are... to erode HBO's ever-increasing leverage and eliminate absolute dominance from our business," read one such Paramount memo.

The Premiere case, following closely upon the heels of a studio antitrust lawsuit, Department investigation of HBO's vertical integration (in broadest monopoly), is exemplary Hollywood behavior. An one-

emporal culture-industry observer told me, "It's typical of the way the studios approach things. First they complain to the government. Then they try to control it. Finally, they win." Hollywood tried it again earlier this year when Paramount, Warner Bros., and MCA/Universal, along with American Express and Viacom, attempted to ouster Showtime and the Movie Channel. HBO's only two competitors in the pay-cable market. Last June, however, the Justice Department cited antitrust and told the five players it would file suit if they proceeded. For the time being, at least, HBO had won again.

Intricate to the Hollywood-HBO analogy is a dash of corporate culture. Time Inc. is a long-term strategist engaged in search-and-seize maneuvering in a town notorious for its lack of foresight. The studios hate Michael Fuchs because he does not play by Hollywood's rules. They have awarded a system by which they can get up in the morning—having beaten each other the night before—and still join forces to get richer. "Which may be indicative two clues one of Fuchs's West Coast critics: 'So what's wrong with it more naive?' Maybe Michael is just naive himself. You live in Michael Fuchs's, he'll remember: It's a New Yorker's legitimate code of honor."

The irony is that while L.A. looks on

Michael Fuchs as "New York," using the words as a term of abuse, look home Fuchs is viewed as slightly naive "show biz" than the Time Inc. style. And it is that very style that has armed the studios' position in the entertainment industry, that has them quaking in fear over the end of the system-as-we-know-it. Home Box Office, like the rest of its parent corporation, is famous for keeping its personnel content, focused on growth, and in the company kitchen. In Hollywood the favored genre is musical chairs. "I don't know what overly competitive means in business," says Fuchs, summarizing management philosophy. "We've got a lot of young, ambitious people here who are trying to excel. Sometimes they may get too ambitious." But hey? So what if a few toes get trampled? The more ambitious, the more competitive, the better for business.

Home Box Office—Time Inc.—is Jones. The style of management, from the company mascot on up, is pure Disney. In Hollywood, remember, the persona is pitiable. As Gary Detroit, so perhaps, goes Hollywood. "We're going to be" predicts the prices of pay TV, "the IBM of the communications age." And no one's laughing now.

BY VINCE BUONICCONTI AND PHILIP FRANKLIN  
Illustration by Phil Franklin

## Hollywood & Vinyl The Doctor's Office

In which Chuck Newman, a novice Hollywood screenwriter, is struck down by a number 1984 custom-made Mercedes. People, horrified by the spectacle, crowd around to inspect the dent. Chuck goes to the doctor's



Have you ever seen a grown man cry?



# Inside Moves

## The Business of Show Business

### THE WARNERS FACTOR

A NETWORK'S DECISION to pick up or renew one hour-long show can mean millions of dollars to a supplier, and many suppliers went in over their heads. For instance, which supplied on loan of network time last year, was down to four and Warner Bros., which last year was responsible for two and a half hours,



CAROL O'CONNOR  
Hollywood's first female producer

had its order doubled to five. These five include two highly successful reruns: *Ally*, which was ranked forty-first at year's end, and *The Duke of Hazzard*, ranked thirty-fourth. Both were picked up by CBS, which dropped more highly ranked non-Warner shows like *Archie* (Warner's *Archie* twenty-sixth) and *Glass* (thirty-sixth).

When the ratings are announced, the losers inevitably complain that their choices are a matter of political connections. But is it all sour grapes? Consider the personnel at Warner Bros. The chairman happens to be Robert Daly, a former CBS Entertainment president. Having led networks by the head of the TV division to build up its programming output was a man named Scott Singer, who had been a VP for program development at CBS. Within a month of his hiring, Singer had crisscrossed the country with close contacts at each network. Paralleling Larry Lasker, Lyttle had become close friends with Brandon Tartakoff who both worked for TV stations in Chicago. Tartakoff is now programming chief for NBC; they are still good friends. Singer also brought in Clady Danes, who spent seven years at Spelling

Goldberg and Aaron Spelling Productions, which produces much of ABC's line. She is also the daughter of Elton Rule, the outgoing ABC vice chairman.

The three immediately went to work preparing for the 1983-84 network season, and it was the initial CBS connection that paid off big time: CBS picked up Warner Bros. shows on its midweek *Goodnight, Beantown*, produced by B&B Productions, and *The Monkees*. The network put *Shogun* on an unscheduled after 6:30 Monday, and *The Monkees* after 10:30, which were the two best slots CBS had. To no one's surprise, the shows did well there, and both were picked up for the fall.

### JACK'S LEADING LADIES

JACK NICHOLSON and Timothy Hutton are starring in a contemporary western for MGM called *Road Show*. "It's the most perfect coming scene about Garry and the *Savannah Kid*," says studio president Freddie Fields— "and he may be right. But there is a third major role, Nicholson's wife, that won't be so easy to cast. Because it was finally filled by a woman before the movie began shooting, practically every actress in town had a shot at it."

The earliest heavyweight contender was Diane Keaton, who became free when *Melvin, Frank*, which she was set to do, was sent back for a rewrite. Nicholson, who had starred with her in *Weekend Update*, who had been her producer on *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, both put pressure on her to do the part and it was in fact locked to the trades that she had accepted, although she hadn't. In the outline of negotiations she backed out: the part was too small, but more importantly, she didn't need it. If everything goes as planned, she will do *The Little Drummer Girl*, *Modern Vytas*, and a picture called *Mr. Zeph*, all within a year's time. The last two, like *Road Show*, are for Freddie Fields at MGM.

The next big name to surface was Cher, who was getting further advance word for her role in the upcoming *Silverdust*. Cher wanted her part badly. She was available and well regarded. She

was also cheaper than an actress in *Road Show*'s class, which, while probably not a major consideration, was at least relevant. Nicholson was reportedly getting a whopping \$3 million for his part, and Elston was taking million five. But there was one obstacle: Nicholson. He finds "conviction" desirable in contacts about the choice of his leading lady. He was persistent in wanting Cher. Cher fell out of contention.

Enter Jessica Lange, who can be, and also an old Nicholson cousin (in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*). She had



JESSICA LANGE  
Nicholson's new love

read the script back to the pre-Nicholson days and was sent it again when Cher began to flake. Lange felt with the project while waiting to see if it was of her own, which the studio would direct, was going to get a green light from the Lasker Company. Lasker and Jack Lange was out of *Road Show*.

By the time Lange dropped out, Nicholson was already talking hard to Debra Winger, a "dove person" friend, "an old studio executive's pet." Certainly Winger, who had just finished filming *Terms of Endearment* with Nicholson for Paramount, was an acceptable choice to replace Cher, but it didn't hurt that she had Nicholson's unflinching support. Everything looked good until June 1, when the director, Martin Ritt, was forced to bow out for health reasons and casting was halted. A month later Richard Brooks came in to replace him, and Nicholson's choice prevailed: the part was Winger's, leaving Cher in the wings. As for the fact that Winger is only a few years older than Nicholson, few seemed to worry; the role would pay her well. It has been five months since the boys were cast, and everyone was eager to get the *Show* on the road.

### ELVIS AND FRIENDS

SINCE ELVIS PRESLEY'S death, a lot little crowd of unclear legal status has been freed to say into more American business. Called *The Million Dollar Quartet*, it's a thirty-five-minute out from

a legendary secret jam session recorded by Elton, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, and Ray Charles. Johnny Cash, and it may be the best-known collection second around.

The four came together back in 1956 when Carl Perkins, who already had a hit with "Blue Suede Shoes," was recording for the Sun label in Memphis. Isolated on this particular session was Jerry Lee Lewis, who in just a few months would become a star in his own right. Johnny Cash was supposedly wandering in and out of the studio. And while they were all there together, a former Sun artist, Elvis Presley, by then a national star on RCA, dropped by. The four times of cockabie got to jamming, quick-thinking Sun engineer and producer Jack Clement tapped on the tape machine, and that was that.

Those recordings were never released, partly because of Elvis's exclusive contract with RCA. And they might never have surfaced had Sun not bailed out to Shelby Singleton, a Nashville entrepreneur, in 1969. At first, Singleton didn't even look for the Million Dollar Quartet recordings among the ten thousand hours of tape acquired in the deal.

But when Elvis died, Singleton eyed the huge market for Presleyana and ferreted out the tapes. Before he could release them, however, RCA hit him up with an injunction, Perkins and Cash were in—by then the tape was irreparable—but it started to surface in a book, and then it was released as an import from Cherry Records of London. Though Singleton claims he isn't defying the injunction—he says he has nothing to do with the copied tape—Cherry is the exclusive licensor of the Sun catalog for most of the overseas market. In any



TONY DANZA  
Singer on the set

event, Singleton claims to be a persistence of a two- and one-half hour tape of the full jam session, which he says he holds over his head. He has an agreement with RCA, RCA's big budget, but removed the legitimate release of the entire tape any way. One reason RCA may be hesitating around Chazy to let the thirty-five-minute record that it when everyone is a little bit for the first two weeks

half-hour tape. And one suspects RCA might be trying to make the deal one they've done out of the Presley deal in their own.

MEANWHILE, ANOTHER DIVISION of RCA is planning a "best" of a most—a full-length original video with a story and a star. The story is something in the first *Avanti-Adagio* Regency model, and the unlikely star is the stage sly Carly Simon.

Simon had been tentatively looking for a film project when she met Elton



CARLY SIMON  
The new Regency

Russell, who had directed videos for Rickie Lee Jones, and for John and Yoko. Russell and Simon liked each other and agreed that while they were waiting for a bigger project, Russell would direct a group clip from her new Warner Bros. LP, *Avanti Adagio*. In the meantime, Chuck Mitchell, programming chief for RCA Videodiscs, got word of Russell and Simon's mutual interest and offered them the chance to make the flick right away if they would cut it on video for RCA, the company had been looking for an ambitious project for a big name star and the timing was perfect.

It should have been a perfect catch, but it wasn't. After signing up with RCA, Simon and Russell were unable to agree even on the song to be filmed for the promo clip. In the midst of prolonged negotiation on this smaller project, Russell found himself running down work, including a pair of projects for Quarterflash. Finally, on June 17, Simon and Russell decided to part ways on the short video. Since treatment money had been advanced to Russell for the RCA project, that deal was still open. But Russell decided anything was better than no deal. "I'll finish the treatment, of course, but if we can't make a short piece, what's going to happen with a long one?" Before looking up with Simon, Russell had seen a three-picture deal with Paramount ready to nothing, so he was used to such things.

Back at RCA Mitchell was resigned to moving back the late summer shooting schedule. After all, while he had been attracted to the pairing of Simon and Russell, the project had always been on a group clip from her new Warner Bros.

### FAST-FOOD VIDEO

SINCE ITS BEGINNINGS, video art has been relatively inaccessible to collectors: works could be bought, but only if someone's willing to pay more than two hundred dollars for less than an hour's worth of tape. For the last few weeks, however, a nonprofit group called the San Francisco Video Festival has been selling pre-owned video art in bargain-basement prices: \$44.95 per tape, available in select video stores, or whoever sets to *Drop Dead* and *Joe Fonda's* *Workout*, and through mail order.

Marked under the name "Video to Go," the initial offering of a dozen tapes is video pioneer Nam June Paik's *Allen's* *Allen's* *Allen's*, which is an evocative profile of Allen Ginsberg and Allen Kaprow; Dan Rothen's *Swampy Dreams*, a meditation on this Vietnam veteran's wartime experiences; with Van Morrison and Judy Collins providing the



NAM JUNE PAIK  
Marked under

score; and Meredith Monk's portrait of Ellis Island.

It's a gamble, but not a serious one: the limited-run price is one thousand sales per tape, a sleek market reach that will nonetheless provide a source of income for the artists and develop an audience for future releases. Meanwhile, major video art distributors like Electronic Arts International are continuing to sell some of the same pieces, mostly to cultural institutions at premium prices—though how long they can stay in business is anybody's guess.

—Reported by Anthony Gorman, John W. Hirsch, and John McHale





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IN MAY 1991, AT THE REQUEST OF SALVADOR'S MILITARY-INTELLIGENCE CHIEF, I HAD BREAKFAST WITH RICARDO SUGIEZ SALAZAR, THEN "LEGAL ADVISER" TO ORDEN, SALVADOR'S LARGEST PARAMILITARY GROUP. "WE BELIEVE IN DEMOCRACY," HE

nod over his protein and coffee, "but we can only have a little democracy here—if we had more, the society would win, and then where would we be?" He bled his Brooks Brothers sleeve and with a gold pen scratched on the Sheraton place mat a diagram of the source of El Salvador's troubles: across from Cuba, of course, but from Guatemala, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and the ocean as well.

"They come at us from all sides," these Communists. Look at what they are doing to Somalia this instant! But we are ready for them." He produced an anti-Communist event book his organization was distributing to peasants. The Communists were depicted raping women, shooting children, and torching the pecking-crook tails of the poor. Sugie then told me with modest pride that he was a poet, and presented me with a leather-bound volume of *Tercos*, his work dedicated to the inherited, along with *México*, a prose meditation on the ancient history of Central America, indebted to "Generalissimo Franco."

A new Statue book, *Our State Under the Sun*, proposes the utopian solution of shipping El Salvador's peasant population to the jungles of northern Brazil, and prophesies the emergence of a "great lord," born of the military, who would preside over Salvador, presencing his ideas "like the vector of life." "The seeds of this political savior come to Salazar in a dream." The dream was not very clear," he confesses, "but the consequences were. 'This phantasm, on the first day, took a seat at a big drink—there were civilians, the military, the diplomatic corps, all that corresponds to a real revolutionary government.' The great lord would be called Anzotegui, which was also the prehistoric name, Salazar claims, for the volcano that exploded before the time of Christ, leaving behind Lake Ilopango. Coincidentally, it is also his secret name for El Salvador itself."

"So I hope you will write beautiful things about my country when you return to the U.S.," he said. I answered that I, too, wished this were possible. "We could pay you of course," he said. "We have incredible resources. You could name your price. In fact, we have unlimited resources." He moved closer. "I am very well connected here. It could mean millions to you, in cash of course." Another companion at the table let his egg slip from his fork. I collected myself during a tip of coffee and assured him that while professional ethics precluded any acceptance of his generous offer, I would promise to write honestly about El Salvador in the United States.

"The truth," he corrected, smothering his reticence derisively, "of course." He extended his hand to shake me his ring, created with one single or a couple. "This is a meeting," he whispered, "which a spy goes to see, a man with secret knowledge. I wear it because I am at the society of various ones." Ricardo Sugie Salazar founded El Salvador's New party, the *Pyramid Party*, when he was still a university student.

FOR US TO comprehend El Salvador, for there to be any valuation, we must be convinced that Salvadorans—and indeed the whole population of Latin America—are people like ourselves, contemporary with ourselves, anticipating the same reality.

In *The Lizard's Tail*, recently published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux, Lima Velaquez captures a sorcerer and his rise to power in Agrigento, based on the life of Isabel Proen's interior minister, López Rega. He grows up and establishes a kingdom "situated in the Marshland, a zone that is transparent and filled at the same time, a place that looks like a crystalline paradise and is traversed by green grass and some waving plants, bugs, and all manner of venoms. Could you find a better representa-

tion than this of the human unconscious?"

Not only does "the Master" have three tarantulas, but one of them turns out to be his exuberant twin sister, Isabela, with whom he desires to coexist; a son, a being superior than "there will be no need for any other being in this world." This master also craves a "great lord." He fosters Eve's cult worship, becomes a Rastafin to Isabel, and through sorcery "arrests" the military regime.

The sorcerer's apocalypticism is caused by his misanthropy, then centrifuged and drawn until "the sublime moment." He takes hormones to become female, and has the misanthropist coarct him with clay, sculpting full lips and breasts on his body, until "his flesh...has become juicy, fat, lecherous, tender, and his burning fervor now points to the glow of the fire, and Isabela seems to vibrate in solitude." For the incarnation, he uses



"a spring for worming cattle with a preservative jet," mixes his sperm with fluid from a thousand-year-old mummy, and injects 20 cc. of it into the testis of Isabela.

Many kinds of occult practice come together in this parable of absolute power—the secret economic mechanism of European witchcraft, the Egyptianological fantasies of pyramids and talismans, the alchemical transmutation of Isabela, the New re-

vision of death. Richard Velaquez's brilliant three-tarantula leader, we recall, is De Sola's modeled libertines who dream of slaughtering whole provinces, the surreal sexual processes chaired by cult leaders from the absolute darkness of the seventeenth century to Mussolini and Jim Jones, the attempt of a Freudian or a Freudian to generate a new life without the "original" woman, "the mother" (the desire of the evil Trinity to incarnate a Saint Savior from within itself. One feature that



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under all these beliefs, and that too always hierarchically located (parental) educational dictators, in the nice of strict knowledge, transmitted from generation to generation by a few magically expounded elements—a security of relevance soon.

On January 4, 1976, my first night in El Salvador, I was taken late to a closed restaurant in the capital to meet the woman who would provide me with a guest room in the quarters above the restaurant. After showing me how to use her expensive shower and providing fresh linen, she advised me that the house formerly belonged to General Hernández Martínez, the ruler of El Salvador between 1931 and 1944. I would be sleeping in his bedroom, I was told. "Martínez," she said, "held winners here."

In Salvador (Simon and Schuster), Juan Dado's report of a two-week visit to that country in 1982, there are mentions of Martínez, whom she sees as the likely inspiration for Gabriel García Márquez's *The Autumn of the Patriarch*. He believed that "it is good that children go barefoot. That way they can better receive the beneficial effluvia of the planet... Plants and animals don't wear shoes." And "during an epidemic of measles in the capital, he is thought to have spread by carrying the city with a web of colored lights."

Dado does not give us the definitive book on Salvador but, rather, an anti-travelogue: "must do" catalogs of body charms, the "enigmatic forests" of the isthmus, a dissection of an American woman's fear. Salvador presents its visitors with a "logic... of acquaintance," an assistance that we willingly join the "dreamwork." She does not attempt to detail what life is like for a majority of Salvadorans, the motivations for peasant squagerness, nor, for that matter, the pervasive corruption that sustains the military in its fight to hold power. "If it is taken for granted in Salvador that the government kills," she reasons, "it is also taken for granted that the other side kills, that everyone has killed, everyone kills now, and, if the history of the place suggests any pattern, everyone will continue to kill."

This argument is a polished mirror, reflecting the undeniable condition of Americans. It is tempting to flatten our view of other peoples into an oversimplified version of ourselves.

Perhaps the seventeenth-century parallel suggested by Vile razzi's novel is not limited to a preoccupation with violence. Also characteristic of that period was the failure of the bourgeoisie, the military, and the feudal aristocracy to achieve a stable power-sharing arrangement, and a divergence between rich and poor so large that the bulk of the population could not feel that they lived in the same society. Today in El Salvador, 80 percent of the population has no running water, electricity, or sanitation. The houses are of mud, stone, cardboard

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packing crates, or short plastic tickled to crenelated. The chief cause of death is gastrointestinal disease. In a somewhat embarrassing passage, Dedon notes only that "everyone outdoors there must leave safely & quickly the minute the American arrives." One out of every four children dies before the age of five.

Trying to understand present consumption in Latin America, John Berger in *The Look of Things* suggested that in earlier centuries "The conditions under which two-thirds of the people of the world lived were approximately the same as now. The degree of exploitation and enslavement was as great. The suffering involved was as intense and widespread. But it was not intolerable because the full measure of the truth about these conditions was unknown—even by those who suffered it." The seed of recognition of this intolerable condition permeated as the Salvadorian death—and, wherever advantage might be taken and now by the ideologically motivated, it is a recognition, inseparable, to eradicate. "The world is not intolerable," Berger concludes, "until the possibility of transforming it exists but is denied."

It is critical that we not read Latin American literature as mere symbolism, or as a magic kingdom of purely archaic, even levels. Unquestionably superstition still exists among the campesinos, and undoubtedly for more intense and sinister occult beliefs are held by those in power: it was as specific, constant when Dedon realized that Gabriel Marquez was "a social realist." Valenzuela's *Summer* does indeed grow out of a crystalline and veracious vision—"Could you find a better representation than this of the human unconscious?"—and the results of his torments do reflect in fact as images of his own terror: "I myself put a measure in that sea's rapids so it would slowly grow at her and now there's that huge black below like a crowd that wants to devour me." The American reader, sensitive to psychoanalytic symbolism, accustomed to literature of introspection, and nearly exposed to physical horror, will be tempted to interpret such elements in both the fiction and the context about Latin America as allegories of the unconscious in which the physical event is not supposed to have really happened. Would that it were some fantasy, there have been many dark-minded cases of the racist torture in recent years. This particular technique was first documented in *Go Down, Oh Manabito* and *Twenty Days of Solitude*, but twentieth-century doctors have described these imaginary horrors into physical reality. Valenzuela shows as the soil of his home, Dedon shows the face of our comprehension and the appearance of our assumption that what we do not really understand must necessarily be mysterious and opaque. Carlos Fuentes, recently published for several books of poetry, *The Country Beyond Us*.

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# ET: The Latest Assault

by Peter W. Kaplan

DAN RATHER'S FACE WAS ON THE MONITOR. ON THAT DAY IN THE REST OF THE WORLD OTHER THINGS COUNTED—ECONOMIC SUMMITS AND NEWS OF THE TROOPS IN BERLIN—BUT ON ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT, THE HALF-HOUR NEWS PROGRAM SYNDICATED BY PARAMOUNT

Television for show-business junkies around the country, Dan Rather took the top spot. Puffy and tired, Rather's brown-haired face looked out from a monitor above two other anchors, named Ann Haden and Mary Hart. The three of them formed the geometric frieze that dominated all American television in the 1970s: two smiling people delivering the news about one person who saw the news for no better reason than that he was on television.

Haden and Hart sat under red and blue panels on a brightly lit cruise-wood set in a television complex at Hollywood in a control room on the other side of the building, in front of a wall of television screens, not *Entertainment Tonight's* director, Steve Hesse, yelling. On one of the screens the anchors read the news, on another screen a frozen image of Tugger was caught in red searchlight, on another was the weathercaster John Stynes, on another the actor Danny DeVito, and on another the letters *ET*. Hesse, launched over, watched the screen like a mimic. "Chyren!" he yelled, calling for the computer graphics to accompany the story. A name went up on the screen. "Loose it!" he yelled. The letters disappeared. "Chyren!" he yelled. "Loose it!" he yelled. The names came, the names disappeared.

George Merlis, the executive producer of the show, sat, watched his monitor, got up. Toot, with the intensity of Billy Martin, Merlis put together *Good Morning America* for ABC, brought it into first place, was dismissed, put together the new CBS *Morning News*, increased its ratings by 30 percent, was moved to a new assignment, and quit before *ET* had him.

"I liked the show when I first saw it," he said. "It had a good pace, but it had no coherent or consistent editorial point of view." He walked to the door of the building and looked outside Hollywood, which swelters in the springtime, was a hot white sandwich of strong between its white-hot sky and white-hot streets. Merlis, who looks

like Napoleon as Ralph Lauren might have dressed him, squinted. "The day when television has people reading to you and showing you half-hour shows is ending," he said. "It's all getting faster. Now the news is, in effect, producing little movies. Little plays. They're cheaper than *Small* shows, and the effect is more anecdotal."

Those "little plays" are what's making up the television we know these days. More and more, the two-and-a-half-minute pop—at which not only *ET* but many news shows of average govt news you make—the story that counts in television. Sometimes, they're so short, as in the case with the astonishing thirty-second "news updates" that the networks use to play their eleven o'clock shows, that they're graciously subliminal. As Merlis said of the spots he put on his morning shows, "I'll see you next morning and make somebody late for work, they'll be mad at you." So nobody is told too much, and nobody's late for work; the same applies to *ET*. The spots are short and they're interchangeable. The lessons that Madison Avenue taught television—that impressions are what count, no matter how short—are being picked up by the news, with *ET* as the out-of-town tryout.

Merlis ducked into a restaurant. "Look," he said, "*ET* is the first of these shows distributed by satellite. It goes out immediately. We tape by eleven thirty, it's out to one hundred thirty-two markets around the country in an hour. It's a half-hour show. People stay with it. It's short spots. Short *ET* is a machine. It's got to be a machine to cover the business."

The business is entertainment. *Entertainment Tonight* first made news when it went to work investigating John Belushi's death. "That's our kind of story," said John Goldhammer, a forty-year-old senior vice-

president of programming for Paramount TV, who first developed the show. The Belushi case helped give their coveted credibility because it was a story the newspapers also felt it to cover.

"Don't tell me what news is," said Goldhammer, "and don't tell me what hard news is. Hard news, soft news, there's no such thing. We don't do soft news. We do entertainment news." In 1980 Goldhammer brought to Paramount a new television concept: a news show that would cover entertainment for a young nation. He had spared the trend toward people-slick journalism. "Dan Rather on the stand, that's hard news," Goldhammer said. "When Mike Douglas gets, that's news. This concept was hard to get across to our staff, but we did."

In December 1981 *Entertainment Tonight* made news itself by firing Jim Belushi—formerly of *The Washington Star* and several other papers—away from the Los Angeles  *Herald Examiner* and making him managing editor of *Entertainment Tonight*. Nobody understood why Belushi was leaving the editorship of a great metropolitan newspaper to go to a piece of full-line *ET*, but he wanted to learn television and it paid off. He's on his way to ABC to produce his own magazine show. Before he left, he

straightened up *ET* and gave it more of the credibility. "It was a slow process," said Belushi, "of getting them away from 'What color is your girlfriend?' questions. We're moving away from an industrial society, toward an information society, and what we're doing here, no matter what kind of information we're getting across, is learning how to do it right." Under Belushi, *ET* began hiring good journalists and putting together a strong research department. "It's not *The New York Times*,"



VIDEO



he says, "but it's not the *New York Post* who says we're gone for here in authority."

It built it, and on a \$20 million annual budget. *Entertainment Tonight* and the hour-long weekend version, *Entertainment '90*. This Week have the largest staff of any show outside of the network news and sports operations—325 in Los Angeles and New York. It's the most expensive syndicated program in television history. Its news anchor Rick Springfield is said to be paid \$1 million a week. Jack Klugman and Donna Sommer and Ron Howard and Steven Spielberg and Louis Anderson and Marvin Davis and Harrison Ford goes out to 134 markets, plus Australia and New Zealand. Twenty million people watch it each week. "More than *Good Morning America*, *Today*, and *Thought* combined," said Goldblum. "If that's true, is it possible that that many people want to, need to, know about gossip?"

"I call it infotainment," said Goldblum. "Read news information. News has nothing to do with what's important. Who's going to decide what's important to my life? What will be on ABC, NBC, CBS next year will affect more people than the economic summit. The fact that *News* of the fall made six million dollars in its first day at the theaters, that's expensive. As far as I know, Americans don't spend an million dollars on anything else that day." John Goldblum is a cigarette and

leveled back. "And by the way," he said, "news is part of the entertainment business. If it wasn't for the entertainment industry, of which *The Washington Post* is part and CBS News is part, Richard Nixon would never have had his downfall. If Walter Cronkite would be run for president, can there be doubts in anybody's mind he would be taken seriously, if not succeed? And by the way"—John Goldblum entered triumphantly, blowing smoke—"from whence comes our President? John Goldblum was elected. In many ways, he said, 'ET' is a lot more significant than the *Congressional Record*." Then the Paramount Television association slammed its hand down on the table.

It was a dramatic speech but Goldblum is wrong: it does matter what is and what is not designated as important. Economic and political and scientific news not only is deeper but changes as more than the wide cultural perspective that says get because lots of people are to receive it's important. Nothing's important unless it's very good or very bad or very new—and most of what ET reports on is neither very good, very bad, nor very new. It's just soft fuel that burns like slow drag and warm as an and until you breathe. When an event is notable, we ought to pay attention to it—ought to be reported on, but precisely and in depth, and not as infotainment.

*Entertainment Tonight* can be fun and

good, and I, for one, watch it—but I'm involved to a lot of the worst parts of TV. It's filling a certain need that's as crucial as elevator music—but like a lot of products, an infotainment is in moving other things along. *Entertainment Tonight* isn't making us or entertaining us in a leading or enlightening way, but it is showing us how much information we can absorb, and how fast. More than ever before in history we can identify faces, names, vignettes of strangers and strangers' scenes thanks to television—we have lived up to Paramount Television's notion of us as a source of lies.

In George Merz's office, a story meeting was beginning. He turned to his staff. "Where are we going to get that story about 'Good Reeves'?" he said. "The former Halcule?" one of his staff members said. "He's got something called power walking," another producer said. "And how about a story," Merz said, "about how gay-straight news can't make it to the small screen? Pough, Stewart, Gale."

"That's good," one of the producers said. Another producer came into the room to say that the show had reported that Pough, the actress, had been canceled. It hadn't been. Merz's face became as thunderous as a thunderstorm. He mentioned a researcher's name. "I want her in my office at eight o'clock tomorrow morning," he said. "I want her in this office at eight o'clock."

"She's on vacation," a producer said. Merz glared at her staff. He said he wanted a retraction on the show the next night. "This show is not going to bury mistakes," he commanded. "It's going to correct them," he leered back and sighed. He looked at the ceiling. "They ought to cancel it," he said. "It's a lousy show." He looked around the room. "What about doing a story on whatever happened to *CosmoScope*?" a producer said. The staff exhaled. The weight of the world had moved on to other things.

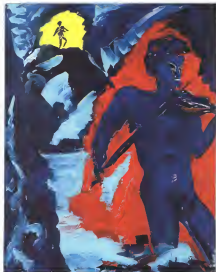
It all moved quickly as television. In ET as in the new national newspaper, USA Today, brilliant mechanisms have been developed, priming us to take our information faster, and we're becoming. Fred Allen once called television chewing gum for the mind, but lately that's become too tame a comparison; it's more like Bonnies. And for all our productivity in breaking the speed barrier, what are we being hyped to get?

"What about *CosmoScope*?" George Merz asked his staff finally.

PETER R. KAPLAN is a regular contributor to *Flare*.

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## Openings BERND ZIMMER



Bernd Zimmer, a thirty-four-year-old painter, is a leading member of a group of European artists whose style—see *Openings*—has brought about waves of change internationally. In 1978 in Berlin, the city which he still lives, Zimmer helped found a following of German art students, which came to be known as *Galerie des Menschen*. The gallery's work recently presented a burst from conceptual art in Europe but eventually came to the attention of American artists and patrons' serious movement. The painting shown highlights the swirling blue and red colors in a dense, swirling, which the similarity to art a return—on his style and class of culture—his figures are placed in pastoral settings. Living lost, local knowledge, Zimmer paints with an acute point on the entire himself from past and present. The past appears to be the same without any real color change. His work has been shown in museums in both the United States and Europe, a show is planned for the spring at the *Barbara Gladstone Gallery* in New York City.

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# FOREIGN SHORES

THE DUTCH GIRL SEEMED SUCH A PRIZE, A PART OF THE FAMILY. SO HOW COULD SHE BETRAY THEM?

by James Salter

**M**RS. PENCE AND HER WHITE SHOES WERE GONE. SHE had left the week before, and the room at the top of the stairs was empty, cosmetics no longer littering the dresser, the ironing board finally taken down. Only a few scattered hairpins and a trace of talcum remained. The next day Troun arrived with two suitcases and splashed cheeks. It was March and cold. Christopher met her in the kitchen as if by accident. "Do you shoot people?" he asked.

She was Dutch and had no work permit, it turned out. The house was a ruin. "I can pay you a hundred and thirty-five dollars a week," Gloria told her.

Christopher didn't like her at first, but soon the duties piled on the counter were washed and put away, the floor was swept, and things were more or less returned to order—the cleaning girl came only once a week. Troun was slow but diligent. She did the laundry, which Mrs. Pence, who was a registered nurse, had always refused to do, shopped, cooked meals, and took care of Christopher. She was a hard worker, quietest, and in sunny moods. Gloria sent her to Elizabeth Arden's in Southampton to get her complexion cleared up and gave her Mondays and one night a week off.

Gradually Troun learned about things.

The house, which was a large converted

garage house, was rented. Gloria, who was twenty-nine, liked to sleep late, and burned spots sometimes appeared in the living room rug. Christopher's father lived in California, and Gloria had a boyfriend named Ned. "That son of a bitch," she often said, "ought as well target shoot seeing Christopher again until he pays me what he owes me."

"Absolutely," Ned said.

When the weather became warmer, Troun could be seen in the village in one shop or another or walking along the street with Christopher in tow. She was somewhat droll. She had met another girl by then, a French girl, also in no pose, with whom she went to the movies. Beneath the trees with their new leaves the experts were seen gliding along, more of them every week. Troun began taking Christopher to

JAMES SALTER'S books include *A Sport and a Passion*. Light, Snow, and Solo Pieces, the last of which was accepted in the June 3, 2005, *Esquire*. His short stories have appeared in *The Paris Review* and *Grand Street*.



PAINTING: SUE KRAMER



the beach. Gloria watched them go off. She was often still in her bathrobe. She would not think of it. She was very lucky. All her friends said her and she knew it for sure. Truus was a prize. She had made herself part of the family.

**T**ruus ignored what she had heard. "To get what?" "Little man."

"Mhm," Gloria said. "He was watching her apply makeup, which fascinated him. Face nearly touching the mirror, intent, she stroked her long lashes upward. She had a great mass of blond hair, a mole on her upper lip, a few untamed curls growing from it, a small blemish on her forehead, but otherwise a beautiful face. Her first entrance was always stunning. Later you might notice the thin lips, anatomic legs she called them, but mother had them, too. At the evening wear she had her perfect legs. The gloves disappeared from her lips, she replaced earrings. The highest point all knew her. A few weeks before she had dressed into a dash on the way home from a party and walked down Giorgio Road at three in the morning, leading two pairs of glass to get in the kitchen door."

"Her friend knows where to get them," Christopher said. "Which friend?" Truus said. "We met her." Gloria's eyes shifted from her own reflection to rest for a moment on that of Truus, who was watching, as less absorbed.

"Can I have some more?" Christopher pleaded. "Please?" "Please?" "No, darling."

"Please?" "No, we have enough of our own as it is." "When?" "All over the house."

"Please?" "No. Now stop it." To Truus she remarked casually, "It's a boyfriend?" "It's no use," Truus said. "Just someone I met."

"Well, just remember you have to watch yourself! You never knew who you're meeting, you have to be careful." She drew back slightly and examined her eyes, lips and black rimmed. "Just think. God you're not in Italy," she said.

"Italy?" "You can't even walk out on the street there. You can't even buy a pair of shoes, they're all over you, touching and pinching."

**I**T HAD HAPPENED OUTSIDE WHEN A DeLac's when Christopher insisted on carrying the bag and just past the door had dropped it.

"Oh, look at that," Truus said in irritation. "I told you not to drop it." "I didn't drop it, it slipped."

"Don't touch it," she warned. "There's broken glass." Christopher stared at the ground. He had a steady blue, bobbed hair, and a club on his chin like his (mother's) father's. People were looking past them. Truus was annoyed. It was hot, the noise was crowded, she would have to go back inside.

"Looks like you had a little accident," a voice said. "Here, what'd you break? That's all right, they'll exchange it. I know the color."

When he came out again a few moments later, he said to Christopher, "Thank you can hold a tin can?" Christopher was silent.

"What's your name?" "Well, let's see," Truus said. After a moment, "His name is Christopher."

"Too bad you weren't with me this morning, Christopher. I went to a place where they had a lot of nice more. Ever seen any?"

"Where?" Christopher said. "They sit right in your hand." "Where is it?" "You can't have a mouse," Truus said. "Yes, I can." He continued to repeat it as they walked along. "I can have anything I want," he said.

"Be quiet." They were talking about his head. Near the corner they stopped for a while. Christopher was silent as they went on talking. He left his hair buttoned but he did not look up.

"Say goodbye, Christopher." He said nothing. He refused to lift his head.

**I**N A HIGHLIGHT FROM THE SUN WAS LIT, a festive. Everything was dark against it, the horizon lost in haze. Far down the beach in front of one of the prominent houses a large flag was waving. With Christopher following her, Truus trudged through the sand. Finally she saw what she had been looking for. Up in the dunes a figure was sitting.

"Where are you going?" Christopher asked. "Just go home."

Christopher stood now where they were headed. "I have never seen the first thing he said."

"Is that right?" "You want to know their names?" In fact, they were two little girls in a state of wood shavings. "Cecilia and Betty," he said.

"Cecilia?" "He's the big one. Truus was spreading a towel. "Do you want to stay here?" he asked.

"Why?" He asked. He wanted to go down near the water. Truus finally agreed.

"Not only if you stay where I can see you," she said.

The shadow fell out of his back on to the sand. She had to call him to make him come back. He went off again and she pretended to walk.

"I'm really glad you came," the young man said. "You know, I don't know your name. I know his, but I don't know yours."

"Truus?" "I've never heard that name before. What is it, French?" "It's Dutch."

"Oh, yeah?" "My name was Robbie Werner. Not full name," he said. He had a very simple and pale blue eyes. There was something about him that said a student who has been expelled and is undisturbed by it. The sun was running down and striking Truus's shoulders beneath her shirt. She was wearing a blue one-piece bathing suit underneath. She was aware of being too heavy, of the heat, and of the thick, masculine legs stretched out near her.

"Do you live here?" she said. "I do just here on vacation."

"From where?" "Try and guess."

"I don't know," she said. She was never good at that.

"South America," he said. "It's about three times this hot."

He worked there, he explained. He had an apartment of his own and a free telephone. At first she did not believe him. She showed it to him as he talked and realized he was telling the truth. He got two months of vacation a year, he said, usually in Europe. She imagined it as sleeping in hotels and getting up late and going out to lunch. She did not want him to stop talking. She could not think of anything to say.

"How about you?" he said. "What do you do?" "Oh, I'm just taking care of Christopher."

"Where's his mother?" "She lives here. She's divorced," Truus said.

"It's terrible the way people get divorced," he said.

"I agree with you."

"I mean, why get married?" he said. "Are your parents still married?" "Yes," she said, although they had never been a good example. They had been married for nearly twenty-four years. They were worn out from marriage, her mother especially.

Suddenly she missed herself slightly. "Oh-oh," he said.

"What is it?"

"Your kid. I don't see her."

Truus jumped up quickly, looked around, and began to run toward the water. There was a kind of stall the side had made that hid the women's legs. As she saw the finally saw, beyond it, the little blond hair. She was calling his name.

"I told you to stay up where I could see you," she cried, out of breath, when she reached him. "I had to run all the way. Do you know how much you frightened me?" Christopher slipped underfoot at the end of the stall. She held up her hand and said, "Don't you want to build a castle?" He was watching from the door. "Are you happy?" she asked.

"Sure," Robbie said after a moment. "Come on, let's go down a little farther, closer to the water. Then we can have a most. Do you want to help us build a castle?" he said to Truus.

"Oh, yeah?" "No," Christopher said. "She can't." "Sure, she can. She's going to do a very important part of it for us."

"What?" "We'll see." They were walking down slowly and discomposed by the tide.

"What's your name?" Christopher asked.

"Robbie. Here's a good place." He looked and began skipping and large handbells. "Do you have a penny?" "Sure."

"I do, too," Christopher said.

**S**HE WAS PREPARING HER SPEECH while he played outside on the terrace, hanging on the gate with his shoulder. It was hot. Her clothes were sticking to her and there was more turn on her upper lip, but afterward she would go up and shower.

She had a room on the second floor—and the new Mrs. Pinner had had, but a small guest room joined with a cradle porch on the door where the original lock had been removed. Just outside the window were trees and the thick hedge of the neighbor. The door faced south and caught the breeze. Often on the morning Christopher would crawl into her bed, his legs cool and hair a little sour-smelling. The room was filled with morning light. Sunlight shimmered on the blue floor. She could look out in the sheets, the married man of it. She turned her head sleeping to look at her watch on the night table. Not yet six. The first birds were singing. Beside her, eyes closed, mouth parted to reveal a row of small teeth, lay this perfect boy.

He had begun digging at the border of flowers. He was playing dirt on the edge of the terrace.

"Don't, you'll hurt them," Truus said. "If you don't stop, I'm going to put you up in the tree, the one by the shed."

The telephone was ringing. Gloria picked it up in the other part of the house.

"It's for you," she called. "Hello?" Truus said.

"Hi," it was Robbie. "Hello," she said. She couldn't tell if Gloria had hung up. Then she heard a click.

"Are you going to be able to meet me tonight?" "Yes, I can meet you," she said. Her

heart felt extraordinarily light. Christopher had begun to scrape his shovel across the screen. "Excuse me," she said, putting her hand over the mouthpiece. "Stay here," she whispered. She had turned to him after she hung up. He was watching from the door. "Are you happy?" she asked.

"No." "Come, let's wash your hands."

"Why are you going out?" "Just for fun, going out."

"Where are you going?" "Oh, now, will you?"

**T**HAT NIGHT THE AIR WAS STILL. The heat spread out one more quietly, like a duck, in the thunderous cost of the Laundry, past

the darkened streets, they sat near the bar, which was late with rice. It was noisy and crowded. Every so often someone passing by would say hello.

"Hello, too, eh?" Robbie said. "Gloria came these days, Truus knew."

"How do you want to drink?" "Beer," she said.

There were at least twenty men at the bar. She was aware of occasional glances. "You know, you don't look bad in a bathing suit," Robbie said.

The opposite, she felt, was true. "Have you ever thought of being off a few pounds?" he asked. He had a calm, unassuming way of speaking. "It could really help you."

"Yes, I know," she said. "Have you ever thought of modeling?"

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"I'm serious," he said. "You have a nice face."

"I'm not quite a model," she murmured.  
"That's not the only thing. You also have a very nice job. You don't mind me saying that?"

Later they drove past large, dark houses and down a road that unexpectedly opened at the end like the road she knew was somehow opening to her. There were gently rolling fields and distant lights. A scrap of yellow cloth hung from a pole. A street sign saying *TOYOTA LANE*—she was too dizzy to read it—flashed for an instant in the headlights.

"That's the Midstone Club."

"Is someone here?"

"No, they're all asleep," he whispered.

They walked on the grass to the other side of the house. His room was in a kind of annex. There was a smell of dampness. The dormer was strewn with clothes, shoving goat magazines. She saw all this vaguely when he struck a match to light a candle.

"Are you sure no one's here?" she said.  
"Don't worry."  
It was all a little creepy. Afterward they  
showed and taught them.

"Well, I'm sure he knows she's just a body-snatcher. I hope he doesn't break her heart," Gloria said. "Actually, I'm glad he showed up. It's better for Christopher. She's less likely to return the erotic feelings he has for her."

"The what?"  
"Believe me, I'm not imagining it."  
"Oh, come on, Gloria."  
"There's something going on. Maybe  
you doesn't know it. He's in her bed all the  
time."  
"He's only five."

later, I was glad to receive it. You don't have to just go sailing straight on letters to Susan. Besides, though, On: U.S. around to catch. I'm glad to hear you miss me. She looked up. Christopher was bringing on something in the distance.

"There, let me see," she said. He seemed on the verge of tears. "This is here, doesn't it?" She attached the steel plastic hose. "There, now it will work."

[illegible][illegible]



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kick them to one side. "Hi, any cuts?" she asked.

Travis adjusted her performance. "No. No one."

Gloria had been visiting her mother, which was always tense, she looked around. Something was going on, she realized. "What's Christopher?"

A light of blond hair appeared above the doorway.

"Hello, dearie?" she said. There was a pause. "Mummy said hello. What's wrong? What's happened?"

"We're just playing a game," Travis explained.

"Well, stop playing for a moment and come and kiss me."

She took her into the living room, Travis went upstairs. Someone later she heard her name being called. She looked at the letter which she had been reading for the fifth or sixth time, and went to the head of the stairs. "Yes?"

"Can you come down?" Gloria called. "We're driving me crazy."

"He's impossible," she said when Travis arrived. "He's called his rich, he's kicked over the dog mess. Look at this mess!"

"Let's go outside and play a game," Travis said to him, reaching for his hand, which he pulled away. "Come. Or do you want to go on the pony?"

He stood in the door. As if she were alone in the room, she put down on her hands and knees. She shook her hair and made a curious sound, a first catch, pure in the trinkle of glass. She turned to give indifference to him over her shoulder. He was watching.

"Come," she said calmly. "Your pony is waiting."

**A**FTER THAT, WHEN THE LETTERS arrived, Travis would fold them and slip them into her pocket while Gloria went through the mail, bills, gallery openings, urgent requests for payment, occasionally a letter. She wrote very few herself but always complained when she did not receive them. Christopher on the hope of this only seemed to annoy her.

The fall was coming. Everything seemed to decay it. The days were still warm, the glass, however, had poured down. The leaves, more luminous than ever, covered the trees. Behind the bushes, brown mosses made a first rustle. On the warm side of the terrace, left behind, a grasshopper, a viscous, jet black green and yellow, limped along. The birds had torn off one of his legs.

One afternoon, when she was upstairs when something happened to catch her eye. The door to the little guest room was open and on the right table, folded, was a letter. It lay there in the silence, half of it raised like a wing in the air. The house was empty. Travis had gone to shop and pick up Christopher at nursery school.

With the curiosity of a schoolgirl, Gloria sat down on the bed. She opened the envelope and took out the paper. The first daughter she left upon was a line just above the fold. It seemed to her. For a moment she was dazed. She read the letter through carefully. She opened the drawer.

There were others. She read them as well. Late, late letters they were, impetuous, but they were not love letters. He did more than work in an office, she knew, much more. He went through Europe, city after city, looking for young people who as hotel managers and champagne waiters—he was horrified by the images of it—strapped and were arrested at a river of serial cuts. The letters were like those of a high-school boy, that was the most terrible part. They were letters of resentment, so simple they might have been copied out by an idiot.

Setting these drawers in the doorway, her hand nervously trembling, she could not think what to do. She felt deeply upset, frightened, betrayed. She glanced out the window. She wondered if she should go immediately to the nursery school—she could be there in minutes—and take Christopher somewhere where he would be safe. No, that would be foolish. She turned downstairs to the telephone.

"Yes," she said when she reached him—her voice was shaking. She was looking at a letter that asked a number of

number-of-her questions.

"What is it? Is anything wrong?"

"Come right now. I need you. Something's happened."

For a while then she stood there with the letters in her hand. Looking around herself, she put them in a drawer where golden snuff was kept. She began to calculate how long it would be before he would be there, driving out from the city.

She heard them come in. She was in her bedroom. She had registered her companion, but as she entered the kitchen she could feel her heart beating wildly. Travis was preparing lunch.

"Mummy, look at this," Christopher said. He held up a sheet of paper. "Do you see what this is?"

"Yes. It's very nice."

"This is like yours," he said. "These are the wings. These are the parts."

She tried to focus her attention on the acclimated outline of the girl at work behind the counter. As Travis brought the plates to the table Gloria tried to look calmly at her face. A deep color reflected what had been before. It is also accepted for the first time deeply, and in Travis's hands, their unsmoothed, their volume, are one breath and one. Outside, in the ordinary daylight, was the tree along the side of the property, the roof of a house, the trees, some scattered tops. It was a

landscape that seemed endless, too idyllic, too real.

"Don't use your fingers, Christopher," Travis said, sitting down with her. "Use your fork."

"It won't reach," he said.

She pushed the plate as well as two toward him.

"Here, my new," she said.

Later, watching them play outside in the grass, Gloria could not help noticing a wild, almost a hostile, aspect in her son's excitement, as if a crossbones were somehow becoming a part of him, killing him. A line broke the safety that lay within in her hand came forth. I hope you will be ready to take my first book when I see you again, P.S. Have you had any of my books lately? I miss you and think of you and it makes me very hard.

**H**AVE YOU EVER READ ANYTHING like that? Gloria asked.

"Not exactly."

"It's the most disgusting thing I can't be here if."

"Of course, she didn't write them," Ned said.

"She kept them, that's worse."

He had them all in his hand. If you come to change it would be great, one said. We would meet and you could help us. We could work together. I know you would be very good at it. The girls he would be looking

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BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

## THE CATCH

Who should get the fish that are left—those who fish for love or those who are left for messes?

**BIG LAGOON**, which lies between Pinaricito Bay to the east and Ferrello Bay to the west, seems to be misunderstood to be as constructed in *U.S.* Even the name is deceptive. Big Lagoon is probably too small and perhaps a mile or so west. It might be larger than other nearby lagoons, but it is just another stretch of coastal water in the locality, who call it simply, the Lagoon. When its fate is discussed in the newspapers and in the legislature, however, it goes by its proper name, the Lagoon.

Twenty-five years ago, when I fished for speckled trout and dived for scallops there, my buddies and I really had the place to ourselves. We would sit on an occasional boat or a cast netter in winter up to his chest, carrying his net in both hands and his teeth, watching the water for a school of wahoo.

There were plenty of mullet—so many that a good man with a cast net could land the bod of his pickup in two or three hours, then sell the fish for ten cents a pound, keeping a few out for his own table. Fifty dollars was good money if you were a carpenter or a bricklayer, and fresh mullet tasted as good as any fish that swims.

There were also a few gill netters who worked the Lagoons. Some of them did a part-time, but for most it was a livelihood. They were after mullet and also speckled trout and fluke. We were fishing for trout and redfish too, but there was plenty to go around.

When the netters went past us in the boats they'd make themselves, we would wave to them and they would wave back. I liked the net fishermen. Still do. Making a living from the water strikes me as essentially good—hard, biblical work that benefits almost everyone.

In those days, the Lagoon was all open water and open channeling. There was one small marina on the north bank, along with a few small houses. Most of them follow-



run's thick. As you wade from the grass flat to another you could wade in front of them or walk along the beach and nobody would see anything.

Today there are several houses on this shore. Where there isn't a house, there is a house or a condominium. You cannot walk or fish east of the north shore. The south shore is protected as part of the National Seashore and remains open. You can still fish the grass bottoms on that shore, and plenty of people do. But none of them did the way we once did back when some things seemed unthoughtful—unable to be spoiled or depleted.

OVER THE years, more and more fishermen have begun to use the Lagoon. Because it had good fishing, the Lagoon acquired a reputation quickly among serious sported trout fishermen. A lumberman I know who has fished for specs, as they are called, from Apalachicola to the Chiricahua Islands, credits the better fish of the

convert—slightly under nine pounds, which is the magic number. Max hitting .430 in baseball—in Big Lagoon, He named the fish Claude, and a row hangs over his fireplace. Ask about Claude and the lumberman will tell you that he had a bigger one in the same spot.

The experimenters are not alone. Netting pressure has increased in the Laguna (and it has everywhere else). When, once most of the part-time casting of fish was done with cast nets, which require good technique and lots of practice, netting has been taken over by gill netters. There are all sorts of reasons for this, the most basic one being money. Gill nets become affordable and with them an unskilled man could catch fish, lots of fish—several hundred dollars' worth in a weekend. Needless to say, the IRRS does not bear about this money. It should mention that cast nets are thrown and make a circle over the fish, then trapping them. A fish out at one end, the water

and left there. The fish-swags into it and are trapped by the mouth. Neither is easy to use, but a cast net does require some athletic skill, while setting a gill net is simple manual labor.)

The catch is not the only people on the Leagues for economic reasons. Rod-and-reelers are not always there purely for sport. Some catch some dinner fish and sell it but a low "eighty percent of my speckled trout," says one wholesale buyer, "come from sport-fishermen. That's what they call themselves anyway. I say if you're selling fish, then you are a commercial fisherman. Doesn't make any difference if you catch them in a net or with a rod and reel."

Over the last five years, sport-fishermen have noticed a decline in the fishing, a drastic fall in the speckled-trout population. That lumberman I know doesn't fish the Lagoon anymore because, he says, the Coho aren't there.

Almost all sport fishermen believe

there is only one reason they are not catching any more: Nothing. They will tell you "that pollution or overfishing. Nothing." And then wait it stopped.

Commercial fishermen say two things when you bring up Big Lagoon and the deterioration of fishing there: "There is no deterioration of the fish population in Big Lagoon," says W. H. Helton, who has fished this fish in the Lagoon for some fourteen years of his thirty-year career and whose sons are now fishing there. He asks why sport-fishermen should be allowed to fish in the Lagoon if it has been stripped of fish. "If you close it, close it for everybody except youngsters," he says.

Hebden, the sort of nice who is getting rarer and rarer in Florida, the kind who remembers when things were abundant and who believes that there would be enough for everybody if people would just try to teach things up. A proposed ban on net fishing in the Lagoon—banned by the state legislature in 1983 and sure to be reintroduced in 1986—distresses him for the same reason: that the condominiums and piers on the north shore distress him, both shut off something that he believes should belong to everybody. "They talk about how actions are a barrier to navigation. I'll tell you, that is a barrier to navigation. I'm all those docks that people have put out in the water. All that junk that has come off on you can't walk the beach or

The sport-fishermen, however—many of whom live in the houses along the

There—above that the fish are just not there and that Hebron and others like him are the reason. There are sport fishermen enough to have an elected official arrange their case. He is Tim Tammason, a member of the Florida House of Representatives. Tammason introduced the bill that would have banned net fishing in the Lagoon (except for hand-held cast nets, which hardly anyone throws anymore) five years ago, during which time studies would have been conducted to assess the health of the species-trust population in the Lagoon, as well as the health of the Lagoon itself.

Tobiasson is not a fisherman. But he listens to his constituents, many of them sport-fishermen and some of them quite prominent. "It seems to me," he says, "that this is a matter of good conservation and common sense, that you protect a resource when it is threatened. The commercial fisherman will suffer too if the fish are destroyed in a major spawning area like the Lagoon, with its grass beds."

To which W. H. Helton says, "Fishermen don't know when daylight breaks. There's more speckled trout out in the lagoons now than there has ever been. The most fishermen out don't know where to

go to find them. I could take a sport-fisher-  
man out in that lagoon and let him fish for  
an hour, two hours, until he was ready to  
quit and say there weren't any fish out  
there. Then I'll put out my net and I'll show  
him the fish are still there."

What if we are available on the effect of commercial net fishing on fish populations are open to interpretation—as it always is the case in a hot controversy. But one thing is clear: the days when everyone agreed that there is enough to go around are at an end—even though there might be, in fact, enough to go around. When things get political, what people believe to be the facts becomes more important than the facts themselves. There will be plenty of bad behavior and stupid talk from now on—maybe even a killing or two. That's what Halton expects, and I think he's right.

Consider this: The State of Texas has designated the speckled trout and the cutfish as game fish. No commercial netting or sales of these species are allowed in the state. Sport-fishing is permitted only with restrictions on the size and the number of fish taken. There is plenty of illegal netting going on in Texas. Redfish and trout are still sold at the fish markets there, the fiction is that they are coming to from Louisiana, and there is always reason to arrive

The Texas ban was pushed by an organization called the Gulf Coast Conservatives

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Association. It is new and rich and it spends its money. Its victory in Texas is being hailed by sport-fishermen in the other Gulf States—Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida.

Everyone concedes that as far as the Texas situation has been good for the sport-fishermen and bad for the commercial fishermen. There is some question about whether the decline in Texas redfish and trout was the result of netting or too little rain. But the ban is in effect, and some netters are out of work. Texas sport-fishermen replied, "Let them be guides." A recent issue of *Gulf Tide*, the GCEA publication, features a story about a former netter who made the change and has bettered himself.

But the sport-fishing argument that will carry the most water in the political fight is purely economic. According to one study, sport-fishing in Florida generates revenues of \$5 billion each year. Commercial fishing, on the other hand, generates about one quarter that much during a good season. In a look at the kind of people who are joining organizations like GCEA is even more enlightening. At one banquet, the GCEA of Alabama raised nearly thousand dollars. Commercial fishermen are the old guard and sport-fishermen are the new. In the Sun Belt, new boats old every time.

A FEW days after the trout had moved up on the grass beds, I stood around a marina on the Laguna and talked with some netters, W. H. Helton among them. They had all caught apes in the last few days, they said—more than they had seen in years. They fish part or full-time for a living. And they had a lot to say about sport-fishermen and well-meaning who sell what they catch. "They ought to say that you can't sell fish unless you make your living that way," W. H. Helton said. "These fish don't belong to anybody. They're for everyone." "Well, then, they ought to charge more for a commercial license."

"You couldn't charge enough."

"Well, you're got to do something."

The fishermen discussed various remedies that have been proposed—quotas, expensive licenses, special closed seasons when the fish and shrimp are spawning, regulatory commissions. [The Florida legislature has relinquished all its authority for regulating saltwater fish and shrimp and given it to a newly established high commission. This board, the wild thinking goes, is above politics. I tend to favor a system of tough laws for everyone but no closing unless they apply to everyone. Even though I am a sport-fisherman (I am anything). I don't think that gives me more of a right to the fish than other folks. After all, they're not enough in Florida to go around. And there wasn't ever be again.

GEORGEY NORMAN is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

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ALTERNATIVES FOR LIFE AND THOUGHT IN THE EIGHTIES



**UNIMPRESSED BY LEADERS** of both traditional parties, high-tech entrepreneurs are taking a characteristic do-it-yourself approach to politics. The election to Congress last year of electronics executive Ed Zechin, from California's Silicon Valley, marked the beginning of what could become a major political trend. Zechin, a Republican, strongly in favor of Reagan's economic policy, has shown his independence by opposing the President on nuclear license matters, contracts, abortion, and the IRS.

Most of these high-tech leaders have little use for traditional political configurations and favor instead a synthesis that combines economic conservatism with progressive views on worker stock options, human rights, and cuts in military spending. Explains Sweden's Kurtz, founder of ASK:

"The industry perceives the politicians as just running a ragtag around the issues," said Richard Silberstein, high-tech entrepreneur, investor, and insurance adviser to Jerry Brown. "But,

Although calculated to appeal to the high-tech constituency, such an approach is rejected by most in the industry. Both Ken Hagerty, Washington representative of the American Electronics Association, the largest high-tech trade group, and Jack Albertine, president of the American Business Conference, a coalition of nearly one hundred high-tech firms, expressed almost total opposition to a government takeover role. While in

"I GUARANTEE YOU THAT NO GOVERNMENT AGENCY CAN TARGET THE RIGHT INDUSTRY," SAYS ATARI. "FOR NOW, NO AM STUDENTS."

force of some of the proposed tax changes, the high-techers feel any attempt by government bureaucrats to target new technologies and industries and to direct capital would miss most of the key opportunities. Albright suggests that if such Asian Democrat targeting is imposed, it would flow not to the most innovative companies but mostly to large, already established firms like Motorola or National Semiconductor, whose







## Breakfast: Some Serious Cereals

BREAKFAST IS THE cluster area of natural food cuisine. However, cereals are a cold bowl of granola with soy milk may be a theory. It is not the joyous actual celebration of awakening consciousness that, say, a bowl of fruit of eggs, grains, and slab-bacon with belated biscuits can be.

But not only is a bowl of dried cereal dull, as minimalist fare goes against natural food philosophy. Adelle Davis is it, cite the dictum that the healthiest way to maintain optimum nutritional and digestive functioning is to "eat like a king for breakfast, a prince for lunch, and a pauper for supper." No self-respecting king is going to settle for raw oats and yogurt for his morning meal.

But for those who would like to enjoy a royal breakfast and who still reject eggs (despite the fact that the scientific evidence for the wisdom of doing so has become more tenuous in recent years), I have come upon a solution.

Go back to the very roots of the American health food movement, to the original evangelical utopian food visionaries of Battle Creek, Michigan: reformer Sylvester Graham, who invented whole wheat crackers to replace when-flour-lard-based as the staple of the American diet, and the original Kellogg brothers and C. W. Post, angry prophets denouncing the evils of the American diet, who established the big old Battle Creek health sanatorium to "recondition" the victims of lard and flour diets.

I was able to retrace the spirit and the basic of these tenets recently at the most satisfying of natural food breakfasts. It was at—at all places—a Seventh Day Adventist health food restaurant called Country Life, located—at all places—in the heart of New York's Wall Street. The Adventists—who have always been food reform evangelists and whose leader, Ellen White, was a partner in the original Kellogg brothers' Battle Creek Sanatorium—have restaurants like this all over the country. But this one has won awards, perhaps the toughest, least health-conscious audience imaginable: the early-morning go-getters of the Wall Street financial district. Dozens of them ate into Country Life from seven to nine A.M. to



enjoy the soothing atmosphere and the warm, steaming vapors of the best hot cereal dishes imaginable.

There are two things that make these Adventist cereal creations special. First, the cereals themselves—not pretzels but buckwheat, millet, and rice combinations, all cooked extremely slowly until they fluff up into hot creamy dishes of cereal consciousness. And then there are the toppings, the special Seventh Day Adventist formula

"milk," which send the "cinnamon-pear milk," a rather colored liquid piece of fresh cinnamon and fresh pears. Poured on top of hot millet-buckwheat cereal, this hot-and-not-else performs some astonishing alchemical transformation. Other mornings only being made-up can milk on top of hot millet, or apricot-flavored milk on top of hot rice, or orange-fiber milk on top of whole wheat congee. These concoctions are so spectacular, so delicious, so satisfying, I was surprised to see the expectantly stunted Wall Street men acting so calm and satisfied. I felt like pumping up and yelling in praise. Like a frantic cardiothoracic-floater or a several-jointed. But the utter heavenly goodness of the food tends to distract you mostly upwards. Or perhaps the Wall Streeters' compliant installation comes from knowing they're in on one of the most spectacular food bargains in the natural or unnatural food world—a twenty-five dollar meal ticket buys all you can eat for breakfast and lunch for a working week at Country Life.

The contemporary natural food movement could learn much from studying the cooking methods and philosophy of the Adventists. After all, they were there at the beginning of the health food movement. They've learned a lot that everyone else at Battle Creek seems to have forgotten. No self-respecting natural food cook or restaurant should be ignorant of the meaning of Adventist meals. To find out their secrets, write for their cookbook, called Country Life Natural Foods Cookbook (90-45, Box 37, Newton, New Jersey 07860). —Ron Rosenbaum

## Lasers Join the Medical Force

THE YOUNG MEDICAL researcher might have had reason to believe the Force was with him last year, because, while watching Star Wars's laser sword fights, Dr. Gerret Lee suddenly saw a new way to wage a laser and a catheter into a device that can open diseased arteries without surgery. His laser catheter has proved so successful in tests on animals that Dr. Lee thinks it may one day make the coronary bypass operation obsolete.

"At the time, I was working on balloon angioplasty [blood vessel plastic surgery]," says Dr. Lee, director of the Cardiovascular Laser Research Laboratory in Miami's Corcoran Medical Center. "I was having trouble getting a balloon catheter through vessels clogged with atherosclerotic plaque. Then the movie came out, and a light bulb went off in my head."

Atherosclerotic plaque is the prime culprit blamed for causing heart attacks. Each year, it will strike as many as 1.5 million Americans, killing nearly 550,000. Plaque deposits, consisting of hardened cholesterol, calcium, and fat, build up in arteries. When blood flow in these vessels becomes severely restricted, potentially fatal cardiovascular problems, such as strokes and heart attacks, may result.

WITH THE AID OF A TV MONITOR, THE DOCTOR AIMED THE LASER. THEN PRESSED A BUTTON ON THE SCOPES AND FIRED A SHORT LASER BLAST.

A frequent treatment for clogged coronary arteries is bypass surgery. In this procedure a vein is taken from elsewhere in the patient's body, most often from the leg, and attached to the diseased coronary artery beyond the blockage. The other end of the vein is sutured to the aorta. Once in place, the transplanted vessel effectively detours blood around the clogged portion of the artery. More than 125,000 Americans will undergo heart bypass operations this year at an average cost of twenty thousand dollars each. And the trauma of the operation raises an average hospital stay of about two weeks.

But Dr. Lee's laser catheter requires no surgery and opens blood vessels without

## Spectrum 2 Escort 0

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Last year we challenged the editors of major car magazines all across America to prove that the Whistler Spectrum was "The Best radar detector on the road."

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#### THE NEW LASER

snow surgery, and without the accompanying trauma and expense. Three indications to date, however, the catheter, a flexible three-chamber tube packed with quartz fibers, is attached to a single lens hand-held microscope roughly the size and shape of a flashlight. One of the chambers filled with laser fibers is hooked, by another optic fiber tube, to a laser machine. The second channel of optic fibers leads to a television monitor. The doctor inserts the catheter into the body by making a small incision in the patient's arm or leg. The tube is then threaded directly into a blocked artery and fed through the vessel until it reaches the area most severely constricted with plaque. At this point, a small balloon inflates at the catheter's tip to help blood flow momentarily.

With the blood flow stopped, three-optic bundles illuminate the artery's interior. With the aid of the television monitor, the doctor sights through his scope and aims the laser by manipulating the catheter's tip. When he has a bead on the plaque deposit, he pushes a button on his scope and fires a short laser burst. The laser shot disintegrates plaque, and the third channel within the catheter aspirates away the debris. The doctor then reexamines the artery through the scope and repeats the laser blasts until the vessel has been cleared and normal blood flow is restored.

Dr. Lee first tested his catheter on diseased arteries taken from cadavers and implanted in living dogs. He has since used the device successfully on rabbits and has recently begun work on primates. Clinical trials on humans should begin within a year.

To reduce patient risk, the procedure

**ONCE PERFECTED,**  
DR. GARRETT LEE'S LASER CATHETER  
SHOULD OPEN BLOCKED ARTERIES  
WITH VIRTUALLY NO PATIENT TRAUMA.

will be done first on leg arteries. "We should be able to open a one-centimeter leg vessel obstruction in about five minutes," Dr. Lee says. "To do it surgically would take about three hours, plus a week or two for the patient to recover in the hospital."

But untangling coronary arteries is his goal. Once perfected, the laser catheter should open blocked arteries with virtually no patient trauma. Dr. Lee predicts that soon a patient will come into a doctor's office in the morning, go through the laser procedure while fully conscious, and be home by afternoon.

—Craig Slesky

## Data Bases: Plugging Into the World

AS SKILLED AS they have become, personal computers are still limited. But with computer systems called data bases, information on any conceivable subject can become accessible to your personal computer with a phone call.

Information utilities, which dispense information in the same way the electric company dispenses services, are now available through The Source (3245 Anderson Road, McLean, Virginia 22101) and CompuServe (25000 Arlington Centre Boulevard, Columbus, Ohio 43220). Each offers a long list of services, including web-service news, games, and "electronic mail," whereby messages can be passed between users. The price is reasonable for evening use. The Source charges \$7.75 an hour, although there's a one-time \$300 hookup charge. CompuServe's evening rate is \$5 an hour, and there's no initial charge. For use during the daytime, expect to pay three to four dollars an hour.

How Jones News/Retrieval (Jones & Company, P.O. Box 300, Princeton, New Jersey 08540) provides business information. It quotes all common and preferred stocks, warrants, bonds, options, mutual funds, and U.S. Treasury securities, plus accessible are issues of *The Wall Street Journal* and transcripts of PBS's *Wall Street Week*, not to mention sports, weather, and movie reviews. The service costs an average of 46 cents per minute evenings and weekends; daytime rates average \$1 per minute.

The granddaddy of the information utilities is the Dialog Information Retrieval Service (1660 Hillview Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94304). Started by Lockheed in the late Sixties to keep track of the ballistics documents produced by the space program, Dialog grew into a commercial service that today offers more than 360 data bases, from magazine and newspaper indexes to such subjects as child psychology—a mind-bogglingly rich collection of data.

Such diversity doesn't come cheap. Depending on which data bases are used, Dialog can cost over \$100 an hour. Consequently, it's used mainly by libraries and large corporations.



However, Dialog now offers a low-cost service for personal computer users. Called Knowledge Index, it offers over twenty data bases, including indexes to publications, business news, and engineering. Knowledge Index contains over twelve million items and costs \$24 an hour. (It's only available evenings and weekends.)

In most areas with populations of fifty thousand or more, these data bases can be tapped with a local call. There are several major nationwide telephone

networks that specialize in carrying computer data. The charges for using these networks are usually included in the data base's hourly charges.

Less mainstream than the information utilities are CBBs (computer bulletin board systems). Hundreds of these systems are scattered all over the country; they're usually run by a dedicated enthusiast with a personal computer hooked up to an extra telephone line. CBBs are usually devoted to special interests; you can find a CBB for any possible subject, from aviation to Zen. There are even numerous "matchmaker" CBBs, which try to help people find their perfect match. The information on these bulletin boards ranges from trivia to strictly X-rated. There are also bulletin boards in the extreme technical aspects of computers. But tracking down CBBs isn't always easy; they tend to come and go. Subscribe to *The Source* can get a list, while they're on the system.

Computer magazines occasionally publish lists of CBBs, and any local computer store or club should be able to help.

In order to get your computer to "talk" to another one over the phone, by the way, you'll need a modem (short for modulator/demodulator), which converts the electric signals your computer generates into tones that can be sent down the line. These cost anywhere from \$150 to \$600; the low-priced units are fine for occasional use.

For a complete list of the 1,500 services now available, try the *Directory of Online Databases* \$29.95, from New York Zoetrope, 60 East Eleventh Street, Suite 806, New York, New York 10003. —Stan Miskiewicz



## New Notes



Designed by Deborah Ehrlich of Zions Healthcare, California, SOLAR GENSY ONE is the world's first mobile solar power. The vehicle's solar panel is fixed with three hundred solar cells. Batteries are charged by silicon insulated photovoltaic cells and mounted on a hydrocarbon tank and make a point-to-point trip from the State Library and the Center for Alternative Resources. The Solar Geny has powered up to 100 computers for Green Earth, Graham Hall, Jackson Farmer, and John Olson. Email: aaron@solargeny.com

► **THE DEMOCRACY PROJECT**, founded by former Ralph Nader associate Mark Green (author of *Whoring Black America* and *Let's Get Real*), is a new progressive policy group based in New York City. The project develops and disseminates alternative information in four areas: economic democracy, health and safety regulation, citizen access to government, and crime. For information, write: The Democracy Project, 145 East 34th Street, Suite 9D, New York, New York 10017.

► **"Progressive Genetics,"** which, when peeped via a small electronic device, penetrates the air with mood-evoking sounds, are now being projected, according to the Progression Foundation in New York City. The cassette will be designed with sounds either to cause or to kill you, including cassettes resistant to the scorch, spring bug, and snow. Other upcoming devices to add some to the assortment include jewelry infused with floral bouquet.

► **Personal computer programs** that induce a hypnotic trance have been developed by two psychiatrists, Dr. Sidney Kassin of Manhattan and Dr. Ronald Levy of Wilkesville, New York. Dr. Levy is using them in patient therapy. The exercises can help you stop smoking or overeating and conquer fears by implanting positive suggestions, according to Levy. Patients engage in a relaxing dialogue with the computer, responding to questions and statements appearing on the screen. Planned are programs to break social-performance anxiety and attempt to reduce side effects of cancer chemotherapy.

► **Platoon & Associates of Agoura Hills, California**, has created Tele-Topics—phone messages for those who feel depressed, discouraged, or in need of quick therapy. Dial 213-895-9648 on any push button telephone, follow the recorded instructions, punch in a number followed by an asterisk. Topics available include self-confidence enhancement (punch 364), self-image (367), and willpower (368).

► **We live in an era** increasingly dependent on technology and increasingly indifferent about its effects on our lives. It is counterproductive. Destructive? *Tracing the Tiger: The Struggle in Camelot Technology*, by Walter Rytchynski (Harcourt, \$15.75), is an insightful analysis of the relationship between technology and humanity, from machine building in the 1800s to Rytchynski's recent experimental rejection of all things modern. The book ends with an attempt to define technology: it is not an object, the author insists, and, not only a means to an end, but "a human activity," beginning not with tools but with the human imagination. We fear becoming machine-like, but in fact we've designed technology in our own image. Our struggle with machines may really be a struggle with ourselves.

► **Hear people with no musical training** can now play beautiful music together using the computer software and futuristic instruments of two New York composers, Paul DeMeirion and David Behrman. "The Music Room" (also an Apple II computer with voices melody and percussion synthesizers). The

computer scans touch-sensitive copper plates every three milliseconds, assigning a specific role to each instrument. The bass sets the key, the percussion controls the rhythm. The lead gives wherever it wants and the harmony follows, giving the music its orchestral-sounding fullness. The program gives the musicians complete creative freedom but won't allow them to play out of time or out of key. Now on permanent display at San Francisco's Exploratorium. The Music Room has already led thousands of would-be composers indulge in five-days improvisation.

► **The Grinle Project**, a nonprofit effort to inspire people to "stick their necks out for the common good," is looking for heroes. Behind the award ceremony is a humanitarian theme. We must live up to the challenges of the times, even when it involves personal risks. The Project is currently producing radio public service announcements on people who are making a difference throughout the world, many of the "Grinle spots" end with an invitation to listeners to nominate people they know for inclusion in the series. Grinle programs for schools, for businesses, and in developing local Grinle groups are in the works. Funded by private donations, the Project has enlisted the pro bono services of

pride specialists such as grizzly artist Milton Glaser, who has designed since 1964 the city's T-shirts to help promote the Grinle. For information on how to nominate a pick-five or on how to join up, write: The Grinle Project, 79 Greenwich Avenue, New York, New York 10011, or call 212-687-8077.

► **Fast food is fast becoming** healthier. *Wish of America*, a new chain based in Atlanta, features vegetable sandwiches and high-fiber multigrain hamburger buns. And *Tofurky*—a chere-free no-meat alternative made of tofu, leek, fruit, and honey—which will eventually be available only in New York City, will soon be distributed nationally.

Contributors: Ann Williams, Yan Katsenky

## Recommended Reading

**Alarm**, by Jeremy Rifkin (Norton, \$4.75). On the implications of the coming revolution in biotechnology and how it will affect us all.

**How's That and Here's This**, by Douglas G. Smith (Harcourt, \$15.95). Gould's great invention of a new musical language, with some particularly good chapters on evolutionary theory.

**Word Processing: Buyer's Guide**, by Arthur Naiman (McGraw-Hill, \$15.95). A thoughtful, useful book on the subject.

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